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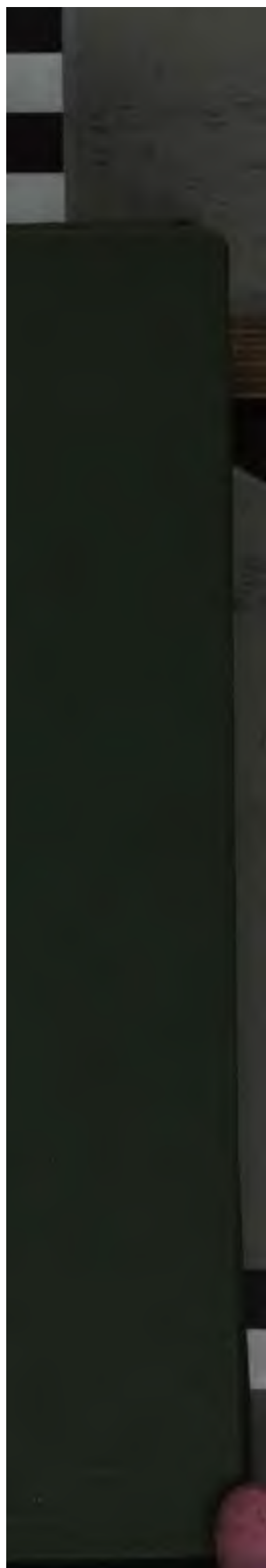
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LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES

BY

JAMES BAKER, F.R.Hist.Soc., F R.G.S.

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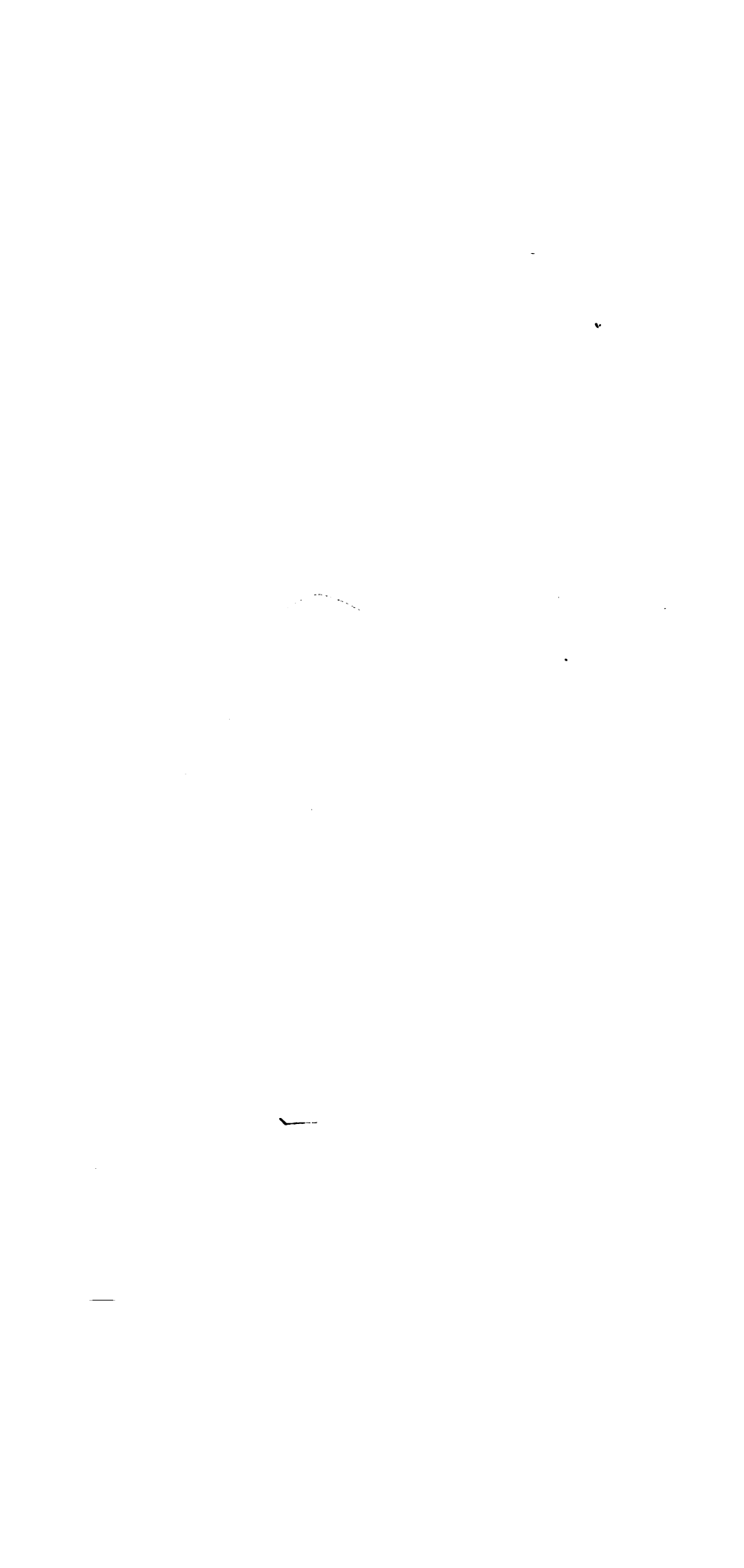
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NOTE

THE articles that compose this volume are largely new matter that has not before been published; but I am indebted to the editors of the following publications for their great courtesy in allowing me to reprint certain articles, or portions of them, which have appeared in their columns: *The Athenæum*, *Spectator*, *Leisure Hour*, *Yorkshire Post*, *Sunday at Home*, *Chambers's Journal*, *T.P.'s Weekly*, *Queen*, and the *Fortnightly Review* for certain portions of the article upon R. D. Blackmore, which appeared in May, 1904. To these editors I tender my most sincere thanks.



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ESSAYS AND STUDIES

THE HOME LIFE OF 'TOM' MACAULAY

SOME old square, faded, and tattered letters of Zachary Macaulay came into my hands the other day ; letters that have lain hidden for a century, that Lady Knutsford knew naught of, when she wrote the life of Lord Macaulay's father, the dominant, and indomitable Zachary.

Zachary Macaulay ruled his family with an inflexible will, yet that will was softened by the sweet influences of his gentle wife Selina.

These old letters gave interesting glimpses into those home influences that moulded the character of 'Tom,' who was to become famous, and as historian, to wield such an influence in England.

The early training of Tom's mother had been a useful one. She was the daughter of a Bristol bookseller, a Mr. Mills, who had been so successful that he had been enabled to build a row of houses on the outskirts of the city, naming it 'Mills Place.' In living memory this place was near to open country, and close to Newfoundland Gardens, where vegetables were largely grown, and the little cottages were picturesque two-roomed dwellings. Mr. Mills lived in one of the houses at Mills Place,

near this country scene, and here his daughter, who was to fill so important a rôle in English history, acquired partially her love of knowledge and of books, and her strict religious principles. But this love was increased, and her principles strengthened, by her contact with Hannah More and her sisters, who then were schoolmistresses in Park Street, Bristol.

Amongst the old papers I have lying before me is a copy of the first advertisement of Selina Mills, when she acquired the school Mrs. More had established.

It is dated Bristol, January 2, 1790, and states that 'Selina Mills, many years teacher at Mrs. More's boarding-school, begs leave to inform her friends and the public that she has taken the large and commodious house in Park Street, now occupied by Mrs. More (who retires from business), where she and her sisters propose carrying on the boarding and day school for young ladies, on exactly the same plan and with the same masters. The school will be opened on Monday the 18th inst. January. The terms for boarding are reduced to twenty guineas per annum. N.B.—S. Mills returns her sincere thanks to Mrs. More's friends and her own for the great encouragement she has received from them.'

But ere long there came a visitor to the More's that changed the course of the life of the young schoolmistress.

From the behaviour of Hannah More's sister Patty, one would think she was violently in love with this visitor herself, for she opposes most

THE HOME LIFE OF 'TOM' MACAULAY 3

strongly his attentions to Selina Mills ; but my next document, all frayed and brown, is a letter from Zachary Macaulay to his ' Dear Father,' and this father is not his own father, but Selina's father, and he has been married to her exactly four months to the day. It is dated London, December 26, 1799, and although the address is torn, one can see it is to ' Mr. Mills,' then a tear followed by the word ' Place,' and the word ' Bristol ' in a bold round hand.

It is a quaint letter from a young bridegroom to the father of his bride. A solid, solemn letter ; but opening with a pretty touch of homeliness and even frivolity, contrasting with the solemn thought that follows. Selina's two sisters have just journeyed all the way from Bristol to London, on a visit to the newly wedded couple ; after the salutation of ' Dear Father ' the letter runs thus :

' Your two daughters and your little grandson arrived here yesterday morning, a good deal fatigued, but otherwise well. Their fatigues have since yielded to twelve or fourteen hours' sleep, and they are now gone, accompanied by Selina, to town, to consult some fashionable Milliner on the proprieties of dress. Selina is now through God's blessing tolerably well ; a Mercy which is enhanced by the Apprehensions I entertained five or six days ago of her being subjected to a tedious confinement ; she had struck the Ball of her Eye on the lower edge of the pupil with a warm iron, which caused intense pain, and induced a slight film. Both the pain and the film have now left

her, and tho' she is sensible that the eye is not yet so strong as it was, yet the sight is as clear as ever. The accident, if in compliance with custom, we may be allowed to call it so, gave me no small alarm on its first occurrence, for I happened, contrary to my custom, to be at home at the time ; but my fears were in a good measure removed by the arrival of our Physician, who unexpectedly called in at the very time, and ordered the necessary applications.'

Thus far of homeliness and personal matters, and then follows some twenty to thirty lines of religious thought, apparently in answer to some words of Mr. Mills, for the short essay begins thus :

'Selina and I desire to return you our joint thanks for your useful and valued present, and for the affectionate prayer wherewith it is accompanied. Strongly persuaded as we are that in the pursuit of these, above all other interesting Enquiries, Where is God my Maker ? and what shall we do to inherit eternal Life ? it is His word alone which can give us light ; we would make it our prayer that our hearts might be ever disposed through His Spirit's influence, to cherish it as our richest treasure, to make it our counsellor in every difficulty, our guide through life, our hope in Death, and the source of our consolation and joy. To follow the line prescribed for Christians in the Bible with a single aim, a simple dependence, and a sincere and unvarying purpose, is a degree of perfection, more frequently affected than attained by those who assume that name.'

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The whole letter ends with affectionate remembrances to our brothers and sisters, concluding with—

‘ I remain, my dear Sir,
‘ Most affection [here it is torn],
‘ ZACHARY M—— ’

The next little document has a very interesting touch about it : it is dated July 22, 1812, when Tom was a schoolboy at Little Shelford, near Cambridge, under the Rev. M. Preston, and where his father's letters had urged him especially to learn French, to try for honours, but above all to pray. The July 22 item is an extract from Mrs. Mills's journal. This was the mother-in-law to Selina, and the entry tells its own story :

‘ We have had repeated invitations from our daughter Selina and her worthy husband to visit them at Clapham ; and as my husband seemed disposed to go, I considered that it would in all probability be a last and a kind of patriarchal visit, and that the long journey might be of service to my health, I acceded, and we leave Bristol this morning.’

And this note is followed by another, dated August 15 the same year, running as follows :

‘ We have to be thankful for journeying mercies ; preserved from all accidents and dangers, and favoured to arrive yesterday at our own quiet abode, in peace and safety, after an absence of three weeks. The visit has been a very pleasant one, and the most minute and affectionate attention shown us by Selina, her husband, and their lovely group of children. My health was, on the

whole, better, though I had my seasons of languor and suffering.'

There seems to breathe a sweet air of homely joy and affection about this note. The 'minute and affectionate attention' from, be it remembered, a daughter-in-law, and also her husband, are strong words of satisfaction from a mother-in-law; and the praise of the children, who, as we shall see by a later document, were by no means a quiet lot, including Tom, the vigorous schoolboy, is decidedly significant of a well-ruled and loving household.

An interesting glimpse into the child-life of the young Macaulays is given me by a note from a niece of Lord Macaulay's, Mrs. Edith M. Mills, who writes: 'I have heard my father (John Macaulay) tell how they were all marched twice every Sunday to church—and sermons in those days were lengthy—then catechizing, and in the evening a long sermon read to them by their father, Zachary.

'Their house at Clapham was the "week-end" refuge of any young relatives in London, and it seems a wonder, as the world goes on now, to know that numbers availed themselves of the open house, three sermons and all. But the young Macaulays and cousins made up on Saturdays for Sunday's gravity, for my father said he often looked back on the unruffled way in which his mother, Selina, would sit at her needlework whilst nine or ten boys and girls tore up and down and round the house.'

The influence of this quiet woman upon her children was incalculable, and all her children were devoted to her; her son John, speaking now

through his daughter, says: 'She gave up her whole life to her children, instead of what might have been a life of variety and association with many great ones of the time; she lived for her children. Her boys owed all to her, and it was to her influence that Tom owed that quiet modesty that is so curiously exemplified in the oft-quoted phrase "every schoolboy knows." He was naught but an ordinary schoolboy; he knew these things, therefore "every schoolboy knows." He never realized his great superiority to other boys, and as Lord Macaulay stated in after years, that he got his joviality, not from his father's Scotch blood, but from his mother's family, we may discern the ripple of humour beneath this sweetness of temper.'

Seven years elapse before my next document is written, for it is a quarto letter from Tom's mother, directed to 'Mrs. Mills, Mills Place, Milk Street, Bristol,' carefully marked 'paid' in the corner, and with 'tenpence' stamped as paid in the upper right-hand corner. Mrs. Macaulay is writing to her mother-in-law, and so commencing 'Dear Madam.' It was just at this time that her son Tom at Cambridge was writing to his father about his poem on Pompeii, and upon the necessity, or rather non-necessity, of a moral to all writing; but his mother has other matters to talk of, and the soon to be famous son is not mentioned in this lengthy epistle.

'DEAR MADAM,

'I have been going to write to you for a long time, but the one thing uppermost in my mind

was attended with so many unpleasant feelings, that I hated to touch on it. I fear there is no chance of things mending in that quarter, and since the last three weeks my mind and time and thought have been wholly engrossed with circumstances still more interesting, and in one point of view more distressing : you have, I dare say, heard of the death of poor Aulay Macaulay, the Clergyman of Rotheley, who has left a widow and eight boys without a shilling, and not in a state to gain anything for years. Mr. M. and Mr. B. went down to the funeral, when poor Mr. Babington was called Home to hear of the death of his youngest girl, a lovely creature near fifteen ; she died of water in the head, after a very short illness. My husband had a feverish attack, and was not able to attend the funeral ; he hastened Home, and is now confined to his room. I have been almost entirely with the poor Babingtons for the last week ; this is the first affliction of the kind they have experienced after a unison of thirty-two years, they cannot but feel their loss as parents, tho' they indeed bear it as Christians. To-morrow the dear child will set off on her last journey to be buried in the family Chapel belonging to their House at the Temple. If Henry Thatcher be in Bristol, he will I am sure very much deplore this Calamity and affliction, I believe, but he does not much recollect this youngest girl.

'I was truly glad to hear that my dear Father and yourself are so well ; we have long wished that you could once more pay us a visit to see all the dear children ; it would be a real pleasure to

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M., myself, and all your dear Grandchildren if you think my father would undertake it without too much fatigue. The travelling in the two days coach, will not be very fatiguing; we are more than six miles nearer to you than we were at Clapham. Tom will be home about the first week of April for a short time, and I think that April will be the best time for you and my dear father if you should think you can venture, as the travelling in hot weather is very fatiguing. I am very glad to hear they are going on so well in Park Street. Pray has Henry Thatcher left Bristol, and how are his affairs going on? I sent to Mr. Preston repeatedly; I hope he sent the papers. Do the Bristol attorneys think he will gain his Case?

'I had a letter from Mrs. P. More saying that they were in tolerable health. How thankful one is to hear of the welfare of friends so dear, when one's Spirit is sunk with recent Bereavements! How my heart aches for the dear Babingtons! It will be very long before she recovers this stroke if she ever does. I hope John and my sister with the children are all well, I have reason to be thankful that all ours are in perfect health. I shall hope, my dear Madam, to hear from you soon, and a favourable answer to our request of once more seeing you and My dear father. I will thank you to tell sister the contents of this letter and to ask her if she received a letter sent here to be directed to her a few days since. I have seen nor heard of —, so I suppose he is in Bristol. I hope he will not be permitted to vex or agitate

my poor father at his age. What misery can one untoward and violent person produce to a whole family. He is a poor unfortunate Creature and much to be pitied. Mr. M. is much better this evening and I dare say will soon be well; he joins with me and the children in kindest regards and love, and I am ever your affectionate

‘SELINA MACAULAY.’

A very short note, dated April 9, 1821, from Zachary tells an interesting bit of news about Tom; it is addressed to his nephew, H. T. Thatcher, Esq., Madeira.

‘MY DEAR HENRY,

‘I write a few lines to prevent disappointment from your having no private letters from other quarters.

‘John, about whom we were previously alarmed, he having had tubercles in his lungs, is now we trust getting well under the operation of the bracing and tonic system. He has lost his cough and expectoration, and gains strength daily. Mary Mills is also much better.

‘All besides are well at Cadogan Place, as is also your Aunt Virtue.

‘Tom has gained the University Scholarship at Cambridge, which is £50 a year and a high honour. He comes home in a few days for Easter.

‘I have heard a great deal of talk of writing to you, but I fear the matter has hitherto evaporated in talk.

‘Kenneth is probably by this time at Sierra

THE HOME LIFE OF 'TOM' MACAULAY 11

Leone. With kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, believe me, my dear Henry, your very affectionate Uncle,

'Z. MACAULAY.'

The being able to impart this satisfactory bit of news to his friends must have compensated Zachary for that terrible name which had been applied to his son in 1820 by some 'd——d good-natured friend,' the novel reader. There is mention in Sir G. Otto Trevelyan's 'Life' of this Scholarship, and in March 25 of that year, that tender letter from Tom to his mother, breathing all tenderness and devotion to a mother who had earned, and gained, the expression from her children of their love, in such words as these: 'The sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, are present to me now, and will be, I trust in God, to my last hour.' And that his mother thought not only of her own children, but of her nephews and nieces, is evidenced by a letter of hers dated January 22, 1823, to the same H. T. Thatcher who is now in Paris studying French. Its references to weddings and typhus fever, and to schoolboys who will soon leave us, give a good insight into the family life of the period. Tom's barrister life is referred to, and this year was to see his connexion with *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, that gave his seriously disposed father so much sorrow, because of its, to him, frivolous matter; but which was to lead on to his famous articles in the *Edinburgh Review*. The letter is a fairly long one, but we give it in full. Selina Macaulay gave no snippets of letters to her friends.

‘MY DEAR HENRY,

‘We are wondering that we hear nothing from you, as I presume your studies leave you a little time. We want to know how you are going on in acquiring the language, and who and what you have seen of the persons to whom you were introduced. If you return in February as you intended, we shall of course soon see you ; we hear that Paris is still colder than London, so I hope you continue to keep good fires. We are all well excepting poor Jean who is worse than usual, and Dr. Chambers thinks her very ill ; her complaint seems to be an affection of the liver and stomach : she is grown very thin, and altered, tho’ we do not apprehend any danger. Tom is now on Sessions and John sitting for his degree. We heard yesterday from Kenneth, who was well. Mr. and Mrs. Perrett (?) called on us, but we could not prevail on him to dine ; he seemed quite alarmed with such a troop of female cousins. Fanny looked well, but very fragile. I hear that your uncle gave a most sumptuous dinner on the happy occasion. I assure you I think a good deal of you, and often speak on the subject of some Situation that may suit you, but nothing seems to offer. I heard lately from Bristol and all were well there. Miss Campbell had been very ill but was better. Mrs. Rose has just lost her youngest child in Typhus fever. Three of them had it, and she fell the victim. We are expecting the Babingtons in London to take a House, and purchase Wedding Clothes for Mary who is to be married the first week in June. Selina and Jean will go I believe to the wedding. They think of living in Woburn

THE HOME LIFE OF 'TOM' MACAULAY 13

Place near us, if the Houses are not too high. They are to have £900 a year clear without his profession.

'So I think they may do. H. Venn was married yesterday ; he brings his wife to London for three months, and is to do duty in his brother's Church who takes his Duty in Hull. You see I have told you all the news which you will say is not much, but we have been quite full and seen fewer people than usual with school Boys who will soon leave us. We all join in kindest love to you, my dear Henry, your affectionate Aunt,

'SELINA MACAULAY.'

Amongst these old letters is a little document or note from Cowslip Green, dated November 4, but without the year. It is from Hannah More's sister Mary, and is directed to Miss Mills, Park Street ; that is, to the house in which Hannah kept her school in Bristol, and from whence Zachary Macaulay married his wife ; a pencil note on the back explains that Mr. Sandy married a Mills, and to Mr. Sandy the note was certainly important, and shows Hannah More's influence.

COWSLIP GREEN,
November 4th.

'DEAR MISS MILLS (it commences),

'As soon as you receive this, Flee with the enclosed (one of you) to Mr. Sandy (or is it Tandy). 'Tis a letter from the Lord Chancellor to my sister Hannah with the Presentation of the living of St. Werburgh to Mr. Sandy ; but take no notice, let it not come from you.

‘Mr. Gordon is so good as to convey this to you. Thank God my sister Betty is much mended tho’ still weak, the rest as usual.

‘Remember me to the Macaulays when you write and to all your household.

‘I remain in haste,

‘Yours, etc., etc.,

‘MARY MORE.

‘The necessity of haste is that Mr. S. ought to write to London by to-day’s post.’

And now we come to the most pathetic of all these letters; and, reading them, and referring to Trevelyan’s ‘Life of Macaulay,’ we were astonished to see on page 148 of the one-volume edition, 1901, letters from Tom to his sister Hannah, about musical parties and dinners, dated May 27, 1831; and on page 149 another letter beginning ‘More gaieties and music parties,’ whereas on page 133 is a note from the journal of his sister Margaret, dated May 21, 1831, only seven days before, telling of Tom’s ‘agony of distress,’ and how he gave way to a violent burst of feeling after he had heard of the death of his mother. And again, on page 155 Tom writes to his sister Hannah, ‘Send me some gossip, my love. Tell me how you go on with your German. What novel have you commenced? Or, rather, how many dozen have you finished?’ Is it likely Hannah Macaulay would have been reading dozens of novels within a week or two of her mother’s funeral? For this is dated June 3, 1831. How reconcile these apparently contradictory statements? And how genuine and tender was his grief

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is best depicted by quoting the last words of his sister Margaret's note: 'I never saw him' to greater advantage, never loved him more dearly.'

How the death of the beloved mother affected deeply the whole family, is fully pictured in the touching letters that follow from her husband Zachary, and her daughters Margaret and Fanny. The long letter from the latter is full of pathos; and shows how deep was the love, all her children had for this tender, lovable woman; whom no fame spoilt, or sorrow bent from her path of helpful duty. And this letter gives the exact story of how Tom learnt of his mother's death late at night, in his own rooms in the Albany, when in the midst of the excitement and turmoil of successful political life. The note in Margaret's journal, made on May 21, really refers to the death, which occurred earlier. Mrs. Macaulay was buried on May 9, and died on May 3; but even with this explanation the dates upon these letters seem inexplicable. Let the letters speak for themselves, and contradict the apparent callousness of Tom implied by the dates in the 'Life and Letters,' that seem to have passed unnoticed for thirty years.

To Miss Mills, 10, Park Street, Bristol.

50, GREAT ORMOND STREET,
May 5, 1831.

'MY DEAR AUNT,

'I have not before felt equal to the Melancholy task of writing to you. I well know what have been your feelings and have thought much of you. I wish all who loved my dearest Mother could

have seen her yesterday morning ; her countenance was unutterably sweet and lovely. Papa was in her room for some time early in the morning, and he said he never could have conceived repose, tranquillity and peace more perfect. I felt that I could have gazed on her face for ever and could not help repeating those lines. "They who have seen thy work in death, No more may fear to die." Dearest Papa is a beautiful example of Xt. submission and resignation. It is a real privilege to have been permitted to witness so intimately the conduct of a true servant of God, under such a severe dispensation ; may we never forget his holy trust and faith. He talks of her a good deal and with astonishing calmness. Little did he think he says that he should have been the survivor. Notwithstanding all this present composure, I cannot help feeling the worst is to come. We none of us yet know our loss, every day we shall realize it more. Ah ! there is something in the void felt in the social circle, in the vacant seat at dinner, in the cheerless and empty bedroom, which as time passes on is, I think, rather increasingly painful than softened. Tom is in deepest affliction, he heard of his loss in a very painful mode. Returning late on Tuesday night from his election at Calne, he did not of course call here, and the next morning on taking up the Newspaper he was thunderstruck at reading the distressing tidings. He came here instantly, in a state of distraction. So little was he prepared for such an event that he was instantly setting off for Cambridge to vote for Lord Palmerston, when he was thus prevented. We had taken every precaution

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to prevent his first learning it in this manner. Papa sent a note to his chambers and to several other of his usual haunts, but not arriving till midnight he went to bed without looking for letters, or he would have been spared much of the shock which such intelligence must always produce. We know how truly my Uncle John and his family, and all around you will sympathize with us, but remember as we delight constantly to do, that we sorrow not as those without hope. I love to think of that verse "Where I am there shall also My servant be." This is true substantial comfort, may we seek no other. I have left this open as long as I could, thinking I might perhaps have heard from Bristol to-day, but as this is now improbable I will conclude,

'Yr. affect. niece,

'F. MACAULAY.

'P.S.—My Uncle James has just called but did not leave his address. Papa is desirous to see him and to ask him to the funeral which will be on Monday. Will you write and tell him this immediately, as you know where to find him. He should be here on Monday at 9 o'clock.'

The next letter is from Margaret to her cousin, dated May 7, 1831.

*Addressed to H. T. Thatcher, Esq.,
G. Hammett's, Esq., Liverpool.*

'MY DEAR HENRY,

'As I shall not be able to write to you to-morrow or Monday I will not leave your kind

letter to-day without the answer. Which Papa is not equal to sending you. You will be anxious about him, and I cannot to-day send you a very good account of him. He is sometimes in a state of unnatural calm, sometimes extremely excited and hurried, talking a great deal, which you know is not like him. I am afraid for him, particularly on Monday, for his mind dwells a great deal, and in a manner I do not like, on all connected with the funeral. My mind is so much taken up with anxiety on his account that it has been drawn off more than I should have thought possible from the cause of all this anxiety. Dear, dear Mama! I saw her yesterday in her coffin looking so like life, so little changed that I could scarcely as I looked at her realize the truth. It is a loss which I need not tell you, who know us so well, we shall every day feel more and more. We think so much now of her disinterestedness, sweetness, and laborious executions for those she loved; there never was a more devoted wife and mother. I feel with you how great the shock will be to my Aunt Virtue. I hear she keeps her bed. My Uncle John is coming to London and my Uncle James will also be present at the funeral. He has been here already, asked to see Mama and was extremely agitated. We are all pretty well.

‘Yours very truly,

‘MARGARET MACAULAY.’

Following these two letters is another from Fanny, giving further insight into the family life at this saddened moment; it is dated May 7, 1831.

' MY DEAR AUNT,

' I cannot allow my Uncle to return without a few lines from this house of mourning. Papa sends you a note, which I enclose. Oh my dear Aunt, how near do the melancholy solemnities of this day bring eternity, may God deepen and fix the impression on all our minds. Dear Mr. D. Wilson begged to be allowed to officiate which gratified Papa. A letter has gone to-day to Mrs. H. More from Papa's pen, which I much wish you would ask to see ; it is most sweet and interesting. Selina is tolerable, she is going almost immediately with our dear Father to Golden Square, she returns to-night, but he, I am glad to say, has consented to remain at Georgie's for a few days. The Babingtons have all been unspeakable comforts to him and to us. Papa wants me to copy something for him, so I must conclude. Our kindest love to all and yourself. I am, my dear Aunt,

' Yr. affect. niece,

' F. MACAULAY.'

The note that was enclosed from the mourning husband was short but full of pathos, written as it was on the day of his wife's funeral, May 7, 1831 :

Addressed to Miss V. Mills, Bristol.

' MY DEAR MISS MILLS,

' I know your love for the dear sister who has just been laid in the silent grave, and the blank which her departure must make in your comforts as well as mine. Her daughters have acquitted themselves nobly, and have been all which a Father's fond heart could wish ; you may

always rely on finding in me a Brother who will ever be ready to manifest his sense of the blessings he has derived from an union to your dear sister, by his regard for those who were so near and dear to her, as yourself.

‘ Believe me,

‘ Very affectionately yours,

‘ Z. MACAULAY.

‘ P.S.—Remember me affectionately, and not only me, but all of us, to Fanny Mills, to John, wife and family. Kind regards also to Madame.’

These letters seemed to prove there must be some mistake in the dates of Tom’s letters of May, 1831, and yet Sir George Otto Trevelyan, in his preface to the second edition of ‘ Macaulay,’ speaks of the almost microscopic care with which those volumes have been studied; and as they were published in 1876, it would have appeared impossible so wrong a date could have escaped all eyes.

We have but one letter left of this old batch of faded letters, but it is full of interest, and gives further insight into the family affection of the Macaulays, and some details of the betrothal and marriage of Hannah, that sister whom Tom lovingly called Nancy, who went out to India with him, and there met her fate; and so became the mother of her idolized brother’s biographer. It is dated from 9, Holland Terrace, Kensington, London, April 28, 1835, and is from a cousin of the Campbell connexion.

‘ MY DEAR MR. MILLS,

‘ Dear Selina Macaulay called upon me yesterday to inform me that she had that very

morning received News from India of Hannah's Marriage with a nephew of Sir John Trevelyhan, which Tom highly approves of. He is a most amiable young man and much attached to Hannah, they are to reside with Tom, to his great satisfaction, as he says he should feel most desolate alone. Lady William Bentinck has been like a Mother to Hannah, the latter could not procure a Bridal veil in all Calcutta, and Lady W. B. kindly lent her the one she was herself married in. Tom says that Hannah looked extremely pretty, and very much frightened during the ceremonial. They all hope to revisit old England in four years, I am glad of it for poor dear Selina's sake. I was so glad to see her ; we had a long chat upon many subjects, especially concerning her Angel Mother !

'Henry Thatcher dined with Mrs. Hamilton and me in Sloane Street last Wednesday, he gave me Selina's address, and Mrs. H. kindly drove me to call upon her on Saturday, at Mr. James Parker's, 4, Brunswick Square, where she is on a visit and probably you will still find her there, when you come to Town, which Henry says you purpose doing as soon as Louisa is confined, you will pass my door, as I have taken up my abode with good kind Miss Kift, as like Tom Macaulay I think living alone very desolate, therefore I gave up all thoughts of keeping on the Lodging in Sloane Street after my darling's departure. The dear good old Soul starts for Bath either this evening or to-morrow Morning early, therefore I carried off my traps last evening out of her way, and my nephew escorted me to Kensington, this is a sweet situation, both gay and retired, my bedroom

looks over Lord Holland's Farm. They have only six pupils now, all young, nice little girls, and I am never annoyed by children, I am so fond of them, so remember, here I shall hope to see you, and if dear Anne is strong enough to try so long a journey, and will come at this gay season to London, she shall have half my bed, and consider herself my visitor, tho' she will receive a hearty welcome from the Miss Kifts also. Fanny Kift seems a very well-informed Woman, and Phoebe, our old friend, was always so truly amiable. I have orders to write to Henry Thatcher to inform him of Hannah's Marriage, as Selina has so many Letters to write immediately. You must inform your brother of it, I shall be happy to see him if he likes to call on an old friend. I sincerely congratulate you and Mrs. Mills upon Anne's recovery, she must guard against these keen North Westers which prevail at present. Give my kindest love to Mrs. Mills, the girls and boys, and believe me always,

‘ Yours very truly,

‘ ANNE CAMPBELL.

‘ I think it is Archdeacon George Trevelyhan's Son who is Hannah's Husband, as his Mother was a Miss Neve, if so, he comes of truly good parents. Selina has so many things to send out to the Bride. A veil especially. I am going directly after our early dinner to Sloane Street to see Mrs. H. once more. I expect she will winter in London, as it agrees with her so well, unless she is detained in Ireland, whither she is compelled to go next month on Business. She is delighted

at the thoughts of little Tom, as she calls him, being a papa, and begs to be remembered to him.'

This letter is addressed to John Mills, Esq., *Gazette* Office, Bristol, for at this period the Mills family were newspaper proprietors and editors; it is dated April 28, 1835. 'Some thirty years ago, in the seventies, I knew Tom Mills of the *Gazette*. He was a genial writer, and, *inter alia*, wrote addresses for theatrical charitable occasions.'

And so we come to the end of this little cluster of letters that give a deep insight into all the home life, and love and affection of the Macaulay family; and especially a touching glimpse into the life and work of the mother, the woman who was born in a circle of life that promised no great probabilities, the daughter of a bookseller in a provincial city, and afterwards the mistress of one of those seminaries for young ladies, where decorum and goodness were the chief aim of the teaching. Yet this training and her own sweet temperament are largely answerable for the character and work of one of England's most famous sons, and as we hold in our hands the long letters, couched in such kindly words that she wrote to her relations, one feels that it is a good thing that at last in Clifton there is a tablet erected on the house where Macaulay resided in 1852, reminding the world of his mother, and that she was a native of the adjoining city, Bristol. It is well we should be reminded of what we owe to the mothers of our illustrious dead, and Selina Macaulay was a woman well worth remembering.

R. D. BLACKMORE AND HIS WORK

ALL the world knows 'Lorna Doone,' but very few people knew its creator, and, comparatively speaking, only a small number of readers know the genial, yet satiric humour, and the marvellous keen probing of Nature and of human nature, that lie in the other work of Mr. Blackmore.

He was an intense lover of Thackeray, and in that little room on the first floor of his garden-surrounded home at Teddington, amidst all the other books was a well-bound set of his favourite author. His own incisive humour reminds one often of Thackeray, though the flavour of it is different. In 'Darial' alone are quotations on human life of to-day that would make us all more lovable if we only heeded them. Take this, on loving work, 'Without proper work we all relapse into monkeys or advance into devils'; or on slander, 'Let us take all the credit we can get from people who are fond of us; there will scarcely be enough to plug the holes our other brethren pick in us.'

Mr. Blackmore hated notoriety, and, wonderful fact, he secured seclusion. Few knew where he lived. He loved his garden, and he loved his books, a game of chess, and a quiet chat with a personal

friend, and especially a walk round his garden, pointing out his alterations, his well sinkings, and his new grafts or buddings of fruit-trees or roses.

The pages of 'Who's Who' or 'Hazell' might have been searched for Mr. Blackmore's address, but that address could not be found there, although a list of his novels is given ; he refused all types of publicity. How he succeeded close to London in hiding himself from intruders I had curiously proved on one occasion when running down to Teddington to call upon him. A clergyman got into the railway-carriage a station or so above Teddington, a local man, and he fell into chat upon Devonshire with a gentleman sitting opposite to him, and joining in with the talk, I inquisitively led the conversation to Mr. Blackmore's books, and, just as the train drew up opposite the palings surrounding his spacious garden at Teddington, the clergyman said : ' Let me see, the author lives somewhere in Devonshire, doesn't he ?'

' He does not live in London,' I answered, as I left the train and crossed the line to the garden gate, and entered into those pleasant walks, paced during so many years by the genial author of 'Cradock Nowell' and 'Kit and Kitty,' of 'Clara Vaughan' and of 'Dariel'; for here did Mr. Blackmore live through all his years of creation.

Between the firs and fruit-trees peeped the grey brick walls of the pleasant modest house. The air in summer was filled with the scent of roses and other flowers, and in spring with the perfume of the fruit blossom ; and, coming between the trees,

was the figure of the 'grower,' as he loved to call himself.

His greeting was worth receiving—so quietly cordial, so lovable, the affectionate hand pressure, or the fatherly laying of hand on shoulder. Of late years the fringe of white beard set his fairly ruddy face in a characteristic frame, and his eyes lit up with a genial smile as he cut some choice rose-bloom for your acceptance, and told its name and a bit of its history. Since the year 1857 he had lived here; but what changes had he seen in those forty odd years!

It was in the early spring of 1898 that I was sitting with him in his own little room looking out on to the cedars and birches, the expanse of glass-houses where grew his delicious grapes, and the beds around planted with roses, and here I had my last talk with him upon his early life.

Even now I touch upon the scene with reverence, so averse was he to the modern idea of the interview; but we got back to his schooldays, even the infantile years, when at eight he went first to school, and then at twelve to Blundell's of Tiverton—Peter Blundell's, the school founded for the town; and so, although Mr. Blackmore for two years and a half was head boy, he did not get the Balliol Scholarship, as Salter, a lad of the town, got it. The Tiverton folk were emphatic that the benefits of Blundell's should be for the town. Another famous Englishman was at Blundell's at the same time, my Lord Archbishop, Frederick Temple; and the two Temples, John and Frederick, and Blackmore were in the same house. But if

Blackmore did not get the school scholarship, he went up to Oxford, and gained an Exeter College Scholarship, following in the steps of both father and grandfather, who had both been Exeter men.

The statement that he left a lucrative practice as a barrister and took to authorship is hardly true. He was called to the Bar, but he never practised; he had been subject in early life to epileptic fits, and therefore, he said, could not go into court, but he did practise as a conveyancer. But one portion of his life that is little known is that spent at Twickenham, where for four years he was a schoolmaster. Then, in 1857, came the opportunity that was to fix his life in the groove he loved so well; but, again, to destroy a popular myth, a groove that was to cost him dearly, a hobby—nay, a profession—upon which he was to spend great energy and to produce delightful results, but a hobby that left him the poorer for his devotion to it. As to the results, those who ever had the pleasure of dining at his hospitable table proved them in delightful fashion. The flowers and ferns, and especially the roses, were a delight to be dwelt upon; and the dessert, the choice varieties of grapes, and, above all, the pears, upon which he so prided himself, had a flavour that one must *savourer* tranquilly, and with mind intent upon the beauty of the fruit, to thoroughly understand its delicacy.

When he bought his ground at Teddington it was but a picturesque village, with one village shop and a country vicarage set in flowers; but

the railway invaded his territory, and he was forced to sell part of his ground, and now just outside his garden palings runs the line, and the busy station, where they did not keep his books on the stall, is at his gate. This invasion of his quietude troubled him greatly ; his trees and shrubs hid all sight of puffing trains from his windows, but one heard the rush and the halting of them as they rolled onwards, or pulled up at Teddington.

It was in a chat with him in the year 1888 that he spoke of his early literary work, which began whilst he was engaged in the dry work of conveyancing. Some of the reviewers kindly stated his first book was a copy of Miss Braddon's, but he exclaimed, with the quiet laugh that so rippled his face in conversation : ' It was written before Miss Braddon was heard of ' ; and as Miss Braddon's first work was issued in 1860, and Mr. Blackmore bought the land at Teddington in 1857 (he began gardening in 1855), long after his conveyancing days were over, this fact is evident.

Then came ' Cradock Nowell '—both failures, he assured me. He never was satisfied with his own work ; he always felt he ought to do better, as his letters I shall quote so fully prove, and he was most modest and diffident in his judgments of the work of others.

It was on this day, when strolling amidst his roses, I heard the story so often now repeated, of the failure and slow creeping into success of ' Lorna Doone.' This book was a total failure in the three-volume issue, and two hundred copies

of this edition were sent out to Australia, 'in bulk,' to use his own words, to get rid of them. A cheaper edition was tried, and that, too, was a failure. Then it was announced that the Princess Louise was to marry the Marquis of Lorne, and the British public thought if they read 'Lorna Doone' they would know all about the Marquis of Lorne, and so one day Mr. Sampson Low came down to Teddington, for he had some good news to tell. "'Lorna Doone" is going to have a run'; and, lo! the *Saturday Review* deigned to notice it, although they had ignored the three-volume edition. And 'Lorna Doone' has, indeed, had a run for thirty years, and sells more to-day than ever it did. But is not this story told by himself an instance of Mr. Blackmore's modesty? The book, like all great books, had been slowly making its power felt. I well remember when, after trying to enjoy several modern novels during an illness, 'Lorna Doone' was brought to me, exclaiming, ere many pages were read, 'Ah, this is a book!'; and so it was with other readers; and it was this power in the work that at length forced its rise to its fame pedestal.

How the tremendous popularity of that book at length positively annoyed him! It so overshadowed the careful, forceful work in his other books. 'Springhaven' and 'Dariel,' or 'The Maid of Sker,' would have made the name of any writer; all are intensely dramatic, and yet contain much of that quiet humour and beauty of description that is so richly given in all his work. Who does not know Parson Chowne, the reverend

desperado and tyrant in the 'Maid of Sker' ? and does not the tender pathos in the opening chapters of 'Erema' arouse at once an interest in that little maiden's career ?

Years ago Mr. Blackmore would speak calmly of 'Lorna.' The Americans claimed to have discovered it ; but as 'her' fame grew and grew, he became annoyed at the persistency of the public about this one book ; and on one occasion he exclaimed : 'It's a pity the book was ever written, a pity it cannot be destroyed.'

It was in 1888, just after his powerful work 'Springhaven' appeared, that in speaking of his gardening, he stated that only in one season had he made that pay. He had sunk all he was worth in this pursuit, and the expanse of glass round us told of much expenditure. He might have been living comfortably on his income but for this continuous unprofitable outlay. How this dispels the myth that he lived by his gardening and made nothing of his books ! But we wandered away from gardening to his latest work, and he told me of the pains he had been at to get up his period. He could find positively nothing in England upon the actual attempt of invasion by Napoleon ; but he heard there were a quantity of documents in the Paris archives, touching upon the attempt and failure of 'Boney' to seize London. He talked but little of his own work, but the intensely dramatic power in 'Springhaven,' the slow development leading step by step on to the fiercely tragic *dénouement*, when, with a crash, a fierce tempest of passion and action beats around the

reader, had burnt itself into my brain, and I told him of the effect of the book upon me ; of how he had played with his readers, led them up to a passionate point, then, in developing it, had forced them gently to stroll away with him, leading them by quiet subtlety of phrase, and quickly awakening fresh interest.

There is a remarkable instance of this when, at the end of Chapter LI., he leaves Captain Scudamore in a dangerous situation on the French coast ; he has intensely aroused the reader's interest in the chances of his escape, but he begins the next chapter with a quiet talk on affairs in England in 1805, and carries us back across the Channel to Parson and Mrs. Twemlow's conversation.

I ventured to speak of this power he had over his reader, and I saw a quiet smile ripple his features, and his eyes lit up as though I had divined his intention ; he said nothing, but referred again to the trouble he had experienced in getting historic accuracy ; and then, as it were, to turn the talk from his own work, he changed the subject to Bohemia, from whence I had lately returned, and thought I ought to make a good story out of the tragedies of some of the old Bohemian castles.

That day, after dinner, I remember a canary was singing loudly in its cage, and he got up, taking a strawberry from a dish, walked across the room whistling to the bird and giving it the fruit. Then he remembered another sort of strawberry we must taste ; he ordered some in, and most delicious

fruit it was he had thought of ; then the talk fell upon chess, a game he was passionately fond of. 'The only game worth playing !' he exclaimed. 'Think of the genius who invented the knight's move.' 'Thorough,' was Mr. Blackmore's motto in all his work ; whatever he turned out, be it books or grapes, pears or poems, his whole energy, his highest thought and care, must be bestowed upon the production.

The varied experiences of his life are utilized in all his books. The Church, from his home life—his father was a Devon clergyman—college life, from his Exeter College days. How he loved Oxford ! I once spoke to him of a son of mine who was going in for a scholarship exam. 'Send him to Oxford ! send him to Oxford !' was his emphatic exclamation. Then came his schoolmaster trials, with all the capabilities of boys for worrying. Then the law, and, lastly, his great love, the Grower's occupation, fully described in that quaint novel 'Kit and Kitty.' How minutely and intently he studied man and Nature ! Some novelists who, either by their own efforts or their publishers' assiduity, have been paragraphed and puffed and birthday-booked, must strive in vain to produce from their work such a wealth of quaint, incisive phrases that in a line picture phases of life and thought. Take his description of England in 'Alice Lorraine,' as 'bounty from the lap of beauty, and that cultivated glory which no other land can show,' or 'the joy of all things dies in the enjoying' on the same page.

To the charm of quaintness he adds the charm

of the unsuspected, and a depicting of the virtues and foibles of humanity in phrases that are ever fresh, yet fitting to the characters uttering them.

His wild bits of Nature he describes with a minute power that brings the scene and all the living things that people it vividly before one. What a charm there is in that marvellous description in the 'Maid of Sker' of an October evening on Barnstaple River, off Braunton Burrows. Old Davy Llewellyn has been set by Parson Chowne to watch Sir Phillip Bampfylde from his schooner, as the Parson calls it. 'Ketch, your reverence,' interrupts Davy; 'the difference is in the mizzen mast,' proving Mr. Blackmore's care with local terms and titles. But in this task Davy has time to look about him, and the author has, therefore, time to make the reader feel the atmosphere of the scene of action; and in Chapter XXX. how those who know the district seem to breathe the very air of Taw and Torridge. In few words the waning day is pictured. 'The full moon, lately risen, gazed directly down upon the river; but memory of daylight still was coming from the westward, feeble, and inclined to yield.' One feels the gleam of orange light in the west, over stretch of sand and rivers, being overmastered by the silver gleams of the moon in the east.

How often one hears his description of the famous water-slide in the Doone Valley, or, rather, on the Badgworthy water-side of the Doone Valley, spoken of as exaggerated. But once, when walking up the side-path worn by the thousands of tourists who now, impelled by the book, seek out

this water-slide, I was listening to the usual exclamations from a critical friend. 'Well,' I said, 'you think Blackmore's words are exaggerated; they are put into the mouth of a lad, who in winter, when no path was here, climbed with bare feet and legs up that stony watercourse and fall. You are a man, and this is summer, and there is no rush of icy cold water to dash you off your legs; but take off your shoes, and try now to clamber up it.' He declined the task, and said no more about exaggeration. But on speaking on this very point with Mr. Blackmore, he said he had not attempted to be minutely accurate with the scenery: he was not so exact then as he would be now. But to wish the book altered to exactitude would be to wish all the glory taken out of a Turner, or all the beauty of diction out of Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' because, forsooth, he in his younger days saw beauty that he in his middle age failed to see.

One interesting phase of Mr. Blackmore's work is his habit of interthought. An idea is caught, and in expressing it an interloping thought comes, modifying the idea. A habit this that in this snippet age, irritates the reader, whose brain is so weakened by the snippet dram that it can scarcely grasp one idea, and a secondary developing of that idea is wholly too much for it. A very simple example of this occurs in 'Cradock Nowell,' where the very lovable John Rosedew, rector and tutor, is arguing a point with his practical sister, Aunt Eudoxia: 'John always yielded at once whenever Eudoxia tried to argue, and the lady had the

pleasure of feeling—until she began to think a little—how much she had the best of it.’ That interloping sentence makes the reader think also, and see a little deeper into the character of Miss Eudoxia. Or take the passage from ‘Dariel’ upon the respect due from man to woman: ‘For drop as we may—and the ladies too often call upon us now to drop it—the sense that is inborn in us of a purer and higher birth in them.’ How the whole bent of modern woman life comes sweeping into the mind in this interjected sentence.

Sometimes Mr. Blackmore gives, like Balzac, just the minute touches that call up the whole picture of the scene, as that of a labourer’s home in evening. He is describing in ‘Springhaven’ Caryl Carne’s hatred of the homely life of the little port; his waiting for the home-going labourers and ‘truant sweethearts who cannot have enough of one another,’ to get out of his way. ‘He let them get home, and pull their boots off, and set the frying-pan a-bubbling; for they ended the day with a bit of bacon whenever they could cash or credit it.’ One can see the good wife at the fire and the whole interior of the cottage by this touch, and how delightfully he depicts the scenes wherein his characters move and have their being. For these are not puppets; you do not see the author pulling the strings: we get to know them. The pretty, self-willed, vivacious Dolly in ‘Springhaven’ is a very real character, as is the old Admiral Darling, with his discourses on himself and his unselfishness. Captain Stubbard and Dan Tugwell, the well-built and stalwart, are all as real

as are the better-known Squire Faggus, and the gentle Lorna, or 'girt' Jan Ridd the immortal; and whether he is describing the Hampshire heaths in 'Cradock Nowell,' the Surrey gardens in 'Kit and Kitty,' or even the wild Titanic ice-capped passes of the Caucasus, 'the land of Prometheus,' as in 'Dariel,' one is enveloped in the scene. The curious fault in 'Dariel' is that the atmosphere of the story is of bygone days, but certain incidents make it a story of to-day. If the history had been antedated by a century the book would have been more real, and yet one forgets this fault in the passion of it. The great charm of Mr. Blackmore's work is now in the story, now in the setting. The storm and passion of life is in all his work; aye, and the delicate love passages, and the gradual forging of the links that bind soul to soul, or body to body; but the artistic interest, the mind interest, lies in his rich descriptive powers, his sense of condensation, and his quaint aphorisms and epigrammatic phrases.

Paradoxical, apparently, is part of this statement, but if sometimes he could not find words enough to describe a beloved scene, at other times in a few words he expressed a great idea. From the works of few modern writers could a greater number of terse expressive extracts be culled for birthday-book or almanac purposes.

His description of Devon scenery we all know, but how true to Nature, and how delightful, is this description of Hampshire forest and heath: 'For two months of the twelve, when the heather is in blossom, all that Chase is a glowing reach of

amaranth and purple. Then it fades away to pale orange, dim olive, and a russet-brown, when Christmas shudders over it; and so throughout young green and russet till the July tint comes back again. . . . Down the slope the thickening trees assemble into a massive wood, tufted here and there with hues of a varying richness, but for the main of it swelling and waving, crisping, fronding, feathering, coying, and darkening here and there until it reaches the silver mirror of the sea. And the seaman, looking upwards from the warship bound to tropical countries, looking back at his native land, for the last of all times, it may be, over brushwood waves and billows of trees and the long heave of the gorse land, cries aloud, "I shall see no sight like that till I come home again." And, if he could thus lovingly dwell on an idyllic scene in rural England, let those who doubt of his power to depict the fiercest passions of men and of women read 'Imar's tale' in 'Dariel.' The scene where at length he comes up with Rakhan, whom he supposes to be the paramour of his beloved wife Oria, is intensely dramatic, and still more fiercely tragic the scene with that wife after he has slain Rakhan, at the moment he has confessed to be the murderer of Imar's father.

It is in Rakhan's pleasure lodge, now deep in snow. His wife rushes to meet him, he believing she would greet Rakhan. 'My lord!' she gasped. 'Yes, thy proper lord!' is his retort; and, in spite of her questions and attempts at explanations, he denounces her as 'Liar and adulteress!' She turns at the awful taunt, and with the words,

'It is enough. No woman of my race must hear that name from her lord and live,' instantly she leaves him, and slays herself with the weapon she had procured wherewith to defend her honour.

The episode is too long to quote in full, but the incidents rush ruthlessly onwards, carrying the reader upon the torrent to the awful *dénouement*.

There is a character introduced into this life-story of Imar that I felt must surely apply to my old friend Friedrich von Bodenstedt—the late venerable poet Mirza Schaffy. Imar in his youth is confided to the care of a learned man in the town of Tiflis. It is in the German town, on the left bank of the Kur, and his tutor is famous even in the City of Many Tongues for his knowledge of all useful languages. He had several English pupils, and, admiring Shakespeare, as the Germans do, he made us almost as familiar with English as if we were born to it. This tallies with Bodenstedt's life in Tiflis in every detail, and I, on my first visit to Teddington after reading 'Dariel,' asked Blackmore if he had heard of Bodenstedt's life in Tiflis, or met him; but he said the resemblance was not intentional—it was but a coincidence; and as to the Abbey, Imar's English refuge, it was not, save in his own brain.

'Dariel' lies before me now, and in that tiny clear handwriting on the title-page is a flattering pleasant reference to some of my own work, signed by the hand that can give us now no more 'Dariels.'

'Springhaven' is full of epigrammatic phrases. 'Little cares, which are the ants that bring heavy grief.' 'All gentlemen hate to have a tree cut down, all blackguards delight in the process.' 'To achieve unmerited honour is the special gift of thousands, but to deserve and win befalls some few in every century.'

What a capital description is that of James Cheseman, the successful grocer and buttermilkman, who 'was patted on both shoulders by the world whilst he patted his own butter'; and how the quiet humour ripples out in the self-denying Admiral, when there is a French alarm. 'For my part, if I can only manage this plate of soup, and a slice of fish, and then one help of mutton, and just one apple fritter or some trifles of that sort, I shall be quite as lucky as I can hope to be. Eat your dinners, children, and don't think of mine.'

There is a cutting sarcasm in the allusion to the suicidal growing dislike to work in the words 'for the one' sacred principle of labour 'is to play'; or, to go to one of his earlier works, there is much expressed in the words, 'A thousand winks of childhood widen into one clear dream of age.' Is not the domineering crabbedness, often begotten by the continuous teaching of troublesome boys, well expressed by, 'Strange though it is, it is equally true that the duty and practice of teaching the young idea how to shoot, drive many good and benevolent people to long to shoot one another'?

If these quaint, expressive bits continually lit up

the pages of his novels, so was it with his letters. For years he adhered to a very tiny envelope, and it was always a pleasure to see one of those little missives lying on the breakfast-table. His own modesty is so well exemplified by a note upon his opinion of a book. 'But my opinion,' he writes, 'is (I fear) quite worthless, as it differs so often from that of the best judges. Many books which seem to me to be of fine quality drop, and are never heard of, because they have not hit the view of the moment or won a random fillip, while others (of far less value) are exalted, and soar for a year or two upon the clouds of fashion.'

In 1887 his left arm was partly paralyzed, and he and his wife left Teddington for a time to try and restore him to sound health. I had just published 'John Westacott,' and amidst his kind words to me on the book is the curt sentence that was so true to his own character: 'Shilly-shally is not to me agreeable, and I am sure that it is not so to you.' In February, 1888, came the awful blow to him, the death of his wife, a blow which was swiftly succeeded by other bereavements, so that he, the writer, who had thousands of living friends throughout the world, yet felt, in his sorrow, left alone. His letters at this time are too sacred for quotation, hating, as he did, the prying of the thoughtless into private life; but to me it is a great satisfaction, now that he, too, is gone, to know that our correspondence at this time made us the firmer friends and taught me his sterling worth. In 1889 a memorial was issued to solicit the release of Vizetelly, who had been imprisoned for

issuing close translations of Zola's works, and in a letter—in which, alas ! was the news that his right arm now was threatened with paralysis—were these words upon this matter : ' I am asked to sign the Vizetelly memorial. I shall refuse. What think you ? (I had refused.) The books he has published are not known much to me. In plain English, I have not read one of them except (part of) "Madame Bovary," which I did to see how far I could agree with Howell in his hot praise of that work. It left the taste of no good but of evil with me, and I believe it is thought the least harmful of them.' Perhaps now that England has been flooded with this type of writing, we may judge calmly if Mr. Blackmore's judgment as to the evil in such work is not correct.

It is interesting, after time had, to a certain extent, enabled him, in spite of infirmities, to recover his genial spirits, to see how philosophically he bore losses from weather and losses from sharp practice. In one of his notes he writes : ' However, to grumble is worse than vain, because it weakens all the inward parts.'

His notes upon the weather and its effect upon his gardening were frequently full of interest. When speaking of the 'fruit-growing craze,' he writes, 'Folly is the one thing that can be grown to any size in England.' In January, 1891, he ends a letter with a P.S. : 'Thermometer falling rapidly, no such frost for stubbornness since 1855.'

It was in July, 1892, that, seated in Lincoln Cathedral, I had the pleasure of reading, amongst

my letters of the morning, this note from Mr. Blackmore :

‘ MY DEAR MR. BAKER,

‘ An American friend of mine has promised to dine with me on Wednesday, and I think you would find him very pleasant. If you are in London, and can spare a few hours, we should be delighted if you will run down and have a bit of plain food with him, *circa* 6 p.m. Only my little nieces and morning dress.

‘ Very sincerely yours,

‘ R. D. BLACKMORE.’

In that note is the man’s self-extinction ; the American friend is to attract me ; no show, no ostentation ; but I knew the treat of pleasant talk in store, and halting at Cambridge *en route*, was in amidst the roses and fruit-trees ere 6 p.m. My old friend saw me coming through the trees, and came to the door to greet me with warm, hearty, quick, kindly pressure of the hand, and in the little drawing-room I was presented to Mr. Whitin, of Whitinsville. (Strangely enough, three years afterwards, on a Nile steamer, my next neighbours at table for a month were Mr. and Mrs. Whitin, of Whitinsville, cousins of Mr. Blackmore’s friend.) Before dinner we strolled out through houses and fruit-tree-shaded paths, with learned talk on grapes and camellias, and, above all, on roses that he loved to cultivate. One, a brilliant coloured seedling of a fiery red, he had dubbed ‘Thames Lightning’ ; but the bloom was thin in the centre, and did not satisfy him. Then, as a contrast, he

showed us a very dark and intensely close rose—so dark that, taking a bud and cutting it through, it looked like a slice of beetroot ; and so it was for the present, until improved, called ‘ Beeta.’ Ah, that pleasant evening and the stroll after dinner, his arm linked in mine ; but I must not dwell here on that ever-pleasant memory, now tinged with sadness.

To chat on the same day with the great Chartist who opposed Lord Palmerston at Tiverton and with the Blundell’s schoolboy of Tiverton who wrote ‘ Lorna Doone ’ is an historic incident in a lifetime. It was on Napoleon’s day, August 15, 1894—the great day in France under the Third Empire. The Chartist, George Julian Harney, talked of the Convention of 1839, and of John Frost and Fergus O’Connor, and all they were to do for the working classes ; and he showed me letters from Cobbett and a copy of the great Charter. ‘ Ah,’ he exclaimed, ‘ the working men have got all we strove and were imprisoned for, and bitterly they have disappointed me. What do they do with it ?’

It was at Richmond-on-Thames, in his own rooms, surrounded with many memories of the past passionate days, that I talked with the large-headed, handsome old rebel—rebel against cruelty and oppression and class domination, now as hot against the tyranny of numbers as he had been against tyranny of class ; and I had just come from the quiet, modest home of that other historical Tivertonian, who was as great a hater of sham and pretence as Harney. Honesty in work,

be it handicraft or gardening, poems or romances ! No shirking your responsibilities, no scamping your work, no giving short measure. R. D. Blackmore was English to the core, and upheld that, even in fruit, English production, with honest painstaking cultivation, could beat the world. But, as with George Julian Harney, the British working man had bitterly disappointed him also, for his utter lack of interest in his work, his readiness to 'that'll do' everything.

Often in his letters, as in his books, came some quaint bit of satire on this readiness to quit work, as in 'Dariel': 'There was little more to be done that afternoon, the week having ripened into Saturday, when no man of any self-respect does more than congratulate himself on his industry.' It was at the time of some great strikes in England, that were sending manufactures into our foreign competitors' hands, that he wrote in a note: 'What fools our "working men" are proving themselves; "holiday men" is their fitter name.'

Mr. Blackmore was a rare worker. The list of the literary work produced by him since the year 1864 would be considered ample work for most men—sixteen novels, several volumes of poems, occasional contributions to current publications, and the translation of the 'Georgics.' And Mr. Blackmore's were no snippet novels written in a month, but well-developed works, full of incident that compels the reader to know his characters. In one of his letters in 1892 he writes of one of my own books: 'I see that you give honest measure, which is more than most of us do now.' But the 'us,'

modestly inserted, did not include himself, for are not 'Perlycross' and 'Darial,' written after this date, both honest measure and honest, delightful work, each double the length of a snippet novel?

Modesty, a positive disowning of any great qualities in his own work—in fact, a constant dissatisfaction with himself that he had not done better—was one of Mr. Blackmore's great characteristics. Repeatedly in his letters came this note of aiming at the best, yet non-contentment at the result.

But how full is his work of all that makes greatness! Intense dramatic force, tension of interest, and yet the power to snap that tension and still carry the reader on in some gentle bypath, by force of power of description or subtle humour.

As stated my visit was in the month of August, when his harvest of fruit was approaching. His garden-gate, protected by barbed wire (for his grounds were terribly tempting to the Teddington boys), was closed, but a man soon let me in, and I passed on beneath the fruit and sweet-smelling fir-trees, pausing to scent the rich rose-blooms as I went up to the open lawn before the house.

At the door waiting to greet me stood Mr. Blackmore. His outstretched hand grasped mine with that honest pressure that gives you confidence in a man; and entering his drawing-room, I met again Mr. Whitin. We sat for a while, and the talk happened to turn on the Universities, Oxford and Cambridge; but Mr. Blackmore was Oxford to the core: all his family were Oxford, and all his friends—he was enthusiastic on Oxford. A little

household matter called him from the room, and when he returned we were standing at the window looking out on his lawn, and he suggested exactly what we hoped for, a stroll through his grounds ; and so out we sallied, at first amidst the roses, he dilating upon the varied beauties of the blooms, or upon special budding or seedlings of his own. A well was near one of these seedlings. He had a great fancy for sinking wells. We strolled into one of the smaller glass-houses, where hung in rich clusters magnificent grapes large as plums ; but for flavour he recommended a Muscat he had, which we also tasted, and right delicious they were. In this house was a very delicate faint pink rose, a choice bloom of which he cut, handing it to me. Then came up one of his sore points, the price at which the delicious grapes were sold—ninepence a pound ; for seventeen pounds he had lately had eight shillings and sixpence, and yet his brother-in-law (his late wife's sister's husband, a Portuguese gentleman) told us that he had seen some of the same type retailing at five shillings per pound in London. From grape talk we passed on to pears, and stoutly he upheld the superiority of English fruit over foreign, its sweetness and delicacy of flavour ; but this year the pears had not borne well.

This talk of his upon English superiority led our American friend to remark that England was one of the greatest countries in the world—a statement that from an American rather staggered us ; but he explained he meant in extent ! For, he said, you cannot know all England ; in other countries

you can travel for hundreds of miles and not want to see anything, but in England every inch is full of history, so living ! But our chat was cut short by a servant announcing dinner, so we all had to leave the houses and enter the dining-room.

The table was decked with soft delicate ferns of faint green, and lovely flowers and choice fruit. The talk during dinner ran away on travelling, and on foreign countries, our host, unfortunately, occupied with carving and saying little ; but at last I led it away to Lynmouth, and told of the alterations there, and he was earnest in his regret at the simple beauty of the place being altered, and especially at the fact that a railway would shortly cut through his own land at Parracombe.

Seated near his niece, I asked if her uncle was writing a new book. She thought he had begun one, but they never knew what it was about ; he did not tell them. The book was 'Perlycross,' a book about which he was not satisfied. He invariably wrote disparagingly of his own work, save perhaps of his translations of the 'Georgics.' They had lately had a visitor who had put his nieces (who now kept house for him) in some tremor, for his works were so full of gloom : they expected a very doleful time of it ; but, said the one with whom I was speaking, 'He turned out to be most pleasant and genial.' 'He was so pleasant,' ejaculated the sister. It was Mr. Hall Caine, who was *en route* for his short Russian frontier journey.

The pleasant talk ran on until eleven, when we had to take the last train homewards. Mr.

Blackmore put his arm in ours, and strolled out with us through his garden to the station. Luckily the train was very late, and the American and Portuguese left me the pleasure of a long talk with Mr. Blackmore. I had lately been in Devon, chatting with the old sexton at Oare Church, where the Ridds are buried, and I told him of the old man's anxiety to know where was Plover Burrows Farm. 'Ah,' said Mr. Blackmore, 'there are some awkward questions asked sometimes,' and he laughed his quiet little laugh. I ventured to ask him if his new book was to be historical. 'No,' he said, 'not historical. I don't know yet what it may grow to.' But the rumble in the distance cut short our talk, and when the train came up he shook hands with honest yet effusive, genial warmth, and as he raised his hat to us the light fell on his fine face, the ruff of white whiskers and beard—a gentle yet calmly powerful face, a lovable face. No wonder the American was moved as we quitted the station, for after six years of kind friendship from such a man he was returning to America for years, perhaps never to look on his face again. We turned into the old Yorick club that night, and talked much over our pleasant visit to the author of 'Lorna Doone.'

I would give yet one or two extracts from his letters to illustrate the man. It was in the year of this visit that, on November 23, in writing, he spoke of the election of a President for the Authors' Society, to take the place of Tennyson, whose death so moved England. 'I think,' he writes, 'Meredith was the right man for President, failing

Ruskin and Mr. Besant. I should have voted for Meredith. Not that I care for his books, the style is too jerky and tangled, and structure involved, and tone too dictatorial for my liking. Still, he is emphatically an authors' author, and the best men admire him beyond all others, and so I conclude that my judgment is wrong.'

It was at this time that the pains and misery that slowly led to death began to invade his body, but he jocularly finishes his letter, after speaking of his lameness, with 'Physicians was in vain.'

He was thus a respecter, but not an admirer, of George Meredith's work, and yet sometimes his own work had quite a Meredithian flavour; whereas at others the light touch in description brought the scene or the action promptly and vividly before the reader. Take the passage upon the shrinking of the great trees from the near neighbourhood of the sea: 'At the breath of salt the larger trees hang back and turn their boughs up; but plenty of pretty shrubs come forth and shade the cottage garden.' And in his letters were nearly always some terse, expressive phrases upon men and events that made them full of interest. In one of his letters, written in May, 1893, at the time the Home Rule Bill was being brought in, he gives Mr. Gladstone a new name: 'I am very glad,' he writes, 'that you are putting forth a little of your vigour against the Disruption Bill, which should be the G.O.M.'s new title. The maddest of all national madness.'

He had a great dislike to publicity, and would not consent to be photographed until his publishers

persuaded him to give a sitting for the new edition of 'Lorna Doone.' I had often asked him for his portrait, and in promising me one of these he wrote: 'I disliked it, because I have always thought no writer, not of acknowledged and lasting eminence, should so commit himself.' This modest sense of self-depreciation was always present in his letters and in his talk, though he could hit hard at the flippant show of knowledge, hiding rank ignorance, that so much slipshod writing of to-day displays. And not only upon literary matters did he inveigh against ignorance. In one of his letters is an appreciation of the general work in reviewing of the *Times*; but in another, touching upon his gardening, he says, 'I have *no* crop this year. *Cantabo vacuus*, whatever the weather may be, unless it blows away some of my houses. The *Times* congratulates those who have been seduced into fruit-growing upon the prices they will get; they are to go to market with empty baskets, I suppose, and come home full of money. Is the man a Paddy or a master of the extinct art of irony?' How sadly one of his latest letters dispels the common report that he made his money by his garden, for he writes during his last illness, 'If I ever get fit again I must give up all my time to writing, having two barren seasons of dead loss, and apparently a third impending'; whilst in another letter of an earlier date he wrote he must 'go in again for press work, as the spade casts away all my substance.'

But he loved the earth and its products, and to see Nature's development under his care. He

had to send his products to Covent Garden, where, as I read in one of his letters, he was 'fair game, and fair game never gets fair play.' In 'Alice Lorraine' is a capital chapter on Covent Garden in early morning in years gone by. 'The market in those days was not flooded with poor foreign produce, fair to the eye, but a fraud on the belly, and full of most dangerous colic . . . a native would really buy from his neighbour as gladly as from his born enemy.' He makes one feel the breath of the country coming into the sweltering city, following the lines of country produce, and lingering about 'the Garden.' Master John Thorne, on the top of his wagon, has sold out all his cherries, but still has 'some bushels of peas and new potatoes, bunches of colewort and early carrots, besides five or six dozen of creamy cauliflowers, and several scores of fine-hearted lettuces.'

Whether in market or in garden, by rush of Devon stream or on Glamorgan sands, or mid the frosty Caucasus as in 'Darial,' Mr. Blackmore lived amidst his scenes, and made his readers live there also. His close watching of Nature is exemplified by such passages as 'The earth has a dew that foretells a bright day—whenever the dew is of the proper sort, for three kinds are established now.' In one of his letters I was surprised to read that he would show me as much 'as the icy saints spare of my garden.' I knew well how firmly the men of Germany and Austria dreaded the killing power of the 'snow-men,' who in May, with one final bite of winter, nipped off half, or sometimes the whole,

promise of fruition, so I wrote and asked him if his saints were the same cruel three, and he replied : ' The icy saints, so far as I remember, used to be Gerontius, Pancratius, Servatius.' Then came one of those modest disclaimers of knowledge so frequent in his letters. ' But you are sure to know much more about them. No doubt they are identical with your snow-men. The cold spell varies much from year to year, but there are three well-established periods of low temperature.'

Mr. Blackmore's saints were the same as those so dreaded by the Bohemian agriculturist, save that Gerontius is displaced by Mamertus, whose day is on May the eleventh, and his two fellow snow-men, Pancratius and Servatius, follow him on the twelfth and thirteenth—three days when the Bohemian peasants go in procession, in the most brilliant of costumes, through the fields to bless them, and pray for good crops in spite of the snow-men, a custom that much interested Mr. Blackmore when I described to him the quaint medieval beauty of the scene ; the mountain tops around generally glistening with snow, whilst the valleys were often bright with promising verdure, beneath a hot sun.

Mr. Blackmore hardly fulfilled his own dictum upon life, for he says : ' We open the world and we close the world with nothing more than this [play], and while our manhood is too grand (for a score and half years, perhaps) to take things but in earnest, the justice of our birth is on us ; we are Fortune's playthings.' He worked strenuously

with spade and pen for over twoscore years, and but a month or so before he closed this world's chapter of his existence, he determined to devote more time to the pen, for the spade had played him false ; and yet his love for the culture of fruit, and flowers, and wild Nature has given us a unique literature, taking us out into the wild moors and hill-sides, and into the gardens hung with delicious fruits that are not more delicate in their flavour than his own books ; but, as with the fruit, so with the books, there is a hidden delicacy that the hasty swallower never wots of.

In 1897 I had been asked by an editor to write an interview with R. D. Blackmore, and I ventured, as his new work 'Dariel' was just published, to suggest such a thing, dreading the effect of my rashness. He wrote in kindly mood asking me 'to take pot luck with us,' but he writes, 'not for any typical colloquies, which I never did allow, and never will'; and the only hot word I ever had from him was upon the suggestion I was asked to make, that his portrait might appear in an article. He flatly refused such a thing 'in any of those curiosity-mongering articles,' but the very next day came a note with the words, 'Forgive me if I was rather acrid yesterday,' so genial was he and keen not to offend, although at the time suffering acutely.

In 1898 the terrible malady that two years later ended his earthly days had its tight grip upon him ; but, in spite of much physical pain, his letters were often cheery. In one he refers to the book of which he was most proud. A son of mine, who

had just won an Oxford scholarship, had been reading it—his translation of the ‘Georgics’—having been much astonished to find ‘Lorna Doone Blackmore’ had written such a work. I told him of the incident, and in a letter he writes: ‘I am very glad to hear of your son’s success. Did he think that a Grower must be very short of Latin? That translation of the “Georgics” (from which I never got a penny, but paid myself for the venture) is the best thing I ever did. It is not perfect—I needn’t say that—but it is full of good work, and lucky turns, and pure love of the subject.’

Mr. Blackmore’s aim in life was always to get at the best, to do good work, to hate shams, and to revere honest purpose and aim, and he was so often dissatisfied with his own work because he ever strove to outdo himself. But let those who have read his work for the stories, re-read them for the philosophy of life, the rippling humour they so richly contain; and they will no longer say that Mr. Blackmore was a one-book author, although that one book is a mighty masterpiece in all the love and passion, tragedy and humour, and powerful description that build up a great novel.

Richard Doddridge Blackmore and John Ruskin were laid in Mother Earth on the same day. How enriched is England by their work! Their death indeed makes England a poorer nation.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE:
FRIEDRICH BODENSTEDT *

THE recollections of the veteran poet Friedrich Bodenstedt is not merely a chronicle of his own life, but a volume full of historical studies, reminiscences of the early days of now celebrated characters, bits of folk-lore of Germany, Russia, and Persia, charming descriptions of life in Russia and Persia in the first half of the present century, and strange glimpses into the intrigues of Russian Court life. In the earlier part of the work one feels a regret that so much space is given to historical matter, and so little to the personal life of the writer; but as the work passes on from the youthful days of the poet into his early manhood, the insight into character, the passing studies of the folk-poetry of the Caucasus and the Ukraine, ere the Russian tongue was enforced upon the people, and the constant recurrence of the now famous names of men of various nationalities, give a charm to the work that is heightened by vivid descriptions of

* 'Erinnerungen aus meinen Leben von Friedrich Bodenstedt.' Zweite 'Auflage Allgemeiner Verein für Deutsche Litteratur.'

the scenery amid which the writer lived in Russia and Persia, and especially of the Caucasus.

A writer whose poems have attained to some hundred and twenty editions, and have been translated into thirteen tongues, including Hebrew, should be well known in England ; but Bodenstedt, the creator of the sage Mirza Schaffy, whose songs and sayings are household words in Germany, is here but little read, as his songs as a whole still await a good English translation, though some examples of them have been published in England, and in Hamburg an English translation has appeared ; and yet, in addition to his Eastern work, it is as a translator and editor of Shakespeare that he was best known in Germany, and his knowledge of English literature was wide and sound, as his critical writings prove.

He was born at Peine, in Hanover, at a time when ' Hanover ruled England, and not England Hanover ; for the House of Hanover had given her her King,' and when ' he looks like an Englishman ' was a high compliment in Peine and the surrounding district.

The old sign of the trefoil, or shamrock, once to be seen on fête days on every hat and breast in Hanover, was still borne on the banners and hats of the competitors at the shooting trials and festivals ; but the triple leaf that the Irish still hold dear had lost its significance, save that the finder of a four-leaved *Kleeblatt* was henceforth endowed with good luck. Bodenstedt's father was a somewhat important man in Peine, but of Spartan severity to his children : 'Tenderness

was to him womanly, especially kisses ; so that I can never in my whole childhood remember receiving a kiss from him ' ; and he carried his severity into actions, such as throwing the boy into the water, if, on a cold, chilly morning he stood shivering on the grass, instead of jumping in at once. This enforced bathing, however, produced from the boy his first poem ; for when nine years old, whilst bathing alone, he was carried out of his depth and nearly drowned, but was rescued by a farmer's son ; and this rescue the boy commemorated in a dozen lines of verse. From his mother he received the first poetical impressions that made him strive to imitate the old German songs that she sang to him in the twilight ; and from her mother, also, who lived under the same roof, the poetical fervour was increased, for the old lady told in verse the noteworthy incidents in her life. The father, though he afterwards used every means to suppress the poetic inclination of his son, ' as no poet had ever been known in Germany to live by his poetry,' did unwittingly assist the imaginative yearnings of the boy by giving him a toy theatre—a gift that led to no less a dramatic representation than the ' Taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders,' Jerusalem being first built in a neighbour's back garden with stones ' borrowed ' from the building of the new *Rathhaus* in the market-place.

The boy's education up to the age of eight was in the town school, but then the father joined with some other parents to have a joint tutor to teach their sons the classics, and Bodenstedt gives some

amusing character-studies of the various tutors under whose guidance he studied Latin. Life in Germany at this time, when the Poles were rising against Russia, Paris was in revolution, and the Greeks were throwing off the Turkish yoke, is vividly sketched. The influence these events had on the young lad's imagination was intensified when they saw near home the glare from 'Brunswick in flames' arise in the heavens.

We must not dwell upon these early years of the young poet. At sixteen, in spite of all suppression, he ventured upon a metrical translation of 'Macbeth,' 'which did not turn out so badly,' but the principal gain of which was that nearly the whole of the English text was committed to memory. This was probably the foundation of the marvellous memory which Bodenstedt at seventy years of age still possessed.

His eyes were first turned towards Russia by an old riding-master who had served under Napoleon at Borodino; and in 1841 he obtained the position of tutor to the two sons of Prince Michael Galizin, Michael and Dimitry. The part of his memoirs which deals with his life in Russia is sometimes wearisome, with the long excursions into Russian history; but it allows glimpses into the old heathen life that, beneath a veneer of Christianity, still retains its fast hold on the people, and by some strange anecdotes proves how fully the aristocracy of Russia regarded the lower orders but as cattle. He found but little German literature in favour in Russia, but 'Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin," Dickens's "Pick-

wick Papers," and Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" were in every house.'

The pages upon the folk rhymes and customs and superstitions are full of interest, and especially striking is the account of the death of Puschkin, the Russian poet, which occurred just before Bodenstein's arrival, but which he heard related by actors in the weird drama. The persistency with which he seized upon every opportunity to perfect himself with modern languages is worthy of note. While busy in his spare hours with translating Russian poetry, he spent his Sunday evenings with a Mr. Henry Frears and a Mr. Thomas Shaw, the latter also being engaged in translating from the Russian, but, as Bodenstein slyly remarks, something which paid better—viz., novels. It was his love for Shakespeare which brought him in contact with the Governor-General of Moscow, Alexander v. Neidhart, a man he was afterwards again to meet as Governor of the Caucasus. The Princess Galizin begged him to give the two younger daughters of General Neidhart studies in Shakespeare, and the General, a stanch admirer of Shakespeare, sometimes joined in the readings. A yet more interesting personage shortly afterwards joined the household of the Princess, in the character of a tutor for Russian history and literature—a man who had just returned from two years' travel at the expense of the Government in Belgium, France, England, and Germany. This fellow-tutor was Michael M. Katkow, whom nearly fifty years later Bodenstein satirized in a political poem. A strange and striking sketch of

Katkow's life is given; his inner thought, his sudden turning from the Poles' friend to their bitterest enemy, and his cynicism and ambition, are rapidly outlined, the whole being summarized with 'in his old age he has trodden underfoot the ideal of his youth.'

Bodenstedt's first book appeared in the year 1843, under the title 'Kaslow, Puschkin, Lermontoff: a Selection of their Poems'; but, strange fact, so full of mistakes and so weak did the poet himself find his work to be, that, after vainly struggling to revise it, he called in the edition, which had, however, been fairly received in Russia and Germany. The opportunity which was to make him famous and give him his especial place in the world of letters came in the shape of a call to the gymnasium at Tiflis.

The description of his drive from Moscow to Tiflis, through Stawropol and Wladikawskas in a *telega*, or 'wooden box on wheels,' is full of interest, and amplified with examples of songs of the Ukraine and with sketches of the folk-life of the Caucasus. Tiflis reached, 'the starting-point of his activity as an author,' he soon met with men of powerful influence. One of the ladies' favourites in the capital was Prince Dondukow-Korschakow, afterwards Governor-General of the Caucasus; another officer who was 'not to be met with at balls' was the retiring Lieutenant Kauffmann, a young man who ever yearned to conduct an army into the heart of Asia. The thought of conquering India is no new one in Russia, remarks Bodenstedt. Ivan Wassilje-

witsch held to the idea, and Peter the Great followed it up; but the desert steppes had conquered all armies until Kauffmann, after carefully planning water - supplies, conquered Turkestan. Another personage he met afterwards famous in Russian history, where he first also heard a Persian singer excite the enthusiasm and ecstasy of his listeners, especially the Georgians and Armenians. This young Guard officer, who was sitting next to Bodenstein, passed the wine, but became communicative. Born in the land of Ararat, but sent to St. Petersburg and educated in the corps of Pages, Loris Melikow had lost touch with the songs of his birthplace.

An intimate friend of Bodenstein's at this period, and one who took lessons with him from the Mirza Schaffy whose name Bodenstein has made world-famous, (for did he not attribute the songs of Mirza Schaffy to him ?) was Dr. George Rosen, the famous philologue, and with him he made an excursion into Armenia and to Ararat. Full of quick picturesqueness is the description of this journey — the meeting armed troops in chain armour, helmets, and shields, that tradition says are descendants of retreating groups of Crusaders who found this land a pleasant one, and settled in it. The war with Schamyl was still at its height, and this warrior's means of so oft defeating large bodies of Russian troops is described. Mirza Schaffy never wrote anything, but for years Bodenstein mystified the German public with the use of this name.

Bodenstedt heard of the deposition of his friend

General Neidhart from the government of the Caucasus, before even the General knew of it himself, from one who was afterwards to be his intimate friend. Count Woronzow, who had been educated in England, was to take his place, and at a ball Bodenstedt met a young Englishman, a friend of the Count, who was afterwards to be of great value to him in his life in England. Henry Danby Seymour's personal appearance and cool, positive character are pleasantly sketched. 'Rarely,' writes the author, 'have I known a man who so clearly laid down a life-plan as Seymour, without a moment's doubt as to its fulfilment.' It was Seymour who, in 1859, introduced Bodenstedt to Lord John Russell, Layard, Rawlinson, Fergusson, at the same period when the Prince Consort showed great friendliness towards him. The deposition of General Neidhart and other sketches give a full insight into the autocratic rule of the Czar; and one striking story is told of another General (Prunenkampf) being reduced suddenly to a private soldier, the first intimation he received of his disgrace being the taunts of some subordinates upon his entering a fortress, that 'he should be ashamed of himself to play the General, when he was but a common soldier.'

With Dr. Rosen a journey was made into Armenia, to Mount Ararat, and through him he was introduced to Cotta, the Stuttgart publisher, thereby placing him on the staff of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*.

The charm of the volume increases as it draws

near its conclusion ; it describes Bodenstedt quitting Tiflis, and with Seymour journeying on to the Black Sea. A striking love episode precedes this description—an episode ending happily, but not in marriage. The scenery and peoples are vividly sketched, and especially is the strange rock-cut town of Uphlos Ziche picturesquely described. Seymour gave up the 'martyrdom of the *telega*' at Gori, and built a raft to take him back to Tiflis, leaving Bodenstedt to journey on alone. The adventures met with in getting down to the Black Sea and then across to the Crimea are full of pleasant, even exciting, detail ; a journey done now in a day's railway journey, skirting the glorious range of the Caucasus ; but at last he gets on board a Russian English-built warship, commanded by an English captain, Martin. From the Crimea he made his way round to Trieste, giving opportunities for history studies and descriptive sketches as he journeys on through Bosphorus and the Greek islands and up the Adriatic, asserting that the oldest Greek towns are to be found in the Caucasus, and explaining many of the mythic allusions in Homer.

These two volumes of 'Recollections' are of threefold nature. They contain deeply interesting historical studies of the development of Russia, and, later on, of revolutionary events in Austria ; charming descriptions of the natural scenery of the lands in which the author lived ; and personal narratives of his own life, with studies of the people with whom he came in contact.

From the Crimea he made his way, via Trieste, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, and Leipzig, back to his native town of Peine.

Trieste and Vienna were afterwards to become his home during interesting and exciting periods of his life, but Munich was his first settling-place after his Eastern travel ; and his life here during the years 1846-1847 brought him in contact with many of the most famous men of the day. But in October of 1847 he left Munich and passed over the Alps to Italy, at a moment when all Europe was agitated by revolution, and when Milan, where he halted for some time, was the refuge of the flying officers and leaders of the defeated Jesuitical 'Sonderbund.'

An instance of how keenly he gleaned information from all whom he met is his description of a German merchant who travelled Italy, dealing in crucifixes and religious pictures. This man's greatest trade was done amidst the poorer classes with a cheap crucifix, upon which the Christ's head was low bent, and with deep misery depicted in each feature. The *Christo tristo* this was called ; but for a richer class he had another figure, which he named the *Christo superbo*. Here the head was not so low bent, and more dignity was expressed in the face. The ascent of Pio Nono to the papal chair and his advocacy of the advancement of the people had largely increased this man's business.

In crossing over Lake Como, Bodenstedt fell in with a Major Noel, a near relative of Lady Byron, who, unlike her ladyship, had an intense

admiration for Byron's work; and at Bergamo he met two elegantly dressed ladies who were walking beside a wheel-chair, in which was seated a fine, handsome old man, with low-bent head. His companion knew the ladies, and he was invited to their house to meet this invalid, 'though, alas!' said the youngest lady, 'we can but let you catch a glimpse of the setting sun.' It was Donizetti, who had just returned from Paris to his native town. But we must leap over Bodenstein's journey through Italy to Rome, when all Italians were crying, 'Death to the Austrians!' and 'Death to the Jesuits!' and his impressions of Rome (he terms the Colosseum, as he ponders on its history, a 'human slaughter-house'), and pass on to mention his settling in Trieste and becoming a journalist, and, later on, his call to Vienna by Baron Bruck, to take the editorship of a new journal, which was to be the greatest in all Germany, and was to be called the *Journal of the Austrian Lloyd*s.

It was as editor of this paper, and therefore with all the threads of information carried into his office, that Bodenstein lived through the terrible days of the October revolution in Vienna. With an Emperor who studied plants rather than his people, and an unwelded mass of Magyars and Croats, Germans and Slavs, each striving for the mastery in the Empire, the excitement that was running through Europe soon set Vienna ablaze, and the chapters of these memoirs dealing with this matter are closely critical, but excitingly interesting. The terrible scene of the populace

wreaking their rage upon the unfortunate War Minister, Count Latour, is vividly portrayed—his flight, when forsaken by all, to the fourth story, and there hiding in a chest, but to be dragged forth and knocked on the head with a hammer, and then dispatched with pikes and swords. The incident gives full insight into the humour of the hour, and the sketch after the sacking of the armoury, when workmen were seen in cuirass and gold helmets, boys with pistols and Damascus swords, others with lances and hallibards, pikes and muskets, and old weapons of all descriptions, calls up the madness of the revolution.

Yet amidst all this smoke and noise of battle, and with the flames lighting up his room in which he worked, Bodenstedt, through the incitement of Berthold Auerbach, commenced the work that was to make him famous—the ‘Thousand and One Days in the East.’ Amongst others whom he met in Vienna was Franz Pulsky, condemned to death by Prince Windeschgrätz, but whom I afterwards met as the genial director of the Buda Museum. The revolution over, Baron Bruck became Minister of Commerce, and gave up his connexion with the *Austrian Lloyd's Journal*, which became the organ of Prince Schwarzenberg, and Bodenstedt moved to Berlin; the volume ends with the appearance and success of the ‘Thousand and One Days.’ This memoir contains such solid and important matter that it is difficult to convey an idea of its variety, its poetry and history, ethnographical studies, and descriptions of Nature;

but we have, perhaps, said enough to send some to its pages.

The whole work is crowded with thought evolving studies and episodes; it is the very opposite to the 'Recollections' that are at present so plentiful in England, being not only sketches of the writer's life and the people he meets, but researches into the inner life of nations, their past history and present development; and yet containing dramatic and touching incidents that are full of pathos and passion, and his poems are woven into such rhythmical, thoughtful verse that they have become a part of the German language.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FRIEDRICH VON BODENSTEDT

WE were on board a German Lloyd steamer in the cold spring of 1892, seeking health from the terrible winter that had swept away so many famous and beloved ones, and our talk on board, as we ploughed ahead towards the warm South, was of Bodenstedt the poet, who lay dangerously ill in Wiesbaden. Two Leipzig professors and a Munster officer quoted his work, and talked of his life, and we all hoped for better news upon our arrival in Genoa ; but the first paper which fell under our eyes on landing contained the account of his funeral—a funeral that in stateliness and grandeur proved the honour and love in which the poet was held. Cities sent their representatives, and Princesses wreaths to honour his memory, and all Germany felt that a great life had been ended—a presence had gone from them that had penetrated and tinged almost every soul in the Fatherland ; for were not Bodenstedt's poems ' familiar in their mouths as household words ' ? Every school-child was the richer for some short, pithy verses of his committed to memory—aye, and remembered—for they were

subtle essences of life, the life we all must live.
Our

‘Loving and hating
Clearly there stating
Our innermost being.
Brought forth to the light :
To be seen by the seeing,
Though not all read aright.’

As with dimmed eyes I read the account of the crowds that lined the route along which the dead poet was borne, and of the words uttered over his grave, how strangely re-echoed in my mind the opening words of the last letter I had received from him ‘to solve the riddle of my long silence’—so ran the words—and now he had entered into the, to this world, eternal silence, which no man may solve.

For some ten years I enjoyed his friendship, and looked forward to his letters, which came but rarely ; for, aged poet as he was, and in the first rank of poets in Germany—that land of poetry—yet still had he to write on, and live by his pen, although his sight had nearly failed him, and he had undergone a serious operation for ophthalmia.

I had ventured, in 1879, to publish some translations of some of the shorter poems of ‘Mirza Schaffy,’ not then knowing that the creator of that popular philosopher was yet living: and these short translations led to an introduction to Bodenstein, who was always anxious that England should recognize his work. He had lived in London in 1857, and had been friendly with many of the great spirits of that day—with Rawlinson,

and Lord Malmesbury, and Seymour—and, as he wrote in the first letter I received from him, ‘His poems and sayings had been translated into English, both in England and America, but I am afraid John Bull in general has taken little notice of them. So much the more,’ he continues, ‘I am happy to hear that my “Mirza Schaffy” is a favourite of yours.’ These words were written on April 18, 1883; and on March 16, 1884, he writes again, speaking of all the sufferings he had gone through, necessitating four operations, ‘which have proved in so far successful as to enable me to breathe and sleep again with some regularity. I feel still so weak,’ he continues, ‘that the physicians insist upon my moving into a warmer climate for a few weeks. Thus I have made up my mind to go at once to Rome, where I have already once in my life—thirty-six years ago!—found recovery from a long illness. I send you these poor lines only to account for my long involuntary silence. After my return I shall write you more and better. If you would give me meanwhile a kind token of life, address to Rome Poste Restante, and believe me’; and later—on May 16, 1884—he writes hoping to see me at Wiesbaden, ‘Where a few days would make us better acquainted by way of conversation than might be attained by hundreds of letters. We cannot say we know a man before having caught a glance of his eyes’; but in spite of his pressing conclusion to this letter, ‘Pray let me soon know when I may expect you,’ our acquaintance was still by correspondence until

the spring of 1887, although in 1886 he had hoped to come to England ; but the bankruptcy of one of his publishers entailed upon him a heavy loss, and took from him the means to make this long-looked-forward-to journey. And so, instead of renewing some of his old friendships in England, he had to set to work revising a new edition—the fourteenth—of the volume ‘Aus dem Nachlass des Mirza Schaffy,’ and the one hundred and twenty-fifth edition of ‘Die Lieder des Mirza Schaffy.’

One especial reason for his desire to once more visit England at this time was the fact that a volume had been compiled, and accepted to be published, by Trübner, of ‘Gleanings from F. von Bodenstedt’s Poetical Works,’ but Mr. Trübner’s sudden death caused this project to fall through, and Bodenstedt was anxious to find another publisher for his English translations. But it was not on English soil we were to meet, but in Wiesbaden, for in April, 1887, he concluded a letter with the words : ‘It would be a great pleasure for me if you could manage to be here on the 22nd of April, which is my birthday. You would then have the opportunity to see all my family, children and grandchildren, united, with the exception of my only son, who is living with his wife and children in St. Paul, United States of America. I cannot write more to-day, having the table covered with proof-sheets of a new poetical work. Hoping to see you soon.’ This was too great a temptation, and so I arranged to be in Wiesbaden on April 21, and at length walked up the wide

Rhine Strasse and rang the bell at the door of Friedrich v. Bodenstedt, and was shown into his study, all littered with books, and letters on every chair, and table, and couch.

Most heartily was I received by the aged poet on this his sixty-eighth birthday. He took hold of my hand and held it, and pressed me down into a chair, and laid his hands on my shoulder, with reiterated expressions he was 'heartily glad to see me'; then, after a short chat, I was taken through his library into his drawing-room, and there introduced to the frail *petite* 'Edlitam,' his devoted wife, to whom, under this pet name (which, it will be seen, is but 'Matilde' spelt backward), he had dedicated much of his work. She was ailing sadly, and looking so delicate and fragile that one could hardly hope for many years of life for her, and yet she has outlived her tall, broad-shouldered, powerfully-framed husband. As he stood before me, holding my hand, I could look up to his dark, piercing eyes set in his broad, massive head, above his grey moustache and imperial. His head was partially bald, but a good deal of grey hair hung round his neck—a strong, hardy man in body and in spirit. The tables were covered with lovely roses and hyacinths, azaleas, violets, and presents, and congratulations from friends. As one of his daughters remarked, 'flowers were suitable to a poet's birthday.'

We soon again passed into the study and fell a-talking of his books, and especially of his work on Shakespeare; and he showed me the many—some thirteen in all—translations of his poems in

all modern tongues, and even in Hebrew ; but ere I had time to fully realize that I was chatting with the creator of ' Mirza Schaffy,' and the man and his wife who had so befriended ' George Eliot ' when she visited Munich with George Lewes, he suggested a stroll in the town ' before the mid-day birthday dinner, at which his family would be present'; but numerous calls—one from ' a lady, a stranger who wished to congratulate him '—made me leave him for a while ; but he arranged I should return shortly for him, and then we sallied out, and strolled along the boulevards of Wiesbaden, Bodenstedt telling me as he walked of his life in London, just thirty years before ; of his intimate friendships, especially with Danby Seymour. Many were the interruptions to our chat, by greetings and bows and salutations from the passers-by ; but amidst these interruptions I heard of his taking in London a poor lodging near the British Museum, to be near that institution for study.

Some of his English friends were surprised when they saw him so poorly housed, and told him it would never do. He must not stay there—he, a friend of the King of Bavaria—he must move westward, or, at least, get better rooms ; but the rooms suited his pocket, for a pound a week covered his expenses ; although the landlady, a Dutchwoman, at first was afraid to take him in, because of his beard. And he found that his lodgings made no difference to his friendships, for he was well received, and invited to meet many learned and noted people.

On our return to the house we found many more letters and telegrams, flowers, and presents awaiting him, with congratulations on his birthday ; and ere dinner was announced, he showed me some of his letters from Dyce, and Tourgenief, and Malmesbury, and others. He quoted Byron, and as I came from near Bristol, even Chatterton, and some of his translations ; but our chat was interrupted by dinner, and on entering the dining-room we found assembled his three daughters and his wife and his two sons-in-law—one a doctor at Kreuznach, and another a General, who had lost a leg in the *Année terrible* of 1870. The principal actress of the Wiesbaden theatre (of which Bodenstedt was the director), Fraulein Adrienne von Kola, and the daughter of Schorberth, the musician, were also present ; but owing to the weak health of his wife the grandchildren were absent.

How strange it seemed to me to be sitting at the table of one whose work for years had been my study, never dreaming even, at first, that the writer was still living—at his table, who had befriended ‘ George Eliot,’ when many in Munich turned aside from her ; and whose wife, the slight *petite* ‘ Edlitam,’ who now sat by my side, had received her, and been one of her few woman friends in the Bavarian capital.

How the passage in George Eliot’s life upon Bodenstedt came into my mind as I sat deep in thought at this birthday-feast ; then faintly, but afterwards, on referring to the passage, I saw how vividly it described the poet and his family in

those long-past days of 1858. 'He is a charming man,' writes 'George Eliot,' 'and promises to be a delightful acquaintance for us in this strange town. He chatted pleasantly with us for half an hour, telling us that he is writing a work, in five volumes, on the contemporaries of Shakespeare, and indicating the nature of his treatment of the Shakespearean drama, which is historical and analytical. Presently he proposed we should adjourn to his house and have tea with him; and so we turned out all together in the bright moonlight, and enjoyed his pleasant chat until ten o'clock. His wife was not at home, but we were admitted to see the three sleeping children, one a baby about a year and a half old, a lovely waxen thing. He gave the same account of Kaulbach as we have heard from Oldenburg, spoke of Genelli as a superior in genius, though he has not the fortune to be recognized; recited some of Hermann Lingg's poetry, and spoke enthusiastically of its merits. There was not a word of detraction about anyone; nothing to jar on one's impression of him as a refined, noble-hearted man.'

It was the matter of this entry in the author of Adam Bede's diary that clung to my mind and kept me silent at Bodensstedt's table—so silent that I overheard his daughter remark to him that I was 'solid, zu solid'—a remark that I took up, explaining that my silence was attributable to my surprise at finding myself a guest at the birthday-table of the creator of 'Mirza Schaffy.' But to redeem my solidity, I gave some anecdotes of

the blunders of English people with 'that awful German language,' one of which was redemanded by Miss Bodenstedt when some new-comers arrived ; so I did not interfere with the gaiety of the dinner or the liveliness of the chat after dinner, when over coffee and wine the poet showed us the proofs of his new poem, 'Sakuntala,' and the preparations for the heavy task of writing his autobiography. His wife chatted upon the number of poor struggling authoresses living in Wiesbaden—at that moment there were thirty-seven, all striving to live by writing, and many of them came to her husband, who could hardly see to do his own work, to ask him to read their work and help them. Presently the chat fell upon Paul Heyse, and Bodenstedt told of the time when he could not get a publisher to look at his works nor any money when even they were published ; and 'now he gets ten times more than I do,' he concluded laughingly. Poetry is too plentiful in Germany to get paid well, and yet it is far more read there than in England ; but an idea may be gained of how it is paid for from the fact that Bodenstedt only received about 300 marks—that is, fifteen pounds—for a very long poem of fifteen pages ; and for a short poem only about twenty to thirty marks. That is the same pay as a magazine in England pays to an ordinary rhymster, when it pays at all for poetry.

One of the most striking objects in his rooms was a sketch of himself by Kaulbach. This was done when George Eliot was in Munich, and was a powerful and effective likeness. A good

oil portrait of his youngest daughter by Brettano hung on another wall, and also a capital likeness of his eldest daughter.

When some of the guests had left we returned to his study, piled up with books and papers and mementoes of his early travels—his Eastern slippers and powder-horn of the desert (his arms had all been taken from him in the revolution at Vienna when he was editor of the *Oestereische Lloyds*, an episode he so vividly describes in his 'Errinerungen,' vol. ii.), laurel crowns presented to him at fêtes, etc. His books were very polyglottic—many upon Shakespeare in many tongues, Byron and Boccaccio, Tourgenief, Milton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Percy's 'Reliques,' Goethe and Mommsen, and Racine, and George Eliot's works. On one wall hung a picture of the chief with whom he stayed on Mount Ararat.

The chat fell at length on the subject of the Round Table of King Maximilian of Bavaria; and Bodenstedt spoke of the hatred of ceremony of the King, how he liked freedom of manner; and one of his reasons for his preference for Bodenstedt was that he did not bow too much, which carries out George Eliot's description of the manners of the Round Table.

An American edition of one of my own books—'John Westacott'—lay on his table, and he pointed out to me how far he had read in it, and gave me some critical hints upon the development of character. His daughter had read the book in company with Fräulein Schorberth, and her words upon it were very flattering.

On the following morning I again spent some time with him in his study, and once more our talk fell upon Shakespeare, and he recited from the scene where Romeo meets Juliet; with intense fire and soul in his manner. On a little table at the side of his writing-table was the pile of letters and presents and congratulations for his birthday; and it was with pleasure I heard him say that I had been singularly successful in choosing a volume of Burns for him, for Burns the peasant, was one of the poets he much revered, and of whose works he had but one copy, which he should now give to his daughter, and keep this one in its solid English leather binding, for they did not get books bound like that in Germany.

On his writing-table lay a series of letters in large envelopes, which he was arranging in order for his autobiography, two volumes of which he lived to see published and gladly read by the German nation.

On this morning he showed me the invitation from the Frankfort Society of Authors and Journalists to a dinner at Frankfort that evening, and I as his guest was to accompany him, and as this gave me further opportunities of conversing with him, and of witnessing his reception by his brother writers in Frankfort, I gladly joined him.

We were met at the station by Karl Stellter, the poet, who pronounced an oration over Bodenstedt's grave, Dr. E. Gantter, and one or two other writers, and were taken to the hotel where the fête was to take place, for we found it was not only a dinner, but also the pro-

duction of a Greek play in German, and a dance ; and whilst Herr Bodenstedt took in the wife of the President, Frau Wilhelm Jordan, I was placed opposite him in the company of the daughter of the famous novelist. On the other hand of the President was Frederick Stoltze, the dialect poet of Frankfort, and, as one of the speakers wittily said, Germany had but one Frederick the Great, but that evening they had with them two great Fredericks—Bodenstedt and Stoltze. Both now gathered to their fathers.

In our chat before the dinner we had a remarkable instance of Bodenstedt's memory. He had lately contributed a vigorous political poem to the Press upon Russian and German rivalry ; and especially upon the journalist Katkoff. Some one remarked he ought to have brought it with him to recite. 'Oh,' exclaimed Karl Stellter, 'Herr Bodenstedt always remembers what he writes,' and, as a proof that he was right, Bodenstedt at once to the small circle around him recited one hundred or so lines of this trenchant, sarcastic poem, for he had lived with Katkoff in his younger days, and, as he states in his 'Recollections,' had lived to see him in his old age trample upon all the glorious aspirations of his youth.

The dinner and play and dance which followed made a jovial and, to an Englishman, highly interesting evening—the conviviality and absence of restraint, the eagerness of all to clink glasses with the two poets, the passing of scraps of verses, some impromptus, amongst the diners, the pro-

duction of new songs, one the words by Bodenstein and the music by a young, highly-strung musician—Herr Philipi—who accompanied it. Intellectual, yet convivial, must describe both guests and entertainment; on the following day, which was Sunday, a yet more intimate occasion was given for closer intercourse with a few of those dining, by an invitation from the editor, Dr. Gantter, to dine with him to meet Bodenstein.

In the morning, before going to the house of Dr. Gantter, I had a stroll amid the streets of Frankfort with Bodenstein, and heard with much wondering his talk upon our English literature, and was amazed at his marvellous memory. Ere starting out he had shown me in his room a copy of his translation of Shakespeare's sonnets, and pointed out to me that the first speech of Romeo to Juliet, commencing—

‘ If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this :
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss,’

is really the commencement of a sonnet. Romeo speaks the first quatrain, Juliet the second, and the sestet is taken line by line by Romeo and Juliet.

From Shakespeare the talk ran back again to his residence in London, and he told of an amusing instance of misconception of German in those days. He had been invited to the house of a lady to hear some English music, and a Sir Henry Montgomery pressed him also to give some German songs. He declined, stating he was no

singer ; but, to his surprise, he was pressed again and again to sing, until he was compelled to positively assert he could not sing. The next day he was shown an *Athenæum*, in which he was spoken of as the famous *Liederisches Sänger*, and was asked why, then, if he was the great German singer, had he refused to sing. A hearty laugh and an explanation that poets were ever singers mollified the lady whose guest he had been.

So our morning passed away in pleasant chat, and we found our way soon after midday to the table of Dr. Gantter, where we were a party of ten, including Karl Stellter the poet and the young composer Philipi, some relations of Marie Nathusius the authoress, and a young *Bibliothekar* who was working, amongst the archives of Frankfort, upon the thirteenth century, and whose intense study forced him, like Bodenstein, to wear blue glasses, and when he was at work two magnifying pairs, to enable him to read the manuscripts ; yet was he a great enthusiast in his work. The dinner was a very lively affair, with many uprisings and little speeches, and *Anstossens* of glasses across and all round the table, and hearty handshakings and *Mahlzeit* exclamations at the finish, when all retired to the drawing-room. Here Philipi gave some delicate improvisations, and Bodenstein grew enthusiastic over the charm of Omar Kaiyam. Intense was the attention of all, to his poetical, and often rhymed, flow of language. To talk in metre and rhythm was to Bodenstein a light matter, and I as an Englishman could only sit and strain my brain to under-

stand the rapid flow of rhythmic speech, and wonder at the rapt attention of all in the room, especially of the ladies, for the talk was deep and critical.

At length a stroll in the town was proposed, and we went out towards the Eschenheimer Tower, that at the moment the democrats of Frankfort were wishing to have cleared away, much to Bodenstedt's anger and disgust.

Late in the evening we got back again to Wiesbaden, tired out with the excitement of the past two days, with the agreement to meet again in the morning at Bodenstedt's breakfast-table; but *l'homme propose, Dieu dispose*. My morning's letters brought me the news of the death of one of my children, and, in dread of still worse news, as my wife was in delicate health, within an hour I was travelling to England.

Bodenstedt wrote me in English soon after my arrival in England, his letter commencing :

'The note you left for me at the hotel came to my hands the very day of your departure, and I felt thunderstruck with its sad contents. I and my wife feel your woe heartily with you. We know what it is to see a loved child blotted from life's page. There is no consolation left but in time and work, and in such feelings you have . . . expressed by your verse "In Memoriam." Although my health is very bad, adequate to the weather, I must again pack my trunk for Frankfort, to assist at the nuptials of a fatherless niece, but this time to go with a heavy heart. I have

not found the leisure to go on with my autobiography. . . . My friends in Frankfort will be sad to hear from me the reason of your sudden departure. I take your "In Memoriam" along with me. My wife and daughters join in hearty greetings, and believe me ever to be,

'Most faithfully yours,

'F. v. BODENSTEDT.'

It was in April, 1890, that I had an interesting letter from him upon the celebration of his seventieth birthday. As he wrote :

'It was celebrated not only by the population of Wiesbaden, but also by deputations from Berlin, Vienna, and a great many other towns, in a way quite overwhelming to me, as it unfortunately so happened that I felt just on that day very ill, and could scarcely stammer my gratitude for the manifold honours and ovations showered upon me ; and since that day I have not been able to answer the hundreds of letters and poetical greetings and the telegrams that came to me from all parts of the world.' He then refers to the reviews I had written upon his 'Recollections,' adding, 'The second volume will appear in a week or two. You will find there much more touching me personally than in the first, but the most important personal revelations will be contained in the third volume that is to come out next year.'

Years have passed away, and with them the poet, but this third volume has not yet been issued.

But this year I was again to have the pleasure of looking once more into his eyes, and spending some time with him in Wiesbaden, and hearing from his own lips the account of the many honours and kindly recognitions showered upon him on his reaching the allotted age of threescore and ten.

It was on May 25 that once more I mounted the stairs in the Rhine Strasse, and received a warm greeting, as usual, from the poet. I found him at work on the revising of proofs for a new edition of the 'Thousand and One Days,' and also yet another edition of the Shakespeare sonnets. He showed me many of the presents that had been sent to him from afar on his seventieth birthday—one a greeting in twenty-five languages from an old pupil; a handsome volume in white vellum of the national songs of Georgia, with a dedication to him, stating that the people of Georgia never knew they had a national song literature, until Bodenstedt collected their scattered songs and translated them. Another valuable and rather remarkable present was a silver laurel wreath of very thick clustering leaves, and every leaf inscribed with the name of one of his works, a tribute that not only showed the love of the givers—the people of Frankfort—but also the immense amount of deep solid work, as well as light, airy verselets and philosophic poetry, that had flowed from his pen. After a while his wife and daughter joined us in the drawing-room, but we were soon interrupted by the arrival of a Halle professor, and to save his wife too much talk, the poet led us two men

into his study, where, of all subjects, the professor brought up the wretched Bacon and Shakespeare controversy. Bodenstedt was at once aroused, and used some strong language, saying that any one who even thought or wasted a moment on the idea was a *Schafskopf*. But the professor still wished to argue, and, in weariness, I came to the rescue and reminded Herr Bodenstedt he was to come with me to meet my friends at the hotel, and a walk was proposed, and we all three sallied out, the Halle professor thanking Bodenstedt as we walked down the street for sending some paper of his to a journal, and speaking indignantly upon the fact that the said journal had not published it.

He left us after a while at the door of the hotel, and, in company with Walter Crane and another friend who was travelling with me, we discussed with the poet a bottle of good vintage, and the allied subjects of art and poetry.

The Bacon theory and the Halle professor were quickly forgotten, and Bodenstedt was soon himself, and revelling in the pleasures yielded by art and poetry.

On the following morning I breakfasted with him, and found his wife in a little stronger health. He complained much of his sight and teeth, and as I had just left a Colonel Cohausen, whom I had met before at the historical Congress at Metz in 1889, he laughed and said: 'Ah! he laughs at my troubles, when I am so young!' Now, the Colonel was a stalwart man, much over six feet, and had done his day's work with us over the battle-

fields at Gravelotte with the Historical Society without showing fatigue, and I was somewhat surprised when Bodenstedt told me he was eighty-seven—almost, as he said, ‘old enough to be my father’; but the restless brain of Bodenstedt had told upon his almost equally stalwart frame.

Before breakfast Mrs. Bodenstedt showed me more of the gifts poured in for the seventieth birthday, and with especial pride the *Burgerrecht* (freedom) of the town of Peine, her husband’s birthplace, where now a plaque is placed to note the house in which he was born. With pride gleaming in her eyes, she spoke of the scene in the theatre, which was beflagged, an honour only paid usually to royalty, and of the banquet and menu that referred to the works of her husband. She also showed me with equivalent pride some charming photographs of some very pretty children—her grandchildren in America—children of the handsome, gay son who had cost his father dearly, but who was now married and settled, and doing well in America; and the aged ‘Edlitam’ chatted with sparkling energy upon the pride of these Republican grandchildren in their poet grandfather; for when told once by their teacher that poets were greater than Kings, for Kings were forgotten, the eldest replied: ‘Then our grandfather is greater than a King, for he is a great German poet.’

Before I said good-bye Bodenstedt pressed upon me a charming copy of his last poem, ‘Sakuntala,’ in which he had written: ‘Seinem jungen Freunden James Baker von Friedrich v. Boden-

stedt. Wiesbaden, Pfingsten, 1890'; and with this in my one hand he took my other hand, and, as was his manner, laid his other hand upon my shoulder and bade me good-bye—he, with his troubled eyes, to go back to his manuscripts, and I, with my friends, to pass down the Rhine amid holiday-makers, but not to get away from the presence of Bodenstedt, for on board the boat was a choir of men who had been competing for prizes at a musical contest at Coblenz, and one of the prizes had been won by a song of Bodenstedt's set to music by Wilhelm. An earnest, almost sad-looking group of poor potters were these men, but their faces lit up when they gave us some part-songs, and highly interested were they when they learnt I had been staying with the poet who had written the words for the victorious song.

On June 5, 1890, again I received a letter from Bodenstedt, respecting the second volume of his memoirs, suggesting that a copy sent me from the publishers must have gone astray.

'Dr. Paetel (the editor) wrote to me already three weeks ago that it had been sent to you. I have enjoined him to let another copy follow instantly. A thousand thanks for the *Athenæum*, the *Illustrated Magazine*, and, above all, for your charming book, "By the Western Sea." I have already perused eleven chapters, and am quite delighted with it. The very genius of the sea is breathing in it. I think it one of the best books of our times. Soon more from your friend,

'F. V. BODENSTEDT.'

This warm praise of a little work, the reception of which by English, American, and colonial critics fairly astonished me. But such words from so thoughtful a writer as Bodenstedt were very agreeable, and perhaps I may be excused letting them appear in these 'Recollections' of Bodenstedt.

It was in February, 1891, when I again heard from him—a somewhat sad letter, for it proved that successful poetry did not bring money with it in Germany, as it did at the time in one or two instances in England.

'It is chiefly owing,' he commences his letter, 'to my suffering eyes that I have left you so long without news from me. I have not seen the Berlin papers speaking of my occupations, but the fact is, since I have been wielding the pen no year has proved so unfruitful as the last one. I have, nevertheless, done a good deal of mental work, but only for myself—that's to say, not yet ripe for publication. I have even not yet been able to finish the third volume of my "*Erinnerungen*," that ought to have come out about Christmas, having been obliged to spend the summer months in the baths of Wildungen, where I had to undergo a severe cure, excluding every pen-work. Now, if I had the means of keeping a learned secretary, I should have dictated whole volumes, while, confined to myself, I had it scarcely in my power to scribble a letter now and then during the dark winter months. Some of my poetical scraps have been printed in newspapers, and I include one of them, which has brought me many private tokens of applause.'

The torn newspaper scrap which came with this letter contained a thoughtful poem of forty-two lines, entitled 'Zur Jahreswende' ('The Turn of the Year'). The end of the letter was to me important, for in it he accepted the dedication of my novel 'Mark Tillotson' with satisfaction; but, alas! owing to the unbusinesslike management of a lady critic in America who undertook to arrange for the American publication, Bodensstedt never saw the volumes that embody some translations from his shorter philosophical poems. His letter concluded with a reference to his 'poor wife, who has been seriously ill for many months, but is now slowly recovering. She and my daughters, one of whom is going to be married in the month of April, send you their kindest greeting.'

One other letter in the autumn of the same year, dated October 19, I received. It began in English, as usual, and it reads strangely now that he is for ever silent to this world.

'To solve the riddle of my long silence'—so run the opening words—'I can only say my home has been a hospital ever since you last heard from me, and continues to be so—hopeless, as it seems, at least with regard to poor Mrs. Bodensstedt, whose incurable sufferings keep her confined to bed, as she has it not in her power to move by herself. Miss Mathilde, the elder one of my two daughters at home' (and here, for the first time in his correspondence with me, his English fails him, and it becomes too wearying to his tired brain to continue in a foreign tongue, so he says, 'I continue in German, for not finding

in this moment an adequate English expression for the word "pflegen"—ist auch krank geworden'—but I translate), 'has also fallen ill, and must keep her bed because of the intense strain through nursing her mother, which has so weakened her strength, and, in addition to this, an unfortunate fall has dislocated her ankle. Add to this that my unfortunate eyes get daily weaker, and you will understand how it happens that hundreds of letters from all parts of the world must remain unanswered, as I must live by my pen chiefly; and this year new editions of my old works are wanted, with many time-robbing emendations and additions. . . . To complete a new great poem to which I was powerfully impelled, I went for six weeks into the Hartz mountains: there, in Harzburg, a work has been produced which, under the title of "Theodora: a Song from the Harzwald," will appear at Christmas in a choice edition, with illustrations. Your capital article in the *Spectator* I have received, and give you my best thanks for it, and the incidents you refer to in Berlin and their literary outcome have much interested me. The name of the lady with whom you have spoken upon my friendship with "George Eliot" I could not decipher.' (The article in the *Spectator* to which he here refers was the review of the two volumes of his 'Recollections,' and the lady's name was Miss Bessie Parkes, afterwards 'Madame Belloc,' whose name so frequently occurs in 'George Eliot's' Life, and whose next neighbour I happened to be when lunching at Lord Wolseley's at Kilmainham.)

'This summer,' he continues, 'has brought me many tokens of honour from Russia on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Lermontoff, whose work forty-three years ago I translated. I was invited to the Oriental Congress in London, but my means would not allow me to make the journey. In the hope soon to have the pleasure again of hearing from you,

'F. v. BODENSTEDT.'

The winter passed without my again having news from the aged, stricken poet—stricken in the sickness of those he loved so dearly—and when that fierce and deadly winter of 1891 had passed, I heard in the spring of his own severe illness, and on my arrival in the sunshine but bitter mistral of North Italy, of his death.

'He knew not of the near approach of his own end, and from the first stroke of his mortal sickness there was a happy, peaceful expression in his eyes, full of calm repose, as though he was occupied with beauteous fantasies.' So writes his beloved and sorely tried 'Edlitam' some months afterwards; and terribly sad is it to read in her deeply pathetic letter of the daughter lying in one room at death's door with terrible diphtheria, the mother trembling with long-sustained sickness, and the father writing verses and sending flowers as greetings to his sick child—his thought of her and of his wife. The last verses he wrote were to his daughter. 'Meiner lieben Frieda' he headed them, and so they ran:

' I am not so sick as thee,
Darling child, yet suffer too.
Night ! sweet sleep doth from me flee,
Day brings no fresh air to woo.
And my eyes, with sorrow shaded,
Are for soaring gaze too jaded.
Gladly would I come to thee,
But fast fettered are my feet ;
But, oh, take, my child, from me
These fair flowers so freshly sweet.'

So I inadequately translate his tender words. If Theodora was his swan-song, this was his death greeting — the longing to search upwards with his sorrow-shaded eyes, to soar into the unknown, and to greet with fresh sweet flowers his beloved ones here on earth.

BODENSTEDT AND PUSCHKIN

Read before the Anglo-Russian Literary Society

OF those who knew the great Russian national poet Puschkin in the flesh few now are living, and it is of interest to gather up the crumbs of conversation of those who met the passionate poet, and even of those who spoke not with him, but who spoke with his friends, who learnt from the lips of his contemporaries and of joint actors in the scenes wherein he played the tragedy of his life, of how he bore himself, and so to get a glimpse into his inner soul—a nearer glimpse than even his forceful, passionate poems give us.

Such an one was my old friend Friedrich von Bodenstedt, and he was something more than one who had listened to the recital of dramatic scenes in Puschkin's life from those who had been joint actors in those scenes; for the life and work of the poet had so clutched his heart that he, also a poet, was impelled to study intensely Puschkin's work, and to so translate it that his pathos and passion, his fiery denunciation of evil, and delicate description of beauty in Nature, and nobility in man, had a far wider audience in readers in the German tongue than perhaps it had drawn to itself through Russian readers.

It was from Bodenstedt's own lips that I heard recounted many of the incidents in the lives of Russian writers, and well I remember sitting in his book-packed study in Wiesbaden, and chatting over Russian authors and Russian affairs. Bodenstedt was a splendid conversationalist, with an abnormal memory. It was on his sixty-eighth birthday, in the year 1887, that he showed me letters from Tourguenieff, and other famous writers, and spoke of his life in Russia in the early forties. He would quote from memory long passages of the writings of Puschkin or of Byron, and Shakespeare he seemed to be able to take up at any point in any play. And to talk with one possessing such a memory upon bygone historic scenes was deeply interesting; but let me confine myself now to his memories of Puschkin.

Bodenstedt had a marvellous mastery of the German language, and could manipulate its vocabulary into all metres, all rhymes, so that his translations swung along in the metre of the original, and gave one the fire and spirit of the poet whose work he was translating. And in translating Puschkin, he had the tremendous advantage of knowing the scenes in which the Russian poet worked and lived; he knew the people about whose lives and loves he wrote, and from living amidst them he knew also their idioms, and understood their daily life. For Bodenstedt studied all life; to him nothing was 'common or unclean': the poorest peasant was a morsel of that humanity every poet who would touch the hearts, the souls, of men must study in all its myriad

phases ; and how he revered Puschkin and his work is revealed by the fire and go in his translations, and by the passionate, sympathetic words in which he spoke of the Russian poet's tragic end.

But let me tell the story of this death of the great Russian national poet, partly from Bodenstein's spoken words and partly from his volume of recollections that appeared during his lifetime.

It was from the lips of Colonel Dansass, who acted as second to Puschkin in his fatal duel, that Bodenstein heard the story of that terrible tragedy—one of the strangest, weirdest, most incomprehensible tragedies ever enacted upon the stage of real life.

Colonel Dansass, who was speaking with Bodenstein, had been a friend of Puschkin from boyhood ; together they had studied in the Lyceum in Petersburg, and he therefore well understood the poet's fiery, passionate nature ; but there were some points in the tragedy which even he could not comprehend.

The cause of all the mischief that led up to the duel was a young Frenchman, a Baron Dantés, who had come to Petersburg with instructions to the Countess Ficquelmont, and to the battle-painter Ladurnière, who had his studio, by special command of the Tsar, in the Hermitage ; and in this studio Dantés met and fell in favour with the Tsar, who not only made him an officer, but also gave him as a *Légitimiste* a pension.

Thus become a royal favourite, he quickly made

many friends, amongst others Baron Heckern, the Dutch Ambassador, who adopted the young French adventurer, and made him his heir, Dantés taking the name of Heckern.

Thus, said Bodenstedt, all doors were open to this beau, the gay chatterer and dancer and cavalier, who was a pet of the Tsar ; and amongst other houses he honoured with his presence was Puschkin's, although the poet had a great dislike to him. But Dantés made himself agreeable to Puschkin's wife, a beautiful, fair-haired woman of that special type of beauty one sees amongst the noble families of Russia.

Now, was this frequent presence of Dantés in Puschkin's house solely from his love of the society of Natalia, the poet's wife, or for that of her sister, Katherina ? or was it part of a plot of Puschkin's enemies in the entourage of the Tsar ?

Puschkin had made many enemies by his gibing, fierce, outspoken words about the puppets, the fools, and puppies who swarmed in the Court ; and, what was worse for these fools and monkeys, the Tsar himself had read all Puschkin wrote—nay, not only read, but decided what should be printed ; for when Puschkin had resented official censorship, the Tsar had said he would be his censor, and with his own hands struck out the parts he would not have printed ; and in Bodenstedt's translations these struck-out passages are given with asterisks, making one long to know what it was the Tsar did not allow to appear, for surely enough appeared scathingly denuncia-

tory of Court and officers, of monkeys wearing soldiers' weapons, of spies, and slaves proud of their chains, and of all the hollowness at Court, the lying and deception and cringing hypocrisy—enough, indeed, to drive those so satirized into action against their denouncer.

And simultaneously with Dantés' paying court to the wife or sister of the poet he, Puschkin, began to receive anonymous letters, hinting that in his absence his wife received Dantés, and he traced these letters to Baron Heckern, the Dutch Ambassador who had adopted Dantés as his son. Again and again came these letters in different hands, from different sources, but with a curious similarity. The poet raged forth against Heckern, and forbade him his house. Natalia, Puschkin's wife, entreated him to leave Petersburg, but to no purpose. Then, on November 23, 1836, Puschkin wrote a passionate letter to Count Benkendorff, saying he had received three copies of an anonymous letter—of which seven or eight had been sent out—and that he had proved the letters had been sent out by Baron Heckern under cover, for various people to send to him, and that on his denouncing Heckern, M. Dantés, the Baron's son, had been to him, and accepted a duel, but asking for a delay of fifteen days.

And now comes in one of the strangest parts of this tragedy. M. Dantés suddenly transfers his suit from Natalia, Puschkin's wife, to Katherina, her sister, and is accepted by her as her betrothed and quickly married. And, being engaged to fight a duel to the death with her husband,

Puschkin, when coming out of the theatre one evening, on meeting Colonel Dansass, who would congratulate Katherina upon her marriage, exclaimed jokingly: 'Oh, my fair sister-in-law does not know now whether she is Russian, French, or Dutch.'

Now, this sudden betrothal and even marriage of Madame Puschkin's sister to the man who was trying to ruin the husband and brother, and, more, the great national poet on whose words the whole people hung, whose soul had aroused Russians to a national feeling and to a contempt for the French veneer of civilization, that sneered at and scorned everything Russian, was surely strangely inexplicable.

And yet is there not an explanation for it to be sought in the self-sacrifice of the fair Katherina? Puschkin was the pet of the Tsar, but so also was Dantés, and the Palace party, the friends of Baron Heckern and his adopted son, were in the ascendant. Puschkin's satire had made him crowds of enemies amidst the nobles, and amongst dames of the Court who had been told they were but hypocritical coquettes, or, worse, 'slaves proud of their chains,' and the growling and rumbling of the tempest that was to burst around him was increasing in intensity.

The duel was pending; Puschkin's life was in danger from more than one source: how save him—this husband, this brother, this idol of his country? Dantés was not too eager to fight; he, too, seemed to be seeking a way out of his danger. Surely, if he was betrothed to Katherina,

to the sister of Puschkin's wife, the duel must be abandoned.

Bodenstedt could not explain this strange act in the strange tragedy; but in a play which I have ventured to write upon this episode in the world's history—an episode that robbed Russia of one of her greatest men—I have taken this idea: that it was intense love and adoration of Puschkin that induced Katherina Gontscharrow to sacrifice herself, to save her sister and the man whom Russia adored.

But if this was her intention, her self-sacrifice was useless. After his marriage, Dantés wrote to Puschkin asking that the past might be forgotten, but Puschkin answered he could have nothing more to do with him. But again Dantés wrote, and this time Puschkin put the letter, with seal unbroken, in his pocket, and took it to a Madame de Sagrašchka to ask her to return it to Dantés, as he visited her. Unfortunately, there he met Baron Heckern, and handed him the letter, saying he wished to hear no more of Dantés, not even to hear his name. The Baron refused to take the letter. Then, as Bodenstedt has it, Puschkin threw the letter into the strutting diplomat's face, saying, 'Tu la recevras, gredin.'

Of course, the *gredin* could not ignore this direct insult, especially as it was followed by a passionate letter still more insulting, and accusing Heckern of being the panderer to his adopted son's vices. Letters from the Vicomte d'Archiac, Dantés' second, followed; but Puschkin declined all meetings, even between seconds, except upon the

place of combat, and at half-past four on January 27, 1837, on a snowy opening in a wood, the two stood face to face, Colonel Dansass acting as Puschkin's second. Dantés fired first, and Puschkin fell, crying, 'I believe my thigh is broken !'

The seconds drew near ; Dantés took a step forward. 'Wait !' cried Puschkin. 'I have strength to fire my shot.' Dantés stepped back again across the snow to the cloak that acted as the mark. Puschkin's pistol in his fall had been jerked from his hand, and was covered with snow ; another was handed him, and, slowly lifting himself upon his left hand, he aimed and fired. The ball reached its mark, and Dantés fell, and, in answer to Puschkin's question if he was hit, said : 'Je crois que j'ai la balle dans la poitrine.'

'Bravo !' cried Puschkin, and threw his pistol aside. But Dantés' ball had done its work more effectually than had Puschkin's. The poet was borne to his house, and lingered for two days in great agony, during which the soldiery had to keep the streets clear near his house, so great was the crowd of peasants and townsfolk anxious for good news of their poet and teacher. On February 10—i.e., January 29 old style—he died, Colonel Dansass being with him until the last moment ; and it was from his lips that Bodensedt had the story of this tragedy, and I had it from the lips of Bodensedt.

The poet's body lay for two days in his own room, and all Petersburg streamed to pay a last respect to his mortal remains, and touching

and pathetic were the scenes around his home; and, as Bodenstedt says, the intense feeling of the Russian folk was depicted in the forceful descriptive poem Lermontoff wrote and laid before the Tsar.

In this poem Lermontoff, in one forceful line, depicts Puschkin :

‘He died as he had lived—a man.’

Many years after his *rencontre* with Colonel Dansass in the sixties, Bodenstedt happened to be in Vienna, and was visiting Count Bray, the Bavarian Ambassador in that capital, and one day when he called he was presented to Baron Heckern. ‘The old sinner seemed to startle at my name!’ exclaimed Bodenstedt; ‘for it was well known how I had spoken of him in the Introduction to my translation of Puschkin’s works.’ And the old Baron’s appearance seems to have impressed Bodenstedt most adversely. He describes this man, whose intrigues had worked so much evil, as wearing a dark mauve coat, buttoned closely up to the throat, giving him the appearance of a Quaker, but a look in his face beneath his scanty white hair proved him to be the cunning man of the world; in fact, his wrinkled features and shifty eyes made not a pleasant face to look upon. Bodenstedt must have experienced strange feelings whilst in the presence of this man, who had encompassed the death of Puschkin.

But if the poet is dead, his work is still alive, and he lives in the hearts of the Russian folk.

The English influence over his work is very remarkable ; his frequent references to Richardson, Shakespeare—above all, Byron—are frequent, and the very modelling of his poems proves that Byron was his master. But he was no copyist ; one gets an echo, but no plagiarism, and, in Bodenstedt's words, 'In Puschkin's poetry there breathed throughout the national air.' In his characters his compatriots saw themselves ; the thoughts his words expressed were their own thoughts. The thinking part of the nation for the first time saw all Russia in a poetic mirror, and the outspoken truth with which this mirror exposed and brought to view all their evils, and excrescences, brought no prejudice to the nation's enthusiasm for Puschkin, who proved his love for his people, and proved that he was wholly and solely Russian. His sarcasm at the Russian who must have things from London, or his fashion and his speech from Paris, illustrated this. His works proved also his hate and scorn, were but children of this love. To such a poet much was forgiven.

I have no space here to deal with his work. My text is Bodenstedt and Puschkin, so that I will only say how much I felt indebted to Bodenstedt when he introduced me to so forceful a writer as Puschkin.

How he pierces into the inner life, and lays bare with biting sarcasm the littleness of life ! Such everlasting truths as that 'mediocrity alone excites no envy and hatred,' or the continuous longing of humanity for what it has not, are put in new lights, and the fierce passion of this muse

is well exemplified in such pieces as 'The Stream nixe,' or 'The Robber Brothers'; and yet in all his works he held fast, strenuously fast, to his own last stanza of his poem entitled 'The Monument.' 'A monument I've built in mine own people's hearts,' runs the first line, and in the second stanza he cries aloud, 'No! I shall not wholly vanish!' And this is indeed true; Russia—aye, and other nations—can learn much from Puschkin's teaching, because he himself held fast to his last words in this poem:

'O Muse, heed aye the dictates of thy God.

On, fear no blame, nor strive for world's applause;

In calm content heed call of fame, or taunt,

Nor vex thy soul with fools in petty cause.'

Both he and Bodenstedt, from whom I have translated these lines, strove to teach mankind to enjoy honourably God's good gifts in life, and to work for their fellow-men; and so, with this translation of a translation, I conclude this sketch of Bodenstedt and Puschkin.

'THE MEMOIRS OF HEINRICH HEINE'

PART I.

FEW literary announcements aroused more curiosity than the notice that the memoirs of Heinrich Heine were to be given to the world.

Seventy-six years ago the poet passed away from earth, and since that date many announcements have been made of Heine's letters or Heine's memoirs that were in existence, but not for the eyes of the world. 'State secrets' or other important reasons prevented their publication, and many doubts were expressed as to the genuineness of the promised memoirs.

But in February, 1884, the *Gartenlaube* commenced to issue these memoirs, and, to verify their thorough genuineness, gave an interesting preparatory article of the history of the manuscript, and how it found its way into the pages of the *Gartenlaube*. The figure of Heine stretched upon his singing grave, as he termed his sick-bed, has always been a subject of interest and of fascination to all who knew, even, but some of his little lyrics.

In many respects Heine may be compared to Hood. The same wasting illness of body

struggled with the marvellous brilliancy of intellect and tenderness of mind ; but in Heine there was a deep vein of caustic, sardonic wit, which oftentimes overmastered the pathetic tenderness, whilst with Hood a bitter word was almost unknown. With him who sang 'The Song of the Shirt,' wit and mirth and kindly feeling overpowered all pain and anguish of mind, and welled forth in a continuous stream to brighten and relieve the lives of all around him.

The 'Memoirs of Heine' were obtained from Herr Julia, the occupier of the house in which Heine lived—No. 50, Rue de Passy, Paris—by Herr Engel, who edited them for the *Gartenlaube*.

Herr Engel gives an interesting description of his visit to this house to obtain the manuscripts, and a lengthy account of their origin and the proof of their authenticity.

Everything in the rooms spoke of the great poet. Over the fireplace hung the bronze original of the bust of Heine, by David d'Angers ; on either side two other portraits ; not far from these a portrait of Solomon Heine, and also a portrait of Mathilde Heine, the wife 'who came fair as the morning,' as Heine sang of her. An old copy of the 'Buch der Lieder' and 'German Almanac of the Muses' of the year 1837 lay on the table, and an album with three verses of dedication by Heine to his wife. Whilst Herr Engel was turning over the leaves of this album, Herr Julia, the possessor of the Heine memoirs, entered.

Knowing full well the deception that had already

been played upon the public some twenty years before by the issuing of a volume entitled 'The Remains of Heine,' which was wholly false, Herr Engel set to work to verify and compare in every fashion the manuscript now placed before him.

The handwriting of Heine was well known to him, and besides the memoirs, Herr Julia possessed numerous other manuscripts and letters, which are acknowledged as Heine's. These writings agreed with the writing of the memoirs, not only in general appearance, but in trifling peculiarities. The publisher of all Heine's works (Herr Campe, of Hamburg) also agrees that the papers are written by the hand of Heine, and to invite the fullest publicity, the *Gartenlaube* prints in facsimile a folio page of this manuscript, written in pencil, from the sick-bed of the poet.

Great stress is laid upon the undoubted authenticity of these memoirs from the fact that Gustav Heine, the brother of the poet, has frequently asserted that he inherits the remains of his brother and the sole memoirs that exist, and that these memoirs will never be printed; but this brother was by no means a favourite with the poet, and had frequently acted in such a manner as to excite his brother's rage against him.

In 1828 Heine wrote to his friend Merckel: 'If you would prevent murder and bloodshed, go to Campe and tell him on no account to let my brother Gustav have any letters which he may receive for me. Just think, he had the "impertinence" to break open a letter Campe had given him for me, and to write me the contents. I am

bursting with rage. My brother! that I would not trust with the secrets of my cat, much less those of my soul.'

Heine was very fond of using words other than German in his writings, and the word 'impertinence' here is very expressive.

The facsimile of the manuscript that has been issued by the *Gartenlaube* is a large folio page of the size known as demy. It is written in pencil, and contains here and there alterations and corrections or erasures; and from this facsimile all who knew the handwriting of Heine can at once judge of the genuineness of the memoirs. To many this page of his writing must indeed be as a 'voice from the land of shadows,' and will carry them back to that room in Paris where the sick man lay upon his bed and bore, oftentimes with bitter laughter, the pain which was so long in killing him.

The memoirs are commenced as though addressing a 'dear lady,' but whether this dear lady is simply an imaginary personage or whether it is an address to one of his personal friends is a matter of conjecture; but to this personage he tells the story of his life. The sketches already written under the title of 'Memoirs' he continues. He has been compelled to destroy at least half, partly from family reasons and partly from religious scruples.

Heine was nearly lost as a poet to the world through the 'cursed' Abbé Daunoi, who taught French in the Dusseldorf Lyceum, and who persisted in trying to make young Heine write French

verses. 'I know nothing more insipid than the metrical system of French poesy. . . . It is literally a strait waistcoat for thoughts that are really too tame after all to need it.' The subject of French poetry so rouses his ire that he devotes half a page to inveigh against it, and ends with the cry: 'I could have died for France, but write French poetry—never!'

His mother was not sorry to see this aversion to poetry, as the very word poet suggested to her a poor devil who wrote verse for special occasions for a few shillings, and died in the workhouse. But 'within ourselves lies the star of our fortune.' Having satisfied themselves that Heine at least was not to become a poet, they looked out for a more profitable calling for him, and at first decided he was to be an administrator. But the fall of the Empire ended that dream, and his father being connected with the Rothschilds, it was decided he should become a 'gold power,' and he was set to work to learn foreign languages, especially English, geography, book-keeping, and every commercial study; and to become acquainted with the exchange and colonial business, he entered the office of a banker, and afterwards the stores of a colonial merchant. The first berth he held for three weeks, the last for four; but a famous merchant decided he had no talents for the business, and it was useless his being a 'millionaire apprentice.' Thus again the choice for his career changed, and he now wandered into the law; and to the end that he should study for this profession, he was sent to the new University of Bonn.

But this profession also he renounced, much to the chagrin of his mother.

His mother was a follower of Rousseau, and he says it was decidedly not from her that he inherited the taste for the fantastic and romantic, 'for she kept from me all novels, would not allow me to go to the play, and scolded the servants if they told any ghost-stories in my presence'; but she sacrificed herself for her son, and when her husband's business sunk away, she sold her jewellery to keep her son at the University.

Next to his mother, the one who principally interested himself with young Heine was his uncle, Simon de Geldheim, a curious little old fellow, with a pale, hard face, whose nose had certainly the Grecian line, but it was just a third longer than the Greeks generally wore their noses.

The house in which he lived at Dusseldorf was called 'Noah's Ark,' because it had a picture of the ark over the door.

Heine was allowed the run of this house, and in the attics he discovered many an old family relic and treasure that had lain in the dust for years. The best and most valuable find was the note-book of a great-uncle who had travelled much in the East, and had become named the 'Morgenländer.' This note-book and the life of this great-uncle had an extraordinary effect upon Heine. He read of his uncle's journey to Jerusalem, of a vision he had upon Mount Moriah, of his wanderings in Morocco and in the African desert, where he appears to have become a sheik.

Heine learnt as much as he possibly could of

this great-uncle, whose life and traditions had such an influence over him that he at last felt a weird sense that he was but 'a continuation of the long since dead uncle.' He lived in the past, dreamt strange realistic dreams as in the person of this uncle; but when he told his father that some eccentric action was caused by this fact, that he was influenced through being 'his uncle,' his father hoped the said uncle had not accepted a bill of exchange which Heine would have to meet. A curious reason is given why the more frequent reference is made to his mother's relations.

His father was of a 'one-syllable nature,' but once, upon a sunny Sunday, Heine, still but a schoolboy, asked him who his grandfather was. The answer came: 'Thy grandfather was a little Jew with a long beard.'

The next day Heine repeated this to his school-fellows, and the youngsters took it up, shrieking it through the school in riotous fashion. The teacher heard the noise, and, demanding the cause, gave Heine a good caning for his information respecting his grandfather. The stick, he remarks, used for the caning was yellow, but the marks it left were dark blue, and he has not forgotten them. The reminiscence makes him chary of referring to this grandfather. Many of the characteristic touches in this part make interesting and pleasant reading. They give an insight into the life of a man who, in his bitter moments, wrote much that we would fain he had left unwritten; but whose writings have left their mark upon many a soul, and whose lyrics have a tender softness that has

never been surpassed. One of the shortest, but yet one of the sweetest and most famous of these lyrics, is but two little verses called in the German, 'Du bist wie eine Blume.' I have thus translated them :

'Thou art a tiny flow'ret,
So sweet, so pure, so dear ;
I look at thee, and sadness
Enshrouds my heart with fear.
I e'en must lay my hands on thee,
And God for thee entreat ;
And pray that He may keep thee
So pure, so dear, so sweet.'

PART II.

The interest in these memoirs increases as they proceed, and nought but regret rests when the unfinished end is arrived at. This short sketch of Heine's early years, with all its bright touches of character, and its clear and sharp description of all with whom he came in contact, too plainly shows us what we have lost in the destruction of the first memoirs which the poet wrote. He devotes a good deal of space to a description of his father, touching lightly and yet lovingly upon all his father's peculiar weaknesses. Of these he seems to have possessed a very full share. He was a very handsome man, but his beauty was of a weak, feminine type. Heine describes a portrait he remembers of him in a red uniform—a uniform his father wore in the service of the Duke of Cumberland in the Flemish campaign at the beginning of the French Revolution. His father appears to have held some post in the commissariat

department, but he was also a favourite of the Prince's, and when the Duke became King of Hanover, he expected to be remembered by him; but the 'King' conveniently forgot the 'Duke's' favourite. His father seems to have had extravagant pleasures. Play absorbed him; he patronized the drama—or, rather, says Heine, the priestesses of the drama—and dogs and horses were his passion. But when he married Heine's mother he gave up these pleasures, yielding to her idea that this 'four-footed capital' was too expensive an investment. One dog was retained for a time, but as he became simply a 'wandering barrack of fleas,' he was sacrificed, upon which event the moral is hung that 'men as easily sacrifice their four-footed favourites, and with the same indifference, as Princes their two-footed ones.'

Fond of military parade and show, his father was delighted when the Bürgerguard of Düsseldorf was established, and he could march at the head of his column in full uniform before his windows, where sat his wife; and still more happy was he when, as commanding officer, it became his turn to provide for the safety of the town. At these times Rudesheimer and Assmanshauser flowed freely—of course, at the expense of the commanding officer, whose popularity was as great as Napoleon's amidst his 'Old Guard.' 'My father's guard did not fail in a certain bravery: they would attack the heaviest battery of wine-flasks; but there was this difference between them and the Vielle Garde of Napoleon—the last "died

and never surrendered," but my father's guard "never died, but often surrendered."'

Heine, like many children, was dissatisfied with his name. His real name was Heinrich, as he is now generally named. But the name of Harry was given to him from a wish of his father's to honour one of his best English friends, a business correspondent in Liverpool, whom he speaks of as 'Mr. Harry'—a gentleman who, it appears, was well versed in the 'velveteen' markets. Heine's father had a passion for velveteens, and to be the greatest importer of the best velveteens was a high ambition with him, even though he lost by the transactions; and so, to flatter the one who could best inform him about his pet article, he called his son 'Harry,' a name that Heine in after-years loved, although in his boyhood it cost him many a grief. Perhaps one of the advantages of the modern system of giving children two or more names is, that a child can select for himself in after-years the name he prefers, and not be compelled to be known by a name unpleasant to his ear, and given him to satisfy a freak, perchance, of his god-fathers or godmother.

In France his name became at once Henri. 'The French make everything comfortable for themselves.' But even with this forename turned French, they still stumbled over his surname, and called him 'Henri Enn,' which gradually became 'Un Rien' (a nothing). There is something unpleasant in hearing one's name wrongly pronounced. Heine once asked Cherubini whether Napoleon did not call him 'Scherubini,' instead

of Kerubini, although he knew well that *ch* in Italian was pronounced *k*. At the question the old master 'spit' with a comical rage.

There is a sad echo in the words with which the unpleasant reminiscences of his boyish days are introduced—small petty miseries caused through this English name of Harry that in his older years he loves the sound of. When a schoolboy, an old man called the 'Daeckmichel' used to parade the streets every morning with a donkey-cart to collect the refuse, and the donkey was made to move on or stop before the houses by the modulation with which the old man pronounced the word 'Haarüh.' This word, with the pronunciation of the modulated *u*, sounds extremely like Harry, and the boys of the town and schoolboys soon found out the resemblance of the donkey's name with the boy who ought to be happy with the foreign name of Harry. They even made riddles of it, which gradually worked up to the climax—for example: 'What is the difference between the zebra and the ass of Balaam, the son of Beor?' Answer: 'One spoke Zebrew and the other Hebrew.' Then came the next question: 'What is the difference between the ass of the "Daeckmichel" and his namesake?' and the impertinent answer to this question was: 'We do not know of any difference.'

Even the poorest children of the town amused themselves at the expense of Heine—some even whose parents lived almost upon the charity of his father. One of these youngsters, named Jupp, came once with his grandmother to receive her monthly alms from Heine's father. She

received not only her usual allowance, but an additional sum, which burst the flood-gates of her tears and her eloquence, and she poured forth blessings upon the head of not only Heine's father, but upon his son, and bade the young Jupp go and kiss the hand of the son of her benefactor. Heine felt the lips of his tormentor on his hand like the bite of a viper, but nevertheless he felt constrained to give the youngster all the copper he possessed. But the next day he met the young rascal in the street. He struck Heine with a long rod he usually carried, and yelled out the fatal 'Haarüh' so loudly that Harry's 'namesake,' who was standing near, poured forth a lengthy 'Hee-haw !' in response to the cry. The very fact of Heine's bearing without retaliation this constant persecution gives an insight into his character as a boy. Naturally, sharp, biting words fell from his lips, but no passionate action seems to have been forced from him, and yet he could possibly have punished the young Jupp through the medium of the old grandmother.

The scene of his father's monthly almsgiving is vividly painted, the almsgiver sitting with his little heaps of money for the poor old pensioners, not with his usual silver candlesticks and wax lights, but with a couple of copper candlesticks, with common candles, to save the poor people the offensive feeling of displayed riches. The smaller heaps of money were from the poor-box, the larger heaps Heine's own gifts. Young Heine was seated beside him to hand to him the money for each recipient that he might learn the way to give.

'Many a man,' says Heine, 'has his heart in the right place, but it takes an enormous time before the will of the heart learns the way to the pocket.' To translate another well-known German author, Friedrich von Bodenstedt :

'No road is so far in all the land
As that from the heart and head to the hand.'

'Between the good intention and the act, most people travel at the rate of a country carrier. Between the heart of my father and his pocket, he had established a railway. That shares in this railway did not pay is easily understood. The Northern Railway even paid better.'

Heine's father gave not only alms to his poor pensioners, but also advice, and it is remarkable how this man, who managed his own affairs so badly, could yet give excellent advice in all cases of difficulty. He looked through a case at once, and when some poor person explained to him how matters were getting worse and worse, he generally ended with his favourite saying : 'Well, then, we must tap another cask.' In one case he followed this advice literally. It was an old nurse who had taken to drinking and snuff-taking, and so had lost her customers. 'Ah,' said Heine's father, 'we must tap another cask, and in this case it must be a brandy-cask.' So the nurse was established in a liquor and tobacco shop, where she would have done well, but she became, unfortunately, her own best customer.

The elder Heine was always polite to his poor people, and many a great almsgiver and philanthropist might learn a lesson from him. How

often they throw their gifts at the heads of the receivers, making a wound with every shilling! Heine was always kindly, and generally spoke to them with the phrase, 'I have the honour,' even when some importunate beggar was shown the door. One can imagine him saying the phrase common in Berlin: 'Will you kindly shut the door on the outside?' The scene described above of the fervent blessings of the grandmother of young Jupp introduces another character into these fragmentary memoirs that are nearly drawing to a close. This was Zippel, an old nurse of Heine's, and one who strongly believed in witches. When she heard of the outpouring of blessing upon her master's son, she came to the conclusion he was not blessed, but cursed, bewitched, and after using some unpleasant but energetic means of her own for destroying the charm, she took him to an old friend, who had the repute of being also a witch. This old dame, who was called the 'Gochin,' as she came from the town of Goch, was the widow of an executioner, and was therefore in great repute. This introduction of Heine to the 'Gochin' brings to his memory the recollection of a strange and weird dramatic scene, and also is the means of introducing him to one of his early loves, and with this scene, alas! the memories come to a broken end.

The strange and effective *morceaux* with which these early memoirs are brought to an abrupt ending is introduced by Heine's being taken by his old nurse to the old woman of Goch, the wife—or, rather, widow—of the executioner, that she

might undo the witchcraft of young Jupp's grandmother. This old dame had a great reputation, and Heine seems to have rather liked her company, for he clung to the acquaintance, and he reproduced much he learnt from her in his 'Elementar-Geister,' a part of which is a thorough handbook to popular superstition. The great sale at the present time of books of magic, dream-books, and fortune-telling by cards, crystal globes, palmistry, and other mediums, is a pretty sure sign that these superstitions are by no means dead yet. Many a customer came to this old dame for aid on various occasions—young people of both sexes for love-potions; but her best customers were brewers, who purchased from her the dead fingers from the bodies, her late husband had assisted to become corpses. These fingers of hung thieves, suspended by a thread in a beer-cask, gave a special flavour to the beer, a most excellent '*goût*'; and they also had for the brewers the high advantage of enabling them to draw from the cask double the quantity they put into it, sometimes even four times the quantity. Some brewers have a more rational way of increasing the quantity, but then that rather weakens the beer.

Heine kept up the acquaintance with the executioner's widow until he was about sixteen, and then he still kept it up for the sake of a charm her house possessed, greater than the charms of her witchcraft. This fair charm was a young niece, scarcely sixteen years old, but who had suddenly shot up into a slight, graceful figure, looking older than her years. Josefa (or 'Sefchen,'

the endearing diminutive of her name) had many charms for Heine. In his later years he writes of her with enthusiasm. Her voice seemed to him oftentimes an echo of his own, and when she sang it seemed to remind him of dreams where he had been singing, and her notes were but the echo of his dream. She knew many folk-songs, and probably this awoke in Heine the love for this kind of poetry. One of these was a strange lyric, two verses of which ever clung to him :

' Otilie sweet ! Otilie mine !
Thou wilt not be the last to pine.
Speak, will'st thou hang on the waving tree ?
Or will'st thou swim in the deep blue sea ?
Or will'st thou kiss the shining sword
From the hands of our good Lord ?'

Then answers Otilie :

' I will not hang on the waving tree,
I will not swim in the deep blue sea,
But I will kiss the shining sword
From the hands of our good Lord.'

Once, when Sefchen had sung this to him, he was so moved he burst into tears, and these two youngsters rushed into each other's arms and wept copiously together. He begged Sefchen to write out these lines for him, and she did so, not with ink, but ' with her own blood.'

It is a strange scene, this young lad and girl surrounded with the glamour of witchcraft, and in the house of an old woman who gains her living by selling hung men's fingers as charms, singing together strange words of kissing

' The shining sword
From the hands of our good Lord.'

And such an episode probably coloured much of Heine's writings. Sefchen's earlier days had been spent in the house of her grandfather, who was also an executioner. His dark trade prevented Sefchen from having any young companions, and she spent days and weeks alone in the mournful house near the forest, where, in the winter's night, the winds howled amidst the oaks, and where the visits of the thieves were dreaded—not live thieves, but the dead ones, the hung ones, who got away from the gallows, and came and tapped at the windows to try and get a little warmth from the house fire. Nought would drive them away but the sight of the executioner's sword, when, like a whirlwind, they disappeared. Sometimes they came not for the warmth, but for their fingers that had been stolen from them. No one associated with the executioner, but sometimes executioners from the neighbourhood or from a far distance came to visit her grandfather; and once, when she was about eight years old, a great number came—more than a dozen—all wearing their long red cloaks, with their great executioner's swords hanging beneath them. They were all old men, grey or bald-headed executioners from afar, who had not seen one another for a long time, and the best from kitchen and cellar was placed before them. They shook hands vigorously, spoke but little, and often but with a secret sign language, and amused themselves sadly—*moult tristement*, as Froissart says did the English after the battle of Poitiers. When night came, Sefchen's grandfather sent them all from the house, first having

brought out, and placed on the stone table round the great oak in front of the house, three dozen of *Rhein Wein*, and the great iron candlesticks.

Little Sefchen he left in the house, but gave her the order to bring out the great silver drinking-cup and place it upon the stone table, and then go at once to bed. Sefchen did as she was bid as far as the matter of the cup; she did not go to bed, but hid herself in some bushes near the oak, where she could hardly hear, but could see all. Then the old men came in pairs, with her grandfather at their head, and seated themselves at the stone table, the light shining upon their earnest, stony, and horror-marked faces. For a long time they sat silent or murmuring, perhaps praying; then the grandfather filled the great goblet with wine, and each emptied it, handing it to his neighbour refilled, and at the same time shaking one another by the hand. At last the grandfather made a speech. Sefchen could not understand this, but tears flowed freely from the old man's eyes, and also the other old men all wept. The sight of this much moved the young child, especially when one old man wept more bitterly than the others, and cried out: 'O God! O God! the misery lasts already so long; a human soul can no longer bear it! O God, Thou art unjust—yea, unjust!' His friends could but with difficulty quiet him. At last the old men all rose, threw aside their red mantles, and holding their swords under their arms, walked two and two to a tree, where stood an iron spade. With this one of them dug a deep grave, and then Sefchen's grandfather,

he still wearing his red mantle, stepped forward, produced a long white packet from beneath his mantle, and laid it carefully in the grave, which was then with haste refilled. Sefchen, at the sight of this secret burial, could contain herself no longer, but rushed from her hiding-place to her room, and buried herself in the bedclothes. The next morning all appeared to her as a dream, but when she went to the tree and saw the newly-displaced earth, she knew it was reality ; and yet, what had been buried there ? A child, an animal, a treasure ? But she said no word of her vision. The painting of this scene is very vivid and weird, and shows how Heine delighted to dwell on the fantastic. Five years later, when her grandfather was dead, and Sefchen was living with her aunt, she became enlightened as to the midnight burial. It was neither treasure nor child, but the justice-sword of her grandfather.

It was the custom of the executioners, when a hundred heads had fallen beneath their sword, to bury it, for this sword then became dangerous, and might even injure its master. It also needed rest in the quiet grave. But Sefchen's aunt knew that one could work many charms with such a sword, and she managed to recover the one Sefchen had seen buried. A charming little love-scene between Heine and Sefchen over this very sword is given, and then follows some sententious remarks upon love. Sefchen was but the Rosalind of Heine's Romeo. His Juliet was to follow. But, alas ! these memoirs run not on to the entry of Juliet, but come to an end with some words of

Heine's father upon philosophy and atheism. For many and for business reasons he does not wish his son to be an atheist, and he finishes his advice with the words : ' I am your father, and older than you and more experienced ; you can, therefore, believe me when I venture to say to you that atheism is a great sin.' And with these words end these memoirs of Heinrich Heine.

SHAKESPEARE'S MIND SCENES

PART I.

DID Shakespeare ever visit the spots over which his mind lingers so lovingly—Wales, Bohemia, Venice, Scotland, or Verona? Some say boldly he did—in those periods of his life when late biographers, who dwell upon every item connected with him, cannot trace his actions. Perchance he did not, like Tom Coryat, wander over Europe, though he was contemporary with Coryat, or Coriat, who died in 1617; but yet how marvellously his mind sees the spot in which he makes his characters live, and move, and have their being! And words which he uses, seemingly with but little weight, when read upon the scene of action, are filled with pregnant meaning and close description.

Compare some of his scenes—not far from places he is known to have visited—with his descriptions. How little phrases, suggestive words, give touch of actuality to his word-painting! Bristol he visited in 1597; 'Cymbeline' is supposed to have been written about 1610; and may not he also at some period have penetrated into Wales, by boat, perchance, from Bristol to Tenby, or even to Mil-

ford ? In 'Cymbeline' he refers constantly to Milford Haven ; and in Elizabeth's reign Tenby was a fortified town, and communications between it and Bristol were frequent. And from Tenby it was but a short distance, with good roads, to Milford. And not far from Tenby is just such a cave as that in which dwells for twenty years the outlaw Belarius. Did Shakespeare ever visit that cave ? There is internal evidence in 'Cymbeline' that he did. His plays were produced by the servants, the players of the Earl of Pembroke. Perchance Shakespeare himself may have travelled down to Pembroke with these players, and so have passed the very cave he makes use of in 'Cymbeline.'

It was on an autumn morning that we started forth to visit this cave near Tenby that has been assigned to Shakespeare's 'Cymbeline.' Out past the modern tennis-ground that is so beautifully situated, and then away to the right, taking a false turn to the left, involving striking across the marsh amidst great reeds, from whence suddenly started up a great black crane—the long crane, as it is locally termed—the sudden flap of whose wings, some three feet across, startled us from a reverie upon Shakespeare and his life. Then from the level marsh we climbed a hill, and along a lane with thousands of plants of the languorous, odorous meadow-sweet on either hand ; and then, as we reached a spot where two gates were opposite each other, inside the left-hand gate sat an old woman with a couple of candles, and with her we passed up between low woods and undergrowth to

the spur of a little hill, and here we found a Gothic-like arch between two natural buttresses of grey limestone, within which are two portals. Lighting her two candles, the old woman led us on to the right-hand portal, and, turning, said: 'Stoop here, sir.'

How strangely the words rang in the hollow mouth of the cave! 'Stoop, boys,' says Belarius,

'This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you
To a morning's holy office.'

And, turning, unheeding the old dame's repeated 'Stoop here, sir,' we looked out of the high-arched outer mouth of the cave to adore the heavens, and to say:

'Good morrow to the sun, hail thou fair heaven,'

with Belarius; and we almost expected to hear the response of Guiderius and Arviragus of 'Hail heaven!' For ahead we saw 'Yond hill' Belarius tells his comrades to climb—'Your legs are young'—whilst below us was the marsh land that he looked down upon as he spoke: 'I'll tread these flats.' Ah, the free air of heaven may well have made Shakespeare cry out on this spot, or when he remembered the view he had looked upon:

'Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble.'

But our old dame's candles were alight, so we obeyed her injunction to 'stoop,' and on in the darkness we went, between walls of stalactite, wriggling oftentimes in the narrow passage that sug-

gested doubts of again squeezing out ; and again Shakespeare's exact, fitting words came to the mind :

‘ How
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? ’

Pinching indeed it was, for we came to spots where only a very thin person could pass, and others where we had to stoop low indeed ; but at last we emerged into a small vaulted chamber, capable of holding some eight or ten people, and where three or four could comfortably house themselves, and where Belarius could have sat on his ‘ three-foot stool ’ with the lads—‘ the cave wherein they bow ’ and tell ‘ the warlike deeds I have done ’ on the return from the hunt.

Yet further onwards one can go beyond this chamber by lying on the ground and wriggling through a narrow passage into another chamber ; but the summer heat in this cave was great, and the task of getting in and out a warm one, and very pleasant and agreeable was once more the light of heaven as we neared the great mouth of the cave, out of the dark recess and winding hole. How glorious and agreeable seemed heaven's light and freedom, and how beautiful the landscape seen between the grey cave's buttresses, and through the soft green foliage of the ash-trees that veil the mouth.

To Shakespeare, coming from Stratford and London, the hills around were indeed mountains, and to look out over these mountains and flats we climbed up over the mouth of the cave to get a

wider view of all the scene around. To the north-east of us, some miles away, lay Tenby on its high ridge ; beyond, over the grey-blue sea, rose dimly the distant coast of Gower ; and nearer to the hill on which we stood, defended now from the sea by grey-brown sand-hills, lay the low marsh-land, far enough away now from incurring waves. And how could this agree with the words Shakespeare puts into Guiderius's mouth when he enters with Cloten's head, which he says he'll ' Throw't into the creek behind our rock, and let it to the sea ' ?

There was no creek now to bear fools' heads unto the sea, but the flat land beneath looked as though it might have been a bog in past ages, for the sand-hills in the distance seemed the only obstacle to hinder the sea from pouring over it. Away to the north-west the rounded hills were now all green and pleasant with meadow-land, but to the west and south-west these were varied here and there with woods and cottages.

Hips and haws and blackberries grew plentifully on the cavern's summit, and the soft silence was broken by the cooing of the wood-pigeons, and bleating sheep, and lowing cattle. The grey clouds swept onward, and the clear sky turned the sea into deeper blue, and the sun shone on Tenby's grey walls ; and so the scene had looked in Shakespeare's day, save that puzzle of the creek beneath. But after a pleasant lingering on the height we started down the hill, and tried to strike across to Gumfrestone, but, getting into a marsh, had to turn back and pass along the road, when suddenly we saw a great, high, wide dyke, like the dykes of

Holland, along which a couple of wagons could have driven, leading straight across the marsh, and along this embankment we went, until we saw below it some men, knee-deep in marsh mire, cutting the reeds. We halted and asked of them our way, and why and when this dyke had been made. 'Oh, 'twas made years ago, when the sea used to come up here,' came the answer; and, looking up, we saw the cave just above us, and so from there, 'in days ago,' something may have been dropped into the creek and borne to the sea, and we found Shakespeare's words were indeed an actual description of the spot in his day, though Nature has changed somewhat the present aspect of the scene.

One of the greatest blunders that Shakespeare is supposed ever to have made in his mind scenes is his description of Bohemia as 'a desert country near the sea.' Many a witling has laughed and made merry over the great dramatist's geographical and historical ignorance. May not the witlings be wrong and Shakespeare be right? Perchance he knew more from traditions in his day of Bohemia and her history than our present historians wot of. Shakespeare wrote of Joan la Pucelle in his 'Henry VI.'—a play produced in 1592. The 'Winter's Tale' is supposed to have been written in 1610; it was seen played at the Globe by Dr. Formans in the year 1611. Now, Henry of Winchester in 1429 was recalled, with 5,000 English soldiers, from his second expedition against the Wyclifites (or, as we somewhat falsely term them, the Hussites) in Bohemia, to repel the

victorious enthusiasm aroused by Joan the Maid. Henry, with 1,000 Englishmen, had already been defeated, with all the mighty crowd of crusaders, by these same Bohemians in the former year of 1427 at Tachau, and he and his men may well have talked of the flat desert and ravaged country they had passed through to attack these tremendous opponents in their wagon-forts. And these victorious enthusiasts, fighting for freedom of soul and thought, had swept onward in their fury, conquering all lands away to Leipzig and Berlin westward; and in the year 1430 they swept away northward over the flat sand-plains of Brandenburg and Lithuania, until, in 1433, their armies reached the Baltic, near Dantzic, and in their joy at their victorious march they filled their flagons with the sea-water, and brought some back to Prague, and drank confusion to their enemies, for the sea alone stopped their onward march. Then the country held by the Bohemians was a desert country near the sea. And these events a century after would still be subject-matter for tradition for those who 'sat by the fire and told old tales.' But Shakespeare does not say that Bohemia, the fair kernel of which now lies snugly ensconced between mountain ranges, was all desert, for he says,

'Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now be
In fair Bohemia';

so that in his mind he saw truly the country that Bohemia was a century before his own time.

His son-in-law, John Hall, is known to have

travelled much on the Continent, and had 'attained a proficiency in the French language.' He was born in 1575, and had probably, in France and elsewhere, heard much tradition of the events in the former century, and from him Shakespeare probably gleaned much, if we may not allow he ever himself wandered abroad ; and be these scenes but mind scenes, then how marvellously he grasps the contour of each country and the peculiarities of position, even down to tiny details ! How he avoids error and grasps fact, with but a rare slip, as in 'Hamlet,' that serves but to emphasize his accuracy !

PART II.

VENICE, VERONA, SCOTLAND, DENMARK.

Few would dare venture to suggest that Shakespeare ever visited Venice. Neither in 'Othello' nor in the 'Merchant of Venice' is there, amidst all the wondrous wealth of rich mind phrases, that seem to lay bare in sweet words the inmost soul of the speakers, a single touch of description that gives a hint of the unique beauty of Venice and her silent highways. Her tiny water-lanes and high-pitched bridges, her broad canals and palace walls, even the glories of St. Mark's, are unrecorded. Shakespeare dealt with the play of passions moving the men and women who peopled his Venice ; and one may read lightly, and even deem he had not only never visited, but that he had never talked with any who had wandered

amidst the palaces and narrow streets of Venice. His scenes are designated 'A Street,' or 'A Public Place,' and he betrays a more intimate knowledge of the Goodwin Sands, 'a very dangerous flat and false, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried,' than he does of the Grand Canal, or of the famous bridge that spans it from the Rialto to the market-place, upon the other side of its waters. But, in the second act, in the eighth scene, the speech of Salarino hints that Shakespeare was not wholly ignorant of Venetian life, and lovers sailing over the smooth lagoon in swaying gondolas, that rocked in undulating lullaby to their love-speech ; for he says :

'That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.'

And but a little further on Shylock's reference to the Rialto, where Antonio dare no longer show himself, though he was wont 'to come so smug upon the mart,' shows a knowledge of the spot and its uses. Roderigo, also, in 'Othello,' refers to Desdemona escaping with no better guard than 'a knave of common hire, a gondolier,' and in the next scene his reference to 'the dew, the heavy dew of Venice,' rusting the swords, suggests local knowledge. But the most curious proof that Shakespeare knew more of Venice than he betrays by his description of the town is derived from the name he gives to one of his minor characters—'Gobbo, good Lancelot Gobbo.'

Now, if one passes from the open space of the Rialto, 'where merchants most do congregate,' on up the steep slopes of the wide, high-arched bridge,

with its little stalls and chaffering bargainers, and then descends again upon the other side of the Grand Canal, upon the right hand, nearly at the foot of the bridge, is another open space, where marketers do congregate. And in this space—probably half hid, even covered with piles of fruit and vegetable baskets—is a small rostrum, from whence announcements can be called forth to the chattering crowd of buyers and sellers ; and supporting this rostrum is a little dwarfed figure, new in Shakespeare's day, now mutilated and chipped, and rubbed by generations of market-baskets, but still standing there to testify that Shakespeare knew something of Venice when he named his one poor character in the ' Merchant of Venice ' after this little figure that is known as ' Il Gobbo.' Up the low stone steps that lead to the pillar supported by Il Gobbo's head and shoulders went those who in past ages had to announce the new laws of the mighty Venetian power. Many an excited crowd has surged around his bent form, and perchance from it was called forth in Shakespeare's own day, some few years before he wrote his play of the ' Merchant,' the loss of Cyprus, the island where Othello's deed was done, and the more joyous news of the great battle of Lepanto.

But Gratiano is very English in his speech when to no Council of Ten or of Three he would have entrusted Shylock, but to a jury of twelve. He cries out as the duke bids Shylock to be gone :

' In christening shalt thou have two godfathers.
Had I been judge thou shouldest have had ten more
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.'

But Shakespeare's mind so saw Venice, perchance through another man's eyes, yet he lets little of incongruity intrude itself to mar even a travelled twentieth-century reader's pleasure in his play.

But wander away with him from sunny, seagirt, silent Venice, away up through mountain ranges into the crisp, cold, invigorating air of North Scotland, and once more his mind lives in fit surroundings. To lie on a summer's day on the green turf by the side of the brook that runs gurgling and purling past the green moat-slopes of Cawdor Castle, and there to read 'Macbeth,' gives a strengthened meaning to many of the sense-fraught passages that elsewhere are read lightly and with little thought.

'Macbeth' is supposed to have been written about 1610, and the royal licence to build Cawdor was granted in 1454; but it was only gradually the castle assumed its present proportions, for after 'Macbeth' was written the picturesque great gateway was built that now forms so worthy an entrance to the castle. But tragedy more than once connected itself with the name of Cawdor, and in 1584, some eight years before Shakespeare's earliest play, John Campbell of Cawdor was murdered in a quarrel over the guardianship of the boy Earl of Argyll; and in 1566 the then Laird of Cawden (*sic*) was with those who dragged out Rizzio from the tiny antechamber of Queen Mary's bedroom, and did him to death on the stair-head in the passage beyond, so that there was actual tragedy enough enacted at Cawdor to make Shake-

speare's mind dwell upon it as a scene for his tragedy of a long-past age. But did he visit this scene? Did his eyes rest upon the 'heaths' around it? Or did he look up from the 'court-yard of Macbeth's Castle,' and exclaim, as he makes Duncan exclaim:

'This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses'?

And as one wanders round the grassy slopes of the now empty moat, and looks up at the bartisans and peaked tourelles of the castle, how Banquo's reply fits exactly into one's thoughts as he says to King Duncan:

'This guest of summer,
The temple-loving martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, no coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.'

No more implying words could now be used to picture the castle with all its coigns of vantage, and the 'pure heaven's breath' that 'smells wooingly' around it. But this is almost the only bit of description of the castle, where he places the scene of Duncan's murder, although he implies courtyards, and galleries, and upper chambers, and steep stairways, along which the murderess creeps; in the opening scene he hints that Scotch weather is not always wooing, for it opens with thunder, lightning, and in rain, and 'fog and filthy air.' Had he ever passed over one of those

open heaths round about Cawdor when heavy winds hurtled against him, and the thunder's muttering roll, following the darting flash, terrified the storm-driven traveller, or when heavy sea-mists swept in from the ocean, and made day yield unusual place to semi-night? Perchance, no. Neither, perchance, did he ever cross the grey and fitful turbulent North Sea to Denmark's beech-groves and 'eager, nipping air'; round her northern cape into the Baltic Sea, to where stood the guard to the sound, Elsinore's lordly castle. But how strangely fitting in description to the local scene, oftentimes, are his words, and yet with those faults that seemed to prove he had gleaned his knowledge from the words of those who knew the spots as they then were, rather than from evidence gleaned through his own vision.

If in 'Othello' and 'The Merchant of Venice' he does not betray the fact that he has never visited Venice, and even by light touches upon local habit implies he may have visited the city of the lagoons, yet in 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' he goes far by allusions to prove that he not only did not know Verona, but had not held converse with those who had dwelt within the learned city's walls. He refers to those walls, but he makes Romeo hide in an 'orchard' beneath Juliet's window. Though certainly an orchard where pomegranates grow, no reference is made to the inner courtyard with the balcony all around it, and the insignia of the Hat for the house of Capulets, over the great gateway of the mansion, that tradition says was the

house of a branch of that family ; there is nothing positively to prove, save by omission, ignorance of the town in this play of 'Romeo and Juliet.' But in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' reference is made to shipping for Milan. Proteus tells Speed :

'But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan';

and Speed replies :

'Twenty to one then he is shipped already,'

—phrases which might apply to boarding a river boat, supposing that the journey to Milan had been commenced or partially undertaken by river or lake ; but that Shakespeare had the sea present in his mind is proved by Juliet entreating the wind to be calm until she has found each word of the letter of Proteus, save her own name, that

'Some whirlwind bear
Unto a jagged fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.'

And yet farther on Panthino urges Launce to away aboard. 'Away ass !' he cries, 'you'll lose the tide !' whilst Proteus leaves Valentine upon his arrival in Milan with the words :

'I must into the road to disembark
Some necessities I needs must use.'

Thus plainly proving that both Milan and Verona to Shakespeare's mind lay on the sea-coast, and were reached by ship across the sea.

But if we go with him to Denmark, how closely his description, in spite of one blur, depicts the spot in which he lays the scene of his great master-

piece, 'Hamlet.' The opening scene on the platform brings at once the shrewd air of the North into the play.

'For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,' says Francisco; and the very word 'platform' calls up the wide stone balcony 'before' the castle at Elsinore, looking out over the narrow sound towards Sweden's low shores.

This castle was built in the years 1577-1585, and 'Hamlet' was produced in the year 1602, and this, with the reference to Wittenberg, a University that was founded in 1502, proves, even as does Shakespeare's speech upon Cyprus and Bohemia and *Il Gobbo*, that his mind scenes were tinged with the current talk and gossip of the day, or of his own century. He did not date back these mind scenes to avoid what we term anachronism in a play, but pictured the scene wherein his characters moved as he had learned to know it from his contemporaries.

And that he knew somewhat of Elsinore is evident, and perchance how he obtained that information, supposing he never sailed there, as some assert, may be gleaned from his reference to caviare, a Russian import, brought by sailors who had sailed past Elsinore, and who would talk of the spacious royal castle just built to guard the narrow sound.

A curiously intimate knowledge of the platform is betrayed in the fourth scene of the first act. As Hamlet enters he exclaims, 'The air bites shrewdly'; and Horatio replies: 'It is a nipping and an eager air.' Most apt words to commence

a scene upon this exposed platform ; but more minute becomes the exactitude of description when Hamlet, urging his friends to secrecy, is interrupted by the hollow voice of the Ghost beneath, and he cries out : ' Ah, ha, boy ! sayst thou so ? Art thou there, true penny ? Come on —you hear this fellow in the cellarage.' Implying a doubt if it be a spirit, or some prank-playing inmate of the castle down in the cellars or casemates that undermine the whole of one part of the castle platform.

But to test the Ghost when it again urges ' Swear,' Hamlet says, ' Hic et ubique. Then we'll shift our ground. Come hither, gentlemen,' and they move to another part of the platform. This time they are where no casemates or cellarage are beneath them, for a part of the platform is not undermined ; but again up comes the warning voice urging ' Swear.' And Hamlet is satisfied, is pleased with the test of the Ghost's spiritual power, though to deceive his friends he speaks somewhat irreverently but convincingly : ' Well said, old mole ! canst work i' the earth so fast ?' Against this exact bit of description is to be set Horatio's speech, wherein he begs Hamlet not to follow the Ghost, lest it ' tempt you toward the flood, my Lord, or to the dreadful summit of the cliff

' That beetles o'er his base into the sea.

That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.'

At the back of the castle there is a fairly high hill, with some flat marsh-land around it ; but it

requires a stretch of imagination to conjure this rising hill into the beetling summit of a cliff ; but if Shakespeare took his description from Russian sailors coming from the hillockless parts of the Baltic, they well may have described this hill and the high hills opposite on the Swedish coast at Kullen Point, where now stands a lighthouse, as even mountains and cliffs.

Over one of the windows of the castle is the date 1584, bringing back Shakespeare's time to our memory ; and pleasant it is to climb up this hill above the castle, and, standing near where a fictitious Hamlet's grave has been piled up, to look out between the leafy shade of limes and chestnuts down on to the flat land around the castle, through which runs a dyke, full of water and lined with reeds, from whence the fair Ophelia might well have been drawn forth, with all her garlands twined about her hair.

Many of the references in ' Hamlet ' are tinged with the gossip of Hamlet's century, such as the wars with the Poles or Lithuanians ; and his reference to the hard drinking of the Danes would hardly be out of place nowadays, so urgent are they with their hospitality and fiery spirits.

His pathetic scene of Ophelia's madness brings back old customs now forgotten in England, but still clung to in some remote parts of Europe. ' Rosemary for remembrance ' is worn in large bunches by all the wedding-party in many places. It was at Prachatitz, lying far away from any railway-station under the Böhmerwald, that we first saw rosemary worn by the wedding witnesses, and

in such spots, untouched by steam communication, many an old village custom upon which Shakespeare dwells may be witnessed.

His mind scenes were filled with English manners, interwoven with foreign scenes tinged with English landscape. How did he glean so much knowledge of Europe, that even in these days of much travel the question is yet heard : ' Did Shakespeare ever wander through European scenes ? ' If he never passed beyond the ' rude sea,' ' the dangerous, triumphant, hungry sea,' that bounds England in ; if he never heard ' such a noise as the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,' and never quitted this ' sceptred isle,' from whom did he glean his intimate knowledge whereon to build his mind scenes ? The question is full of interest, and as full of difficulties, but these pages strive to prove he knew more of Europe than many of his commentators have deemed probable.

PART III.

Perhaps one of the most curious of comments upon the scenes wherein Shakespeare laid his plays is that which would place the scene of ' The Tempest ' in the West Indian Islands or the Bermudas. For the geography in ' The Tempest ' is curiously exact, and it is strange that a passing reference to the ' still vexed Bermoothes,' and the fact that in the year 1609-1610 there had been a terrible shipwreck amidst these islands, should have induced writers to assert that Shakespeare had

these islands in his mind for his scene of 'The Tempest.' This very passage proves that it was not in the Bermoothes the King's ship was wrecked, for it lay, after the tempest,

'In the deep nook where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still vexed Bermoothes.'

Why should Ariel, who could swallow space, be asked to gather dew upon the island wherein they lived? Nay, the untamed spirit was given a mighty task—to bring dew from half across the world, from that still troubled region of the Bermudas.

In the first act the references to Prospero having some food and fresh water from a noble Neapolitan give the first hint of the locality of the Magic Isle, and quickly comes the evidence of a certain locality. Caliban's wish that

'A south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!'

expresses curious knowledge of a local wind, the Khamsine or Scirocco: for a south-west wind in England is most tender and gentle.

But in Act II. the geography becomes more exact in the talk of Alonso, the King of Naples, and his shipwrecked friends.

'Methinks,' says Gonzalo, 'our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel, to the King of Tunis.'

A hint we are between Naples and Tunis, and this hint is emphasized by further talk. Adrian says:

‘Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that; she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.’

‘But,’ retorts Gonzalo, ‘this Tunis, sir, was Carthage.’

‘Carthage?’

‘I assure you, Carthage.’

Giving a little glimpse into history that is not known to thousands of readers of to-day, although the great cisterns of ancient Carthage to-day supply modern Tunis with water.

It was these precise references that made me long to land upon the little isle of Pentelleria, that lies about half-way across from Sicily to Carthage or Tunis—the isle that the learned Sicilians, such as Professor Salinas, Prince Scalea, and others, all assert was indeed the Magic Isle in Shakespeare’s mind when he wrote, in 1611, ‘The Tempest’; and as at Marsala I was the guest of the great merchant Signor Florio, whose argosies are on all seas, I easily arranged that I was to be put out with the mails, upon the enchanted isle, from the steamer that went from Marsala to Tunis.

I was in the company of two French journalists, who were bound for Tunis for the ceremony of opening an important piece of railway, and in early morning we took our coffee at Signor Florio’s, but on sallying forth found a big wind blowing. Our ship was lying in the offing, and after a hard pull we got on board; so heavy was the sea my French friends gave up the journey, and went back in the small boats, bidding me adieu as though for ever; we soon plunged ahead towards that Tunis that is Carthage, for the wind

was north-west, and so we ran before it; the sea increased, and as evening drew on it was indeed a tempest,

‘The sea mounting to the welkin’s cheek.’

Now we could sight the island lying in the white spume, and then it was hid

‘Twixt the green sea and the azured vault,’

and as we drew near no boat-sails were visible, for a sailing-boat was to put out to receive myself and the mail-bags; the white spuming sea was bare of all life, save our own tossing craft, and the captain came to me as I held on to a stay and looked out over the bulwarks, and said it was impossible for anything to put out in the tempest. But we went near enough for me to see through the spindrift the stretch of ‘these yellow sands,’ and above rose up

‘The turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep’;

and at the south end of the island were rocky bluffs by

‘Thy sea marge sterile and rocky hard’;

and inland were glimpses, beyond a little white town, of more cultivated land, where might be

‘Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burden bowing.’

But all along the coast, the sea in pure white foam was leaping high up, encircling the Magic Isle with a necklet of purity.

The fierceness of the sea made me marvel how the Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans had navigated this ocean in their galleys, and I looked

longingly at the little isle, determining to land on the return voyage.

It was on a Saturday night when I again left old Carthage and Tunis, and boarded the *Scilla* once again for Marsala. Gloom clouds hung low o'erhead, and that wind was blowing that Caliban would fain bring on Prospero and Ariel :

' A south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er !'

In my notebook I see I have the note on these clouds : ' Suggest scirocco ; hope not.' But it came, and by the time we were off Cape Bon it was blowing heavily. In the night, however, it dropped a little, and at 4 a.m. in the grey, dim twilight I was on deck, and could see the little white houses of Pentelleria, with a red light or two twinkling, the stars being bright overhead betwixt the swift-drifting clouds. Suddenly the sailors burst forth with shrill, impetuous cries, the wind shrieked in the cordage, and the sea dashed against the ship as she slowly neared the island.

A boat was putting out to us. Sometimes we could see her sail, and then we lost it ; then suddenly, with much shouting, we heard our own anchor let go, and we rode heavily in the seas until the boat came out to us. The mails were dropped over, but the captain told me if I attempted to get on board the dancing craft it might be a long time before I could come off again from the enchanted island ; so again I was compelled to see Pentelleria only from the sea, and yet perhaps I had seen it more effectively in these two tempests than if I had been favoured with

'calm seas, auspicious gales,' such as Prospero called upon Ariel to bestow upon King Alonso and all who were going to Naples for the nuptials of Ferdinand and Miranda. As we sailed on later in the morning, the old steward said to me, as I talked to him of the tempest: 'Ah, mais oui, il y a toujours un peu de danse ici' ('Why, yes, there is always a bit of a dance here').

At 11 a.m. we were in sight of Sicily, for I also was bound for Naples.

If there is one spot we are perfectly certain Shakespeare never visited, and yet utilized as a scene for his comedies, it is that wherein he places the action in the 'Comedy of Errors.'

Ephesus certainly was only in the mind of Shakespeare, and never did his feet walk up the marble street from 'the Bay of Ephesus' to the great theatre, of which so much still stands on the hill-slope of Coresus. That Bay of Ephesus is now filled with land, and Ephesus is some six miles from the sea; but Shakespeare preserves the city as it was when from 'Syracusan marts and fairs' men were forbidden to come to Ephesus under penalty of a thousand marks or death.

The local geography is preserved. The sailing from Syracuse to Epidamnum, the ships of Corinth and Epidauros meeting with the Syracusans, and then the long roaming of the Syracusan merchant Ægeon to find his lost ones, are correctly expressed when he says,

'Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece, roaming clean through the bounds of Asia, and, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus'

—all literally exact. But there is no hint here, as in so many of the plays, of local knowledge learnt from eyewitnesses, for in this case Shakespeare had none.

And this applies still more emphatically to the scene of 'Twelfth Night' that is laid in the little-known land of 'Illyria and the sea-coast near it.'

'What country, friends, is this?' asks Viola;
and the captain answers,

'This is Illyria, lady;

to which Viola replies:

'And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother, he is in Elysium.'

And no hint is given of the rugged land of Illyria, and the glorious sea-coast that divides it from the Adriatic, with all its wondrous bays and creeks and ancient cities, that would have given play to Shakespeare's imagination had he known aught of it. He knew naught of that glorious spot on the sea-coast of Illyria, Ragusa, founded by Greeks from Epidaurus, whence came the ship in the 'Comedy of Errors.'

Here he does not even seem to have met with a sailor who knew this coast. Yet in 'Taming the Shrew' he speaks of the 'swelling Adriatic seas.'

But when we come to another play that has a distant scene—'Antony and Cleopatra'—we find hints of special knowledge, suggesting more than the reading of Plutarch.

Early in the play at Alexandria, in the sarcasm of the answer of Charmian:

'E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.'

Here is an expressive touch of local knowledge, as when Antony swears to Cleopatra :

‘ By the fire
That quickens Nilus’ slime.’

—that is, by the sun-god Horus, that brings forth life and rich vegetation from the Nile mud.

There is an allusion to the sun-god in the speech of Cleopatra, where she laments the absence of Antony :

‘ O Charmian,
Where think’st thou he is now ?

He’s speaking now,
Or murmuring : Where’s my serpent of old Nile ?
For so he calls me : now I feed myself
With delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus’ amorous pinches black’—

so truly depicting the power of the ardent sun’s rays on old Nile’s banks.

And what subtle touches of knowledge of Egypt are in the mad, fierce words of Cleopatra when she hears of Antony’s marriage to Octavia ! ‘ Melt Egypt into Nile !’ she screams in her rage ; and when the messenger of the evil tidings comes again, and in humbleness asks, ‘ Should I lie, madam ?’ she retorts :

‘ O, would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes !’

—every word pregnant with meaning, and full of Eastern knowledge.

How true, too, is Antony’s description of the Nilometer :

'They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid : they know
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or poison follows. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.'

How well described, each word of weight, and no word in excess, wherewith to betray ignorance of Egyptian matter and culture !

What an intimate touch of observance is given in the interjection of Enobarbus, when in Rome he says of the love of Lepidus for Cæsar and Antony :

'They are his shards, and he their beetle.'

As a beetle loves to lie and bask on a hot shard in the sun. And it is strange how careful Shakespeare is with his history, as when in the scene where Cleopatra is described as appearing in 'the habiliments of the Goddess Isis,' that many-coloured robe that lent power to her beauty.

He steers through these difficulties by the aid of Plutarch ; but how many would have made egregious slips, and betrayed utter ignorance by the use of a wrong word !

There are two further touches of intimate knowledge of Egypt not drawn from Plutarch—one in Cleopatra's speech, when the tempest of disaster is coming on, and she exclaims :

'The next Cæsarion smite !
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !'

What an apposite, expressive touch of graveless, festering, fly-swarmed horror, lasting until the insects have made an end of their banquet, and thus buried their prey ! What apt local insight !

And in the last act, rather than be a sport for the 'shouting varletry of censuring Rome,' Cleopatra cries out :

'Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me !
Rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the warm flies
Blow me into abhorring.'

Almost in the last lines of his glorious masterpiece there is the final touch in exact knowledge, when the Guard says :

'This is an aspic's trail : and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.'

Who told Shakespeare of the sunless caves of Nile far up the river in the Arabian hills ? Of sand we might expect to hear him speak, but who told him of the value of Nile mud ? and yet in *Henry VIII.* his most emphatic renunciation of queenship is by the lady 'that would not be a queen, that she would not, for all the mud in Egypt.' But all these mind scenes prove his care to avoid words that would betray ignorance, and his intense aptitude for seizing upon all knowledge that came within his ken, and moulding it deftly to his purpose—that purpose that has made his work the imperial lord of the world's literatures, in time and space, and in all tongues.



FRITHIOF THE VIKING

How frequently whilst moving about amidst the crowds that throng our spring and winter picture exhibitions is the plaint heard, 'The same subject !' Our landscape painters have the world at their feet, and have largely learnt that Nature composes better than man, if man has but eyes to see her subtle composition ; but our genre and historic painters are sometimes gravelled for lack of matter or subject. We read of artists going about eagerly seeking for moving or pathetic, horror-impelling or tear-compelling incidents ; and in the end falling back upon well-worn items of past or present life, that have oftentimes been depicted. And yet there is a wide field in the Northern homes of our ancestors that offers great wealth of almost untouched subject-matter for our landscape artists and sea painters, but still more for our historic and genre painters. Recent discoveries have also placed the material of the period at their command, and we might have pictures of our forefathers accurate as an archæologist could wish, yet full of fire and passion, pathos and tender love.

There is one work that pictures the whole life of the Northern sea-kings, their daring and adventure, their love and sturdy truthfulness, that em-

bodies many a theme for many a striking picture, but which still awaits a good English translation.

It is a strange and remarkable fact that the forceful and beautiful poem the 'Frithiof Saga' has been almost ignored in England. In Germany it has always been recognized, and that it is appreciated there by even the masses may be gathered from the fact that it has been translated by Edmund Zöller and others, and published at the price of threepence.

This translation is vigorous and full of beauty, reading as an original, and with all the fire and pathos that a genuine poet cannot but throw into his work. The soft tenderness of Ingeborg, the strength and force of Frithiof, the rude wit of Bjorn, all flow onward in a stream of forceful words; and in reading, one lives again with the fearless sons of the Vikings and in the belief of the power of the Nornen and of the Walkyries, but in reverence for Odin and Baldur the Good.

The poem is in twenty-four cantos of varied metre, sometimes flowing smoothly on in iambics or hexameters, or incisively written in the terse alliterative trochaic metre of Scandinavian poetry.

The opening canto tells how Ingeborg, the daughter of King Bele, and Frithiof, the son of Thorsten Vikingson, grew up, as was the Northern custom, in the home of Hilding, their foster-father.

'Once on a time on Hilding's land
Two plants grew safe 'neath his sheltering hand.
More beauteous twain saw the Northland never.'

Frithiof, like a young oak whose stem was a lance,
and whose crown as a helmet that kissed the

heavens, grew stalwart, brave, and fearless. Ingeborg was like unto the rose that, when the winter yields unto the spring, lays still in the bud, dreaming.

Some tender verses tell how no bird's nest was too high—even the eagles must give up their young to Frithiof for Ingeborg; no brook was too deep but he would bear her over.

But soon childhood's days fly past, and there the junker stands bold and free, and clasps the maid, and with glowing glances looks down upon her heaving bosom. In all the summer he goes to the chase, and bears home his booty to Ingeborg, and when in winter he sits by the hearth and reads a song of Odin's halls, he thinks: 'The gold of Freya's hair is not more beautiful than the golden rings that twine around the roses and lilies of Ingeborg's face.

'Iduna's bosom full and sweet
'Neath soft green silk doth rise and beat;
I know fair silk that soft caresses
And fairy elfe buds lightly presses.'

The eyes of Frigga are shadowed by the blue of the shining day of Ingeborg's eyes, and so no goddess is fairer than Ingeborg, who is of King's blood, and from Odin descended, and he is but the son of Thorsten; but Frithiof laughs at this warning, and defies the world, and the canto ends with his cry of:

'Bloom, fairest lily! bloom,
Woe unto him who dares us sunder!'

Canto the second, in a change of metre, introduces the fathers of Frithiof and Ingeborg. It commences:

'King Bele stood in his guest hall, leant on his sword,
And near him Thorsten Vikingson, truth aye his word,
His ancient fighting brother,
Grey furrowed like a rune-stone.'

It is drawing towards evening. The King speaks: 'The mead has lost its taste; the helm weighs heavily upon me; mine eyes are becoming dim to human matters; but Walhalla lights are nearer'; and so he commands his sons to come to him that he may speak his warning before the word dies upon his tongue.

Helge the sinister appears first, and then the boy Halfdan, with the fair light hair, and last of all Thorsten's son, Frithiof. A head taller than either, he stood between the two like a day-star between the rosy dawn and the forest's night-darkness.

And thus in his poetic imagery the poet gives the key to his characters, and follows with the sharp sententious words of the old King to his sons. With much wisdom he speaks, and to Helge says,

'Be never hard, O Helge—no, be but true:
The truest sword most easily is bent,'

and entreats him to make friends by his own merit, and not to lean upon his father's fame. To Halfdan he commends earnestness, and warns him not to trust to every one:

'The empty house is open, the rich one shut;
Choose one to trust, and trust but him true-hearted.
The world soon knows the thing to three imparted.'

The double rhymes, which in the German and in the Swedish flow trippingly on, have a stiffer sound and run not so liquidly in the English. At

the end of the King's exhortation, Thorsten stands up and addresses his son, and with many a wise and sharp saying gives him life advice of what to trust and what to dread, ending with :

‘Then will thou, but the noble, and do the right.’

Then the two old grey-beards stood and talked of the days that were past, each praising each, and warning their sons to stand together, and ‘ne’er would the North a conqueror see,’ and thus, with loving advice, the old men leave their sons to follow after their footsteps, saying :

‘And now farewell. O sons, leave us alone :
We fain would be unto All Father gone.’

The third canto is entitled ‘Frithiof enters into his Father's Inheritance,’ commencing :

‘And now ’neath the hillock were placed Bele and
Thorsten the Viking.’

And the two sons, Helge and Halfdan, reigned together, but Frithiof inherited solely his father's lands and home of Framnäs—a pleasant spot, bounded on one side by the sea, with valleys and hills and mountains, and lakes that mirrored the birch-trees that crowned the heights.

Who that knows the Scandinavian hills cannot picture the spot with the graceful, mighty birch-trees, large as elms, waving over the lake waters ? The flocks and herds that feed in the meadows are described, the horses that stamp in the stalls, and the home, the great hall.

‘Not five hundred with ten times twelve the hundred’
would fill up this hall at Yuletide. This custom of one hundred and twenty to the hundred is

worthy of note, as one still clung to in our country markets. The seat of honour was between the figures of Odin and Freya, carved from the elm-wood, and overlaid with a black bear-skin, with red jaws and the claws of silver. This canto is a lengthy one. It introduces Augurwadel, the wondrous sword of Frithiof, engraved with runes that flamed as the cockscomb, when Hildur the war-god began the war-game. Another wondrous possession of Frithiof was the arm-ring forged by Waulund himself, the Northern Vulcan. A vigorous description is given of the gaining of this ring by Thorsten from a fearful spirit clad in a fiery mantle. But the greatest treasure possessed by Frithiof was the wondrous *Ellide*—the ship that obeyed the word of its master as though a spirit dwelt within it. How Thorsten gained this ship by his hospitality to an unknown old grey-beard, and its magic appearance, must be left to the saga to say. The canto ends by introducing the 'weapon brother' of Frithiof, Björn the Junker—

'Bright like a child, but true as a man and wise as a grey-beard,'

and tells how Frithiof, amid the songs of the scalds, and surrounded by his warriors and guests, with his eyes filled with tears, took the seat of his father :

'High between Odin and Frey, that is Thor's seat in Walhalla.'

The fourth canto is in a peculiar metre—a mixture of the iambic and amphiambic—that gives an emphatic decisiveness to the words, and yet a peculiar roughness well suited to the characters :

' Loud rang the high song in Frithiof's hall ;
And the scalds they praised his fathers all,
 But pleased the ringing,
Not Frithiof ; he heard not the scalds' high singing.
The earth bears again its mantle green,
And no more on the strand are the dragons seen ;
 And yet in woodland
Goes Frithiof, and dreams of the fair smooth hand.

Restless, at length he gives a feast, and invites to his banquet Halfdan and Helge ; and Ingeborg comes with them, and sits by his side. He presses her hand, and feels the returning pressure, and his eyes hang upon her fair sweet glances.

' They spoke together of the joyous day
When the morning dew on their life yet lay ;
 Of childhood's pleasures,
For noble hearts, but the sweetest treasures.'

Ingeborg also dwelt lovingly on the past—of their names cut like runes in the birch-bark, of the pleasant fields, and of great mounds where oaks grew forth from the dust of heroes.

Ah ! far sweeter was it in Hilding's vale than in King's hall, for Halfdan was childish and Helge rough.

When the feast is over and Ingeborg gone, Frithiof thinks of naught but her ; but this mood suits not Björn, who asks if the steeds do not stamp in their stalls, if *Ellide* does not strain at the anchor. And at length Frithiof apparently yields to his scornful speech, draws anchor, and sets sail to Bele's grave, where the old King's sons hold audience, and judge the causes of their subjects. Here Frithiof tells his love for Ingeborg, and pleads many a reason why he, the yarl's son, should wed with Bele's daughter.

But Helge speaks :

‘ Our sister is not for the Bonderson,’

and in coolness he offers Frithiof a place amongst his followers. But Frithiof scorns him, and in anger asserts that, as his father, he will be but his own man, and appeals to his ‘word Augurwadel to fly from the scabbard. The peace of the graves on which they stand alone saves Helge from its biting edge, but with a stroke Frithiof divides in twain Helge’s shield, that falls with a clang to the ground. In rage and scorn, with an admonition to his sword to now think of higher things, he leaves the hill, and sails homeward o’er the blue waters.

The fifth canto introduces a new character in the person of the aged King Ring, who sends scalds to Helge to demand the hand of Ingeborg ; but Helge, in obedience to his priest’s words, refuses, and in dread of King Ring’s vengeance, he places Ingeborg in Baldur Temple, where man may not enter to hold an interview with a maiden.

The sixth canto is composed in a peculiar metre in quatrains, but where the seventh and eighth lines rhyme with the third and fourth, the seventh being a double rhyme, and the first and second line of each quatrain being also double rhymes. This canto tells how Frithiof plays chess with Björn, but is interrupted by Hilding, who comes from the King’s sons to ask Frithiof’s assistance against King Ring ; but Frithiof only replies by hinting at the game, and telling Björn he will ‘risk his best to save the Queen.’ And now again the

scene changes. The next canto is entitled 'Frithiof's Joys,' and commences with his outburst to Bele's sons. Let their call to arms go from field to field—it troubles him not. In Baldur's hall, in Ingeborg's, he will forget their rage and all the cares of earth, and he cries unto Delling's son: 'Are there no maidens in the West, that he lingers yet over the hills and islands?' for until the sun sinks he may not go to Ingeborg. At length *Ellide* walks the waves, and he kisses the land where Baldur's temple stands. The brook, the flowers, the nightingale, all that surrounds the temple, are lovely, for Ingeborg is there. And then comes the meeting and the fear of Ingeborg; but Björn is posted on guard, and with his warriors would hold against the world. Why fear the wrath of Baldur? Frithiof asks the trembling maid. Did Baldur himself not love Nanna with self-same pains and self-same joys? And before Baldur's image they kneel, and offer him two hearts betrothed in truth. Ingeborg ever trembles lest the day should break. She hears the lark, but Frithiof says it is but a dove cooing to his mate. The red sun of her fears is but a watch-fire, and Frithiof would that the day-star lingered until Ragnaröck; but he feels the cool morning wind, and begging forgiveness of the sun for his wish, and entrusting Ingeborg to his care, with yet one kiss upon her forehead and yet one upon her lips, he cries: 'Farewell! farewell!'

And now follows one of the most beautiful of all the cantos. Written in blank verse, it flows on with sad, gentle feeling, gradually intensifying

in vigour as the monologue of Ingeborg turns into a passionate dialogue with Frithiof. The canto opens with Ingeborg's plaint :

'The day grows grey, and Frithiof comes not yet ;
And yet 'twas yesterday the Thing was held
On Bale's grave : the place was chosen well.
His daughter's lot shall there be decided.'

She watches the stars fade one by one as the morning grey overpowers them, and still he comes not, and then in her grief she pleads to Baldur for forgiveness, for earthly love is not pure before the eyes of the gods ; and then, as in her agony she vows to sacrifice her life's joy to Odin, she cries : ' There Frithiof comes ! How pale, how wild ! ' In his rage she reads their fate, and he gives her an account of the assembly on her father's hill. All Northland's sons were there in thick-set rows, with hand on sword, and shield by shield. On the Thing-stone sat Helge as a storm-cloud. To him Frithiof speaks of the danger threatening the kingdom, and begs for Ingeborg's hand. That granted, his arm and strength are Helge's, and with the applause on a thousand shields, and amidst cries of ' Give him Ingeborg, the fairest lily ; oh, give him Ingeborg ! ' he awaits Helge's answer. Hilding and Halfdan also plead for him, but ' idle every word.' The Bonderson might Ingeborg wed, but the temple-defiler is not worthy of Walhalla's daughter, says Helge with scorn, and he demands of Frithiof if he has not seen his sister in Baldur's temple. The warriors shout, ' Say no, say no, and Ingeborg is yours ! ' but Frithiof disdains a lie, and avows his acts,

and with low murmurs the warriors fall back from him. Death or exile is the punishment for this crime, but Helge, with feigned mildness, orders Frithiof to sail to the islands westward, and demand of Angantyr, the lord of these isles, the tribute due to Bele, and now to Helge. If in a year he returns with tribute, the bar is lifted from his head ; if not, for life must he remain an outlaw and accursed.

‘And thy decision ?’ eagerly asks Ingeborg. ‘Have I any choice ?’ is Frithiof’s reply. ‘Hangs not my honour on the deed ? I must away.’

‘Though Angantyr his gold
Had hidden deep ’neath Nastrand’s deathly waves.
Aye ; To-day, to sail.

Ingeborg : And thou wilt leave me.

Frithiof : No, no, I leave thee not ; thou followest me.

Ingeborg : It cannot be.

Frithiof : Oh, hear me, Ingeborg,

Thy clever brother Helge doth forget

That Angantyr was my brave father’s friend

As Bele was ; perchance that he will give

In peace what I demand ; If not, why then

Here at my side I have a sharp and swift

Ennobler. The gold I’ll send to Helge,

And free us both for ever and for aye—

Free from his priestly bond.’

With warmer words and tenderer accents Frithiof tells how *Ellide’s* sails shall bear them o’er the wave, for

‘A handful of the dust from off the graves
Where lie our fathers ’neath the silent hill.
There yet is room within *Ellide’s* breast.’

And with this on board they will sail away to the far South that Thorsten often spoke of, where lovely isles with marble temples lay floating

beneath a sky so blue, where storms were not. There in love they would live within one of these ruined temples a life of love and freedom ; around them should grow up a young temple folk

‘ With cheeks so fair to see, as tho’ the south
Had strewn o’er northern snows its roses fair.’

Ellide’s sails are set, fresh winds are blowing, but Ingeborg trembles, and says, ‘ I cannot follow thee,’ and in pleading words full of despairing love she tells Frithiof she must obey her fate. Helge is now her father, and Bele’s daughter must not steal her happiness ; they must part. ‘ Must ! And why ? ’ says Frithiof. Then follows a sharp passage of angry words from him, and sad, earnest words from her, which end in Frithiof’s angry cry :

‘ Good, then ; farewell, O sister of King Helge.’

But Ingeborg, in pleading words, asks if they must part thus. She recalls their young life. Her sacrifice is surely heavy enough. Will he not give her one sweet consoling word ? And when in wild fight or battling with the waves a sad figure floats before him, he will know it is Ingeborg, the pale maiden of Baldur’s temple, that greets him. Her thoughts will ever rest on him, and so she pleads until Frithiof speaks :

‘ Thou conquerest, Bele’s daughter. Oh, weep not.
Forgive mine anger : it was but anguish
Hid ’neath anger’s mien.’

He will fulfil his task, and then ask Helge ?
No, the Northern folk ; for their King’s daughter.
He takes from his arm the wondrous bracelet of

Waulund's forging, and places it on Ingeborg's arm,

‘Where like a glow-worm on a lily's stem it shines,’

and then with an ‘Adieu, my love, my bride,’ he is gone, and Ingeborg is left alone with sad forebodings, for the Nornen never yield, but go their way and laugh at even Augurwadel, on which Frithiof trusts. He may return again, but never more to Ingeborg.

This canto is so touching, and yet so forceful, and so full of pathetic pathos, that it is a task to condense it. One lingers over each line, and would fain give it in full.

The ninth canto is a short one, entitled ‘Ingeborg's Lament.’ Autumn is come. When the fresh May winds blow, Frithiof returns, but not to find Ingeborg. She will either lie in the dust or be sacrificed by her brother to King Ring.

From this plaintive little poem the scene and metre changes to the rush of the waves and the winds in the canto entitled ‘Frithiof at Sea.’ The metre is trochaic, and each strophe is divided into three verses, each verse having a special treatment. The first verse is composed of a rhymed quatrain, each line having two trochaic feet and a redundant syllable that cuts off the verse, and gives incisiveness and curt vigour to the lines. The middle verse is composed of two quatrains, each line having four troches and two double and two single rhymes, thus giving a smoother and more descriptive mood to the lines. The third verse, which is generally occupied with Frithiof's

words or thoughts of Ingeborg, is an unrhymed octave of three trochaic feet, the fourth and eighth lines being composed as the lines in the first verse, thus producing a medium between the vigour and roughness of the first and the smoothness of the middle verse.

The canto describes Frithiof on his voyage to the Western Isles (? Orkneys). Helge has sent, by his dark priestly magic, two evil Trolls to raise a storm. In spite of the winds and sea, as they pass Solundaro, an island at the mouth of the Sogne Fiord, Frithiof disdains to seek shelter behind it. Ingeborg would blush did her Sea Eagle fly from the wind-gusts to the land, for

‘ Gladly storm and Northman
Meet upon the sea.’

So forth they go, whilst the wind shrieks in the ropes, the white foam flies up to heaven, and the great dark gulf opens down to Hell. The storm increases. Frithiof takes an arm-ring and cuts it to pieces that his men may not meet Ran, the goddess of the waves, empty-handed ; but higher still the waves run until they sweep the deck. Then Frithiof calls Björn to the rudder, and climbs the mast to see what magic is at work, and he sees the two Trolls, Ham and Hejd, riding in glee on a whale. He calls to *Ellide* to do his bidding, and her sharp keel soon leaps upon the whale, and then, the Trolls defeated, the sky slowly lifts and the storm subsides.

The eleventh canto opens with the scene of the Hall of Angantyr filled with his men. At the window on the watch-stands old Halwar. One eye

on the sea, one on the horn that they pass out of the window to him full of mead ; at length he throws the horn (the poet takes care to say it was empty) into the hall, and cries he sees a ship upon the sea. It is Frithiof's, and the old Viking Atle springs to his feet with joy to try if it is true that Frithiof never begs for mercy. They meet on the shore ; Frithiof, tired with the sea, fights, but he conquers under peculiar and honourable circumstances, and then together they and their men go to Angantyr's Hall.

The civilization of the South had crept up to these Northern isles. Angantyr had benefited by his sea wanderings ; his fires were placed in marble chimneys, and not in the centre of the room. His windows were covered ; his doors had locks. Silver candelabra stretched forth their arms full of light. A fair maiden stood behind each warrior ; the Jarl sat upon his silver seat with gold helmet on his head, and a rich mantle, strewn with stars, thrown around him. He greets Frithiof as the son of his old friend Thorsten, and makes him stay the winter with him. Of tribute he had never given. Scot had he never paid. But he takes a richly-worked purse from his daughter, fills it with gold, and gives it to Frithiof as a gift of welcome, to do as he will with it ; but the winter must he remain as his guest.

With the first breath of spring Frithiof yearns to be again on the sea, and the twelfth canto describes his 'home-going.' For six days he steers, and on the seventh the low blue line rises in the air, and his land is seen. As he nears the

shore his falcon flies from Baldur's temple and perches on his shoulder—speaks in his ear as though it would tell some wondrous news. He leaps on shore, but to see his home burnt to the ground ; his dog Bran comes leaping to him ; his milk-white horse races neighing from the fields ; but all his old home is gone, and whilst in his astonishment and rage he wanders on, the old Hilding appears, and says :

‘ I wonder not at what I see ;
Woe to the nest if the eagles flee.’

And he tells Frithiof how Helge has kept his oath. (‘ His Eriksgasse ’ is a path of death and fire. This word ‘ Eriksgasse ’ is an expressive one given to the progress of a Scandinavian King when entering upon his kingdom after his coronation.) But Frithiof's thoughts fly to Ingeborg ; and to his inquiry, Hilding tells him how King Ring fell upon the land, Halfdan the laughter fought well, but Helge soon flew, but burnt Framnäs in his flight. King Ring demanded the land or Ingeborg, and to save his kingdom Helge gave Ingeborg ; and Frithiof bursts into a long complaint of the deceitfulness of women, and, alas ! of Ingeborg ; but old Hilding tells him he will repent of his thoughts of her—the fates alone must he blame ; and he tells of the deep grief of Ingeborg, of how as a sacrifice for Bele's kingdom she was led as a bride to the temple. Frithiof's bracelet Helge spied, seized from her arm, and hung upon Baldur's statue ; old Hilding hardly refrained from drawing his sword, but Ingeborg whispered :

'A brother, surely he might have spared me,
Much the heart bears, ere that it breaks.
All Father judgeth, I yield for his sake.'

'All Father judgeth!' growls Frithiof. 'I also have a mind to judge a little. To-night is Baldur's night—Midsummer night—and the King-priest holds sacrifice, the sister seller, the fire murderer. I also have a longing to judge a little.' And then the metre changes from the peculiar mixtures of amphiambic and trochaic to a quick trochaic movement in the canto entitled 'Baldur's Pyre'; it commences :

'Midnight sun on the mountain lay,
Blood-red dimly shining ;
It was not night, it was not day,
But night with day entwining.'

The fire in the temple was blood-red as the sun ; the priests stood around and stirred the brands, their stone knives in their hands. Helge served at the altar with crown on his head ; but hark ! there is a sound of weapons without, and a voice, 'Björn ! watch the door !' Helge knew the voice, and, pale with fright, sees Frithiof stalk into the temple. 'Here is the gold,' he cries ; 'take it, and then we fight to the death ;' and with mighty force he hurls the purse in Helge's face, who falls senseless and bleeding at the altar's feet. Then Frithiof sees his arm-ring on Baldur's statue, and he calls on him to give up his stolen goods. He seizes the ring, but it clings to the arm, and with a crash down falls the statue into the flames that leap high, and set fire to the temple ; a strong north wind aids the blaze, and soon Baldur's temple is a ruin.

From the hot action of this canto the poet passes on to Frithiof at sea as a fugitive; the metre again changes into a terse, curt verse, with alternate double and single rhymes. It commences:

‘Through summer’s night
Till morning light,
At watch on deck
With low bent neck,
Tho’ often turning
Where yet still burning
Are glowing brands:
The hero stands
With sorrow laden
For love of maiden.’

And with wondrous ease in this peculiarly tram-melled metre the poet sings of Frithiof at sea. Helge follows him, but his vessel sinks, as Björn had taken a little precaution to tap the bottoms of his ships. The King escaped, however, to land, and Frithiof laughs at him and his petty strength, and, bidding adieu to the Northland, he sails southward.

The following canto gives the code of Viking laws which Frithiof draws up for his heroes; these are written in anapæstic measure, each line having seven feet.

‘Build not tent on the ships, and sleep not in the house
as the enemy lurks behind walls.
Viking, sleep on thy shield, with thy sword in thy hand,
with the free clouds of heaven for thy halls.
With all-conquering Thor the hammer is short, but a
foot is the length of Frey’s sword.
That is enough; join the foe with a will, and ne’er will
“too short” be thy word.’

Some sage warnings are given upon women and wine. The former are to be protected on land,

but kept from on board ; the latter is Odin's gift, but guard against its over-use. The merchant is to be protected, but he is to pay for the protection.

'Thou art king of the slave of his gold, and his gold is not more than thy steel.'

The Viking is to fight boldly and fiercely, to give quarter freely ; a fallen foe is no more an enemy. Wounds are rewards, and honour a man ; and with these laws Frithiof's name and fame flew from coast to coast, but when he sat at the rudder and looked out over the heaving sea, his thoughts ever returned to Ingeborg :

'Where is Ingeborg now ? Doth she yet think of me ?

Do her thoughts ever fly o'er the main ?

Oh ! I cannot forget her ; how gladly I'd die, but to see her, to see her again.'

Three years have gone. How is the old lord now ? Has he not fame enough ? And he looks up and sees his flag pointing northwards. A south wind is blowing ; he will follow it homewards to the north ; and in the next canto, the sixteenth, he tells Björn of his intentions. Björn is quite willing to go, and wreak their rage on King Ring, but he cannot allow or understand that this voyage is only to say a calm adieu to Ingeborg. Why should a woman trouble his life ? Why, he will quickly get a cargo from the South—

'Red as roses, and like little lambs so tame.'

But all Björn's rough wit and warning is useless ; even his allusion to the fate of Hagbart does not move Frithiof, and he sails northward towards home and Ingeborg, determined to spend Yuletide

once more in her presence ; and Björn's sole satisfaction is that he promises Frithiof to revenge him fully, should his folly of going alone to King Ring lead to his death.

And now again the scene changes to the Court of King Ring, who at Yuletide is seated, his fair young wife beside him, at the Yule feast, when there creeps into the lower part of the hall an old man enveloped in skins, who takes his place at the board near the door, in the seat of the poor.

The young sycophants or 'spongers' of the Court laugh at the old beggar ; but he takes one young dandy, and stands him on his head, and the rest are silent. The King hears the noise, and demands that the old man comes to him, and asks angrily his name, his country, and his wishes. The old man answers that his name is 'Regret,' and his inheritance 'need,' and that he has heard of the King's wisdom, and is come to listen to it. Then the King commands him to throw off his bear-skins, and he does so, and stands up before the Court in blue velvet mantle with silver girdle, with gold bracelets on his arms and his sword by his side.

'As beauteous aye as Baldur, and yet like Thor he stood.'
The blood rushes to the pale face of the fair Queen that seemed

'Like to the maiden snow-field, lit by the northlight's glow.'

But a horn sounds, and there enters the hall, borne in on a silver dish, the boar of Frey, with garlands on its head and an apple in its mouth. It was the hour of the oath, and, laying his hand

upon the boar's head, the King says: 'Frithiof I have sworn to take, though none be brave like him. So help me Thor, and Odin, and great Frey.' The stranger jumps up from his seat and cries: 'Hear my vow, too, O King! I know Frithiof right well. He is my blood friend, and I swear to defend him, so help me my Nornen and my sword.'

The King is pleased with this boldness, and commands his wife to give the stranger wine. With trembling hand Ingeborg passes the wine to the stranger, and some of the red drops are spilt upon her fair hand.

And now the wine passed freely round, and the scalds sang of heroes' deeds, and sweet songs of Northern love; and even the songs of Hagbart and fair Signe were sung, and a joyous Yuletide they had, until

'They all went forth to slumber, so free from pain or care,
And old King Ring the aged with Frithiof the fair.'

The strong lights and shadows in this poem are so artistically brought out that a casual reader may see but the story, and not the passions which are underlying the actions described. In this Yuletide feast the anguish of Frithiof, and the tremor and yearning of Ingeborg, are barely hinted at, but how strong is their contrast to the jovial gaiety of all the guests at the board of King Ring!

But Tegner does not dwell upon these subjects. His action tells its story in this part of the poem, and from the Yuletide feast the reader is taken in the eighteenth canto to a

sleigh-ride over the ice. The metre again changes to sharp, quick, frosty, but rhyming couplets of iambics and dactyls. King Ring and Ingeborg go across the lake to a banquet :

‘Go not o’er the ice, the stranger cries,
For dark, and full deep, the cold bath lies.’

But King Ring laughs at his warning. His steeds are brought out, and stamp on the ice and fly like the wind o’er the lake ; and the stranger follows on his skates, overtakes them or winds around them as he will. He cuts runes in the ice, and fair Ingeborg is borne over her own name. But the false Ran lurks beneath the ice, breaks a hole in the silver roof of the lake, and all are sinking ; but the stranger seizes the manes of the steeds, and

‘With a single wrench of wondrous might,
Are steeds and sledge on the ice full light.’

With a shout of praise the old King says :

‘Even Frithiof the strong could not have done better.’

They return to the Court, and the stranger stays with them until the spring. The next canto runs trippingly on, the fifteen-syllable trochaic line. It reads pleasantly, and is an agreeable change from the last canto, as spring, with a south wind, is to winter, with its cold north-easter. It begins :

‘Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forest leaflets greet the sun.

Ever seaward, singing, dancing, see the ice-free brooklets run.

From the buds now peep the roses—sweet as Freya’s cheeks they glow ;

And the hearts of men awaken, love of life, and hope to know.’

The longing for the woods comes into the heart of the old King, and he will go a-hunting. His Queen shall go with him. The whole Court is in motion, and the stranger accompanies the King. Ingeborg, in all her beauty, is seated upon a white palfrey, half like Freya, the goddess of love, and half like Rota, the Walkyr, the judge of the combat. She moves more beautiful than both amidst the crowd. The old King soon tires of the chase, and falls out of the throng. The stranger stays beside him, and regrets the hour that he left the sea; he cannot forget the vow of Baldur's temple. Ah, it was not she, his bride, who had broken that vow, but the angered gods. As these regrets stream through his mind, they are passing beneath a shadowy dell, and the old King will rest awhile. The stranger begs him not to sleep there, but the King asks if his guest begrudges him a little sleep.

'Frithiof then threw down his mantle, spread it on the turf around;
With his head upheld by Frithiof, slept the King upon the ground.
Like a hero on his shield laid, after all the storm and fight;
Like a child whose mother guards it, through the long and silent night.

'As he slumbered, hark! a wild bird, black as night, doth hoarsely croak.

"Hasten, Frithiof, slay thy foeman—end the evil with a stroke;
Take the Queen, for she is thy bride, by the vow and kiss she gave;
Not a mortal eye can see thee, and all silent is the grave."

'Frithiof listened. Hark! a white bird sweetly sings: "O take thou heed,
If no mortal eye can see thee, Odin's eye will see the deed;

Murderer, wilt thou slay the sleeping ? Weaponless the
old King lies ;
Gain his Queen thou mayest, but—thy noble fame for ever
flies.”’

Frithiof draws his sword, but to throw it far from him into the depths of the woods, and as he does so the croaking bird of evil flies away into Nastrand, the kingdom of death ; but the white bird rises with notes like sweet harp-tones high into the heaven, and the old King awakes satisfied, for the sleep ‘has been worth much to him.’ But he asks, ‘Where is Frithiof’s sword ?’ and then he tells him he has not slept. ‘Thou art Frithiof.’ He knew him when he crept as a beggar into the hall, and would but prove him ; and now he says :

‘Weak and aged I am growing ; soon beneath the earth I
go.

Take my kingdom—take it, Junker ; take the Queen thou
lov’st, I trow.

Be my son until death meets me ; be my guest as thou
hast been.

Weaponless thou art but “Victor” : guard me, guard
my son, and Queen.’

Frithiof replies he came not as a beggar or a thief : he came but to look once more on his bride ; his old love blazed up again, and he remained if only to be near her ; but now he must go. The Temple Wolf he is called ; children cry at the sound of his name ; friendless in his own breast. No more peace can he have on the green earth ; Ingeborg he has lost. To the sea, to bathe the black bosom of his dragon *Ellide* in the salt waves. Amidst the clang of shields and hail of arrows, then there is peace in Frithiof’s breast : and with these passionate, despairing words the canto ends.

The next canto is headed 'King Ring's Death.' This is written in an alternative metre—trochaic and dactyls—that at first seems unsuitable to the subject, until the manner of the death is seen. Frithiof will leave the King, but the aged man says that death is near him; all must die, and the Straw death is not honourable to a Norse hero. He will cut the runes of Odin on his breast, and die as a King of the North. And deep upon his arms and breast he cuts the runes, and taking the hand of Ingeborg, and of Frithiof, and his little son,

'The brave noble soul to Walhalla was gone.'

And now again the metre changes to the death-song of King Ring :

'Deep in the hillside
Sits now the brave one,
Sword at his side and
Shield on his arm ;
Traber, the true one,
Near him is neighing,
Stamps with his gold shoe
The walls of the grave.'

The old King rides over Bifrost, that bends beneath his weight, and all Walhalla's heroes and fair ones hasten to do him honour, and Bragi greets him with a song.

But we are brought back to earth again in the twenty-second canto, in an iambic metre that has life and vigour in it :

'To Thing! to Thing! The house staff goes
O'er hill and dale ;
King Ring is dead ; to meet his foes,
A King we hail.'

The folk gather in the open field, 'neath heaven's dome, Frithiof raised above them upon a stone; near him is the little son of Ring 'with golden hair,' poetically thus alluding to the proof that he is Ingeborg's son.

' But Frithiof takes the little man
 Upon his shield ;
 " Behold your King ! " A murmur ran
 Through all the field.'

He is little to judge us, too young to lead us to the fight, but Frithiof says he has sworn to Baldur's son Forsete to set him on his father's throne. The boy sits on the shield for a while listening to this, but is soon tired. He leaps with a bold spring to the earth, and thus leaps into the hearts of his subjects, who greet him as their King. This done, Frithiof thinks of his bride. The Nornen have taken her from him, and they must give her back. Still were they angry, and, kissing their young King, he departs for the ruins of Baldur's temple.

Again the scene and metre change. A quiet, descriptive eight-line stanza of five iambics, with an occasional redundant syllable, is adopted, the alternate rhymes being single and double, and thus a quiet calm is introduced into the poem, greatly in contrast to the life and action of the former canto, and yet not wholly calm ; there is still the agitation that throbs in Frithiof's soul. He stands upon the hillock as the sun is sinking like a golden shield into the waves. He moves about amidst the trees, and by the river's side, where he played as a child ; the same birds are singing, the same branches waving. The birches are there that he

never passed without cutting a rune in their white trunks.

All, all is the same ; he only is changed. Yet, where is Framnäs ? Where is Baldur's temple ? And he pleads to heaven if there is no propitiation for his sin. He offers all he has to Baldur if but the burden be lifted, and the stain upon his shield be wiped away. To his father's spirit he cries to plead for him in Walhalla, but all is silent : the grave gives no answer. ' Hark ! the waves are singing ; soft are their tones. Oh, let a word come from them ! ' he cries. The sun is setting with golden rings ; hang but a sign upon them. But the sun sinks. The evening winds sing their cradle-song to mankind soft and mild ; but as the light so slowly dies, a picture forms in the sea, and as Frithiof in ecstasy gazes, a building of wondrous beauty rises, and rests where lay the temple's ruins. At its doors stand Urda and Skulda, the goddesses of the past and the future. Urda points to the old shattered ruins, whilst Skulda holds forth her hand to the miraged building of a new temple, and Frithiof knows that Baldur has forgiven him. He thanks his father for this sign. The temple shall again be built, more beauteous than before ; and in his joy he hails the stars and the northern light, that he shall no more look upon as the flames of a burning temple.

The last canto is entitled ' The Atonement.' It is unrhymed, and runs smoothly on, calmly descriptive. The building of the temple is finished, and its mighty blocks are mirrored in the waves.

Gold and silver and Northern marble have been lavished in its building, and now two by two step in twelve maidens draped in silver cloth, strewn with roses ; and before the silver statue of Baldur they dance around the newly dedicated altar-stone, and sing a holy song of Baldur—of how he was beloved by all, but fell by Hödir's arrow.

Frithiof stood leaning on his sword, and watched the dance, and heard the song, and the old youthful days came before him. He seemed to stand at the grave of his Viking life, and to be at peace with all the world ; and as Baldur's high priest came before him, he bowed his head to the silver-headed man who bid him ' Welcome here, son Frithiof.'

He had waited for him, for the wildest Berserker comes tired at last, for reason and for peace.

' The mighty Thor went often down to Jothunheim ;
But in spite the steel glove, nay spite the magic gurtel,
Still Utgard-Loki sits to-day upon his throne ;
For evil yields not unto power—itself a power.
Yet failing power, is pity as a child's play ;
It is, like to the sun's fair beams on Ægir's breast.
A wavering light that with the sun but leaps and falls ;
Untrustworthy, and shifty, for without ground.
But strength sans goodness e'en destroys itself,
Like to a buried sword.'

And so the high priest proves that earth is but a picture, and a copy of what has passed in Asgard. But Baldur lives again whene'er a child is born, for every human heart has its Baldur. But near it also the blind brother, Hödir, that busy Loki, leads to slay the Baldur.

He tells Frithiof that true atonement can be

but in death ; but be he reconciled with his enemy and with himself, then he is at peace with the God of Light. And he continues :

‘ A Baldur lives in the south land, a pure Virgin’s son,
Whom great All-Father sent in love upon the earth,
To read with clearness unto men the Nornen’s words,
That Destiny upon the great black shield hath writ.
Peace was his war-cry, love was his pure white sword,
And purity sat on him, dove-like for his helm.
In peace and love he lived, and taught ; died and forgave :
And under distant palms there stands his grave in light.’

The old priest does not yet know well his teaching, but in his better hours he has felt such teaching was the right, and after long discourse he says to Frithiof, ‘ Thou hatest Bele’s son,’ and then he tells how Helge is no more, at which Frithiof, who has been silent, starts up and asks, ‘ King Helge dead ? When and where ? ’ and he learns that, whilst with his army in Finnland, whilst trying to enter a closed temple by force, a statue had fallen and crushed him to death, Halfdan reigning in his stead ; and with him must Frithiof make his peace, and sacrifice his hate upon the altar, or useless is the building and useless the old priest’s words. As he speaks, Halfdan enters the temple. Frithiof lays aside his sword and shield, and unarmed meets him with outstretched hands. Halfdan takes off his glove, and the long-separated hands close upon one another in

‘ A mighty handshake, true and strong, as tower of rock.’

The priest then lifts the curse from Frithiof, and he is again a free man, no longer banned, no longer ‘ Warg i Weum.’

And as he raises his head he sees entering, dressed as a bride, his fair Ingeborg, followed by many maidens. She sinks upon her brother's breast, who lifts her gently up, and gives her into Frithiof's care, and joins their hands at Baldur's altar.

And so ends the saga of Frithiof the Viking. If in this condensation I have shown the wealth of subject-matter within it, the pleasant task is well ended.

GEORGE MÜLLER AT HOME

A WONDERFUL life, almost, yet not quite, unique, for even George Müller had an example that he followed. His was, indeed, a faith that moved mountains, and brought about, to human ideas, the impossible.

The quiet, simple, unostentatious life is ended. A long life, contemporary almost with the nineteenth century, and standing out clearly defined, amidst all the mighty events and onward pressing of the multitudes of this epoch-making era, as a life lived for the good of humanity.

I well knew how, up to what men would term old age, Mr. Müller had lived, though handling tens of thousands of pounds, in the most simple fashion, even in a poor street, with an almost squalid outlook, keeping one maidservant only, his wife content so to live that no money sent for the orphans should be used for their personal needs—nay, that money sent especially for their own needs should rather go to the orphans.

Since Mr. Müller gave up living at 21, Paul's Street, Bristol, he occupied rooms in the orphanage, and it was in these rooms that I had a long chat with him upon his life and work, and to these

rooms I went again, after I had watched the plain oak coffin containing his earthly remains borne from the door.

On between long lines of deeply sorrowing—aye, weeping—orphans they bore him, and all the multitudes of the western city lined the streets in tens of thousands to pay a last reverential tribute to the orphans' friend, who for nearly seventy years had worked amongst them.

His working-room, his study, was just as he had left it—a plain, homely room, its luxuries being an easy-chair and a couch; for Mr. Müller's many years caused it to be necessary that he should sometimes recline; but the couch had a reading-stand affixed over it, and the light from the window fell on the open page. A lovely expanse of view is seen from the window; from it one looks out over open country and hill-side, and elms with cawing rooks, away to the village of Stapleton, where the church bells rang a muffled peal as the long funeral procession bore onwards the remains of George Müller to the grave.

Not many books were on the table: a Hebrew Bible, a little German volume—"Thautropfen auf dem Pilgerwege" (Dewdrops on the Pilgrim Road). Two book-cases contained, not books, but the multitudinous papers Mr. Müller had to supervise; and on the table were other papers with weights laid on them, for up to the night of his death he was supervising the work. His bedroom was, if possible, simpler; and the sole difference between his two rooms and those of the other workers in the orphanage was that here a plain

paper took the place of colour on the walls. No reception-rooms, no luxurious withdrawing-rooms, as the head of so vast an establishment might, according to general ideas, have had.

Self was abnegated ; his life was in his work, and that work wholly occupied him.

I was struck when speaking with him, when about ninety years of age, at his manner of keeping his eyes closed even while speaking. As he sat before me, he looked in this old age, one who had lived a well-ordered life, bodily and mentally—a fine, tall, spare man, with high forehead, and with dark eyes that sparkled as you touched upon some subject that appealed to his interest, making him raise his eyelids and look brightly out. I have said that even he had his prototype, and I first saw his eyes look out at me when I referred to Hallé, the German town, where in his wild young days he had seen the work of that prototype. ‘Yes,’ he said ; he had taken the idea of working for the orphans from Francke, the founder of the Hallé Orphanage.

To read the life of Francke is like reading chapters from the life of George Müller, except that Francke was studious and industrious in his youth, whilst Müller was gay, and a veritable young spendthrift.

Francke became a preacher and a great friend of the poor, and when he once got thirteen shillings he cried out : ‘That’s a grand capital ; with that something good must be instituted. I will commence a school for the poor.’ And just as Müller began with two orphans, so Francke began his

school with two rooms in his own house, and his orphan-house with four children. Just one passage from Francke's life to illustrate how exactly as his prototype Mr. Müller lived.

Whilst Francke's orphanage was building, in the year 1699, one Saturday night, the one who had to pay the masons came to him for the money, but he had none. 'Is none come?' asked the paymaster. 'No, but I have faith in God,' said Francke; and, hardly were the words spoken, when a student was announced, and Francke went out to him. 'He had come,' he said, 'to bring thirty Thalers,' but from whom he would not say. So Francke went back to the paymaster, and asked him how much he wanted. 'Thirty Thalers,' was the reply. 'Here they are,' said Francke; 'is anything more wanted?' 'No,' was the answer. On another occasion the bursar of the orphanage came for money. 'But you have had the last Thaler yesterday,' said Francke. 'But there are the woodcutters, and the women who wash the children—they are poor, and must be paid.' 'This time I have nothing,' said Francke; 'but God knows there is an orphan-house here, and we have nothing.' 'That's true,' said the bursar, and went away; but as he left the door, a wagon of wheat came up that a good friend had sent, and before an hour had elapsed five Thalers in money came in.

To read the lives of Francke and Müller together is most interesting. Mr. Müller told me that, some fourteen years ago, he went and lectured in Hallé, and was most heartily received. England

owes, therefore, much to Hallé beside the gift of the great composer Handel.

Mr. Müller's memories of Germany were very interesting. He remembered Berlin—the *Weltstadt*, as now they call it—when it held but 150,000 inhabitants; but it was more of his own work and life upon which I wished to talk with him, and he told me of his early preaching days at Teignmouth, and then of his coming up to Bristol, and being associated with Mr. Craik, who for so many years was a partner with him in his good work. When he began, with earnest prayer, to look after the orphans, there were but very few in all England that could find a home in an orphanage; but, thanks largely to Mr. Müller's teachings, all that is changed, so that there are often vacancies in this home for any who have lost either father or mother.

That Mr. Müller became a second father indeed to his little waifs and strays was most pathetically proved at his funeral. As the long lines of young ones followed their benefactor's coffin, many were weeping sorely, and in the following days, when they heard his name left out of their prayers, some said to their teachers: 'It does seem so strange to leave Mr. Müller's name out of our prayers;' and others said: 'If we were not orphans before, we are now.'

Just as a working man remarked to me in the crowd at the cemetery: 'They will feel this more than the loss of their own parents; perhaps they were too young then to know what it meant.'

His life was a most remarkable lesson in very

many ways. I have said few books were in his rooms, and he is reputed not to have been a great reader; he spoke seven languages, and read others; but, as he said whilst speaking with me, he found English the easiest of all the languages to speak in. His usual habit was to rise at 6.30, breakfast at 7.30, and to be at his work at 8, and work on, even in his ninth decade, until 5 o'clock. He was abstemious, though not a teetotaller; and, unlike so many Germans, no smoker. In all his life, in all his actions, the strength of prayer was ever with him. The Bible he read through carefully four times a year.

When younger, he would remain on his knees wrestling in prayer for three or four hours at a time, but in later years this he did not do, but ever prayed. When his comrades went to him upon any matter, he always asked for guidance before going into it.

An illustration of how, in the common acts of life, if he wanted anything, he would pray for it, was told me by Mr. Welshman, one of his oldest helpers. A master was trying to open a gate, but the key would not turn. There was something wrong, and the gate would not open. Whilst the man was trying, Mr. Müller was seen coming, and to get it open for him efforts were redoubled, all in vain. But just as he came near, suddenly it opened. 'Ah,' he said, smiling, 'I was praying you might open the gate.'

His death has had a great effect upon many of the children, and some are striving to be good, that he may be pleased with them. No alteration

has been made in the administration or ways and means of the homes. As Francke said, 'God knows there is an orphan-house there,' and especially will there be no attempt in any way to seek subscriptions; they must come, as hitherto, by the hand of God.

It seems somewhat sad that so great a man should leave no child to carry on his marvellous work; but his only son died in infancy, and his only daughter is also dead. His son-in-law, Mr. Wright, who for so many years worked with him, and of late has been, under Mr. Müller, the director of this vast orphanage, succeeded him as the responsible head of these orphan homes, but he too is now dead. For over seventy years the homes have been continuously sustained by prayer, and we scarce can doubt but that the good work will go on, although George Müller's spirit no longer works here in an earthly body, to pray for and direct them.

OSBORNE

THE island home of Queen Victoria has surely a history unique, in that it was bought, built, beautified, and developed, until it had become an ideal home of beauty and homely comfort ; and yet to be a royal residence for one life only. The life of Osborne as a royal residence embodies the life of the good Queen Victoria, and nowhere is that epithet 'good' more tenderly and pathetically uttered than by the folk who live around Osborne.

Every human being there, and in the villages around, has felt the gentle elevating influence of her presence ; and there are those still living near Osborne who can tell of the wretched state of the peasant and labourer in the district before the Queen and Prince Consort, in 1845, bought for £26,000 the first portion of the Osborne estate from Lady Isabella Blackford, thus taking over the portion of land that afterwards was added to, until the present royal demesne was acquired.

It was on June 23 that the Queen and Prince Consort laid the first stone of the building that was afterwards called the Pavilion ; and from that date until the Prince's death they took keen delight in adding to and beautifying a spot that Nature had already done so much for.

The possibilities of garden terraces looking down on to green lawns, with peeps between varied trees and flowering shrubs, were quickly seized upon by the Prince Consort, and year by year the place developed—the spot where so homely, so calm a life could be led. Great State matters intervened, for at Osborne for many a long year English history was made or sealed ; but the life here was a peaceful one ; and the royal visitors were shown the developments of the farm at Barton ; were taken into the cottages of thatchers and ploughmen—for both Queen and Prince were keenly interested in their people, and let few things slip their observation.

One little incident will prove how the presence of foreign potentates did not prevent the Prince chatting with his humbler neighbours. It was in the year 1854, when Osborne had developed into a right royal residence ; four of the children were down with scarlet fever, and the King of Portugal had to make the royal yacht his home during his stay at Osborne. But he came ashore and rode about the island with the Prince Consort ; and, passing the village school garden, the Prince saw an unusual fire burning there. King and suite had to halt whilst the Prince shouted to the schoolmaster and the man with him as to what the fire meant. Running to the garden hedge, the master explained : it was a tar-barrel being burnt out. ‘ But why ? For what purpose ? ’ asked the Prince. ‘ To make a clean tub for the pig’s food, Your Royal Highness,’ was the answer ; and this had to be explained. And then came a

short chat on the garden generally, whilst Don Pedro and his friends waited on their horses for the end of this village colloquy on the pig's food-barrel. It was such homely chats as these, and the ever-courteous salute, returned even to a village child, that soon made these two royal 'Overruns'—as the islanders then dubbed all who came from the mainland—quickly beloved.

Queen and Prince, in their early married days, strolled freely about the village roads, and one day, without umbrellas, they were caught in a sharp rainstorm, and took shelter in the rustic porch of the village post-office, where the good dame, not knowing to whom she was speaking, quickly produced a homely gingham umbrella, and pressed the loan of it upon them—a loan that was accepted; and the young couple went back to Osborne under the old dame's gingham. But how royally and pathetically was that loan repaid! A footman brought a five-pound note on the following day, which was at first refused by the village dame and her husband, until the royal servant assured them they must take it; but it was also the commencement of a friendship between the Queen and the family at the post-office which, years after, when the Queen was drawing near her own end, culminated in a most touching incident. At the date of the loan of the umbrella there was a little daughter at the post-office who was deaf and dumb; and when she had grown to a middle-aged woman, and was lying sick unto death, the Queen called upon her, sat by her bedside, and chatted with her upon her

fingers ; and when some would have interrupted, thinking the deaf and dumb sick woman was retaining the Queen too long, the Queen made a sign that she was not to be interrupted, and went on with the talk ; and then, rising to bid the deaf and dumb woman adieu, stooped down and kissed her.

How different this to the Lady Bountiful type of visitor ! Small wonder when the Queen died the old people said: ' Ah, this is a bad day for the island ! '

One other incident of this homely kindness, and this one at the village school. One day, at one of their unannounced visits, on the entry of the Queen and Prince Consort, of course the children all suddenly stood up, and a boy named Brown, in his haste, fell over the stool, and bruised his head severely. The royal pair saw the lad's head bathed, and then had him placed in the royal carriage and driven to his home, the attendant holding an umbrella over his head to keep off the sun, Queen and Prince waiting in the village school until their carriage returned.

The Prince occupied himself eagerly with the work on the estate, going out with the steward, Mr. Andrew Toward, to see, say, a new clod-crusher at work ; or with the Queen visiting the new cottages, and ascending the stairs to see that the sleeping-rooms were well ordered. Every person on the estate has some personal memento, some present direct from the Queen ; and into this homely life the royal children fully entered. One of the most interesting things in the Osborne grounds is the great number of trees planted by royal and distinguished persons. The planting of

memorial trees was always a great hobby of Queen Victoria's.

Two of the earliest of these famous trees are two myrtles growing at the east end of the lovely Lower Terrace Walk; and how history speaks in the inscriptions that were placed upon them! On the one were these words:

'This myrtle was raised from a sprig of the wreath placed on the head of H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg (father of H.R.H. the Prince Consort) when lying in state at Gotha, February 2, 1844.'

On the other myrtle were placed the words:

'This myrtle was raised from a sprig cut off the nosegay presented to the Queen on leaving Gotha, September 3, 1845, by H.R.H. the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Gotha and Altenburg (grandmother to H.R.H. the Prince Consort).'

And if these two trees are historically interesting, a knowledge of all the trees planted by famous men and women in Osborne grounds would give interesting glimpses of English history during the Victorian era—many, of course, planted by the children—from those planted by the Princess Royal in the first year of the Osborne occupation to that one planted by the same royal lady near those picturesque bronze stags in the month of May, 1889. Here stood the invalided soldiers from South Africa on the morning the white-palled coffin of the Great White Queen was borne past.

Osborne has throbbled with the events that have agitated England, and many of these trees are mementoes of the visits of England's allies. Near

the Swiss Cottage is a tree planted by the King of Sweden, and in the nursery walk one planted in 1861 by the ill-fated Maximilian, afterwards Emperor of Mexico.

In 1857 both the Emperor and Empress of the French planted trees on the lawn, when they paid a memorable visit to Osborne, to strengthen the Anglo-French alliance, sealed in blood by the Crimean War.

This war had one curious effect at Osborne. There was an annual fête the villagers always looked forward to, when all were invited to Osborne grounds for tea and sports, and good music from the band of the Guards or Marines ; but in the Crimean year all the bands were at the war, and so the Queen's pipers had to fill their place.

It was at one of these village gatherings, when Queen and Prince strolled about amidst their humble neighbours, and watched their feats of running and jumping, that in a hurdle race a man fell and broke his back ; and never again was hurdle-racing allowed in Osborne grounds.

The family life at Osborne was very perfect ; hard study for the children alternating with pleasant recreation ; but one of the instructive features was the gardening and hard work for the boys, and the household work for the girls. The garden for the royal children was begun in 1850, and was planted by their own hands ; but the Swiss Cottage, that was to be their own house, garden, workshop, and museum, was not commenced until 1853, when on May 6 they laid the foundation-stone of this interesting building ; and in May of the follow-

ing year it was completed, and in July they arranged their museum in it.

In this cottage the young Princes had their workshops and their plots of ground; and the Princesses did the household work, often preparing a meal for father and mother, who strolled down from Osborne to partake of it.

But all this homely idyllic life (and surely the grounds of Osborne, if beautified by man, are yet so full of Nature's beauty that they are an idyll in themselves) was often disturbed by the inroad of foreign royalties.

In 1856 the Prince spoke of Osborne as their 'haven of repose,' but soon afterwards he had to say that the haven was selected 'by all sorts of exalted personages for visits, a total *bouleversement* of its original purpose.' What State documents have gone out of those simple lodge gates!—from the sharp reprimand, one may almost say, to the King of Prussia from the Queen in 1854, to the momentous observations by the Prince Consort on the *Trent* affair, when England and America nearly came to blows.

And after the Prince Consort's death, here the Queen found her truest repose. It was in the church that he had planned, and beneath the monument she had erected to his memory, she loved to sit. And she forgot not those who had visited Osborne in her young wedded days. On the day of the Emperor Napoleon's funeral (January 15, 1873) she planted a tree to his memory; and the year before the Prince of Wales (now King Edward), planted a cedar of Lebanon

to commemorate his recovery from his terrible illness ; this was planted in the nursery walk. No wonder the people of Whippingham and Cowes say, ' How could he give up all these happy home memories ?'

Another tree planted in the nursery walk brings up other memories ; for in 1877 Lord Beaconsfield was asked to add a tree to this historic plantation, that outrivals by far the royal plantation of Lord Rosebery on the Dalmeny estate.

The development of the Osborne estate was steadily carried on from the first occupancy in 1846 until that lovely avenue that led from the Queen's Lodge to the Prince's Gate was taken in ; and as compensation the Queen gave the new road that leads directly from East Cowes to Whippingham Church.

It was in November, 1848, that the new clock-tower was finished, which, with its sister tower, forms so noticeable a feature of Osborne from the Solent, and from whence the chimes rang out so piercingly and significantly when that white-palled coffin was borne from those glass doors.

In the early Osborne days the Queen attended Whippingham Church, and sat in a square pew in the south transept, blue curtains on brass rods topping the panelling of the pew, to hide the royal worshippers from the few curious visitors, who sometimes stood on the seats in the gallery to look down upon the Queen. Then in 1855 a new chancel was built to the old church, and little tables for the books were provided, with chairs instead of pews. ' It isn't like a church,' said the

villagers. But in 1859 the Prince Consort decided upon the designs for a new church, and the present building was erected, that has become a mausoleum, full of the deepest interest to the English nation.

Neighbouring farms and houses were bought, and adjoining houses and cottages added to the estate; and simultaneously with these outdoor additions and improvements the house within was altered and beautified, until the present delightful residence was attained. In 1880 a prayer-room was commenced, but this was not finished until 1884; and the Council Chamber, and the wonderfully richly decorated Indian Hall and the Chapel, are all developments of later years.

To-day the estate covers over 2,000 acres, and has cost in actual purchase-money about £80,000. Add to this all the sums spent in altering, enriching, and beautifying grounds and houses, and one can begin to realize what it is the King has given to the nation as a Coronation thanksgiving offering. Within doors the house is very beautiful—not redolent, as are some great houses, of riches, of opulence, of wealth, but breathing beauty, in keeping with the sweet vistas, between the green lawns, of the blue Solent. From the Queen's entrance, through the glass doors of which her beloved form had so often passed, out to the Tea Mound on the lawn facing it, one entered a corridor lined with statuary and palms, leading into the drawing and other rooms. The drawing-room was rich, but not overloaded, with statuary and crystal vases, and lit from crystal chandeliers.

It was this room that was transformed into that wondrous *Chapelle Ardente*, and here, amidst the marble pillars that supported the ceiling, lay the coffin with the mortal remains of the royal mistress, who had so striven to make every one happy around her.

Her own mode of living was simple in the extreme. Each day full of work, especially in the Prince Consort days, when they were early risers, sometimes going down to the Swiss Cottage for a breakfast that had been prepared by the Princesses. In those days down on the beach there stood the Queen's bathing-machine, of the old type, with a hood to it; this was superseded in later years by the floating bath. After breakfast came the work of the day—State work, and all the supervision of the home affairs, the farm and estate, which entailed frequent walks and drives. Lunch was generally about two o'clock, and afternoon tea was in fine weather taken upon the favourite Tea Mound, under the dark winter oak-tree (ilex), that gave agreeable shade.

Then came the pleasant afternoon for study—for the Queen was ever at school—for music, or visits. And if the Queen was ever busy with the head, so was she with her hands; and many a warm comforter or hood knitted with her own hands is shown with pride by the old folk of the district.

After that long day at Bristol, one of her last great State appearances, when, late on that November afternoon, she was once more settled in the train for Windsor that she had left in early morn-

ing, she took out her knitting, and beguiled the journey with work. One of her daily tasks was to revise the Court circular, and a reference to this would give the names of those with whom she dined ; but it does not give the care and thoughtfulness she ever bestowed on seeing her guests were at their ease. On one occasion a gentleman was at the table who had been told the etiquette was not to speak until the Queen had spoken to him ; but he overheard the royal dame say to one of her daughters : ‘ —— is not talking ; speak to him : make him talk.’ Just as when she entered a village cottage, and took the proffered chair, and at once made the humble occupants feel a friend was with them, so in her royal home she made all feel her friendly presence, and one can understand the glistening that comes into the eyes of dwellers near Osborne House as they tell you of her kindly, motherly, yet royal presence. One of her last visits outside Osborne gates was on January 1, 1901, to the convalescent home at East Cowes, to talk to the invalided soldiers. She died on the 22nd. And it will be to recall such deeds as this, mingled with true tact and able statesmanship, that, now Osborne is thrown open to the nation, crowds will visit this beauteous island home of Victoria the Good.



THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA

IN THE 'CHAPELLE ARDENTE'

(*At Osborne, January, 1901*)

I HAVE passed slowly through the *Chapelle Ardente*, where lies all that is mortal of our revered Queen. By one of those strange mishaps that seem to threaten disappointment to our hopes, but yet doubly fulfil them, I was prevented from accompanying a group permitted to pass through the chamber; but this mishap it was, that enabled me to be there, alone! With what a rush of thought, but yet too conscious of all that strangely lovely, yet terribly sad, scene meant to England—nay, to the world.

Ushered in at the door of Osborne House by a white-headed veteran, whose medals showed his long service, with reverent steps I passed up through the corridor lined with palms, between which stood the tall figures in red of the Guards. Then onward, and in a dim light I saw, standing with half-bent heads, the faithful Indian servants, a Highlander, and a nurse; then, as I neared them, a whisper came in my ear from the old page: 'Do not linger; the Queen is coming.' I thought

of the well-known figure leaning on her stick, and supported, perchance, by her Indian secretary. That was the figure brought to my vision by the words 'The Queen is coming'; but as I turned, there in the centre of the room lay, low down, the red-draped coffin, with, at the head, laid upon purple velvet, the little diamond crown and the ribbon of the Garter with the diamond shoulder-clasp; and, like a revelation, as with bent head I slowly strayed near, the thought flashed into existence, that there lay the Queen I had momentarily pictured as about to enter. That little crown I had last seen her wearing, amidst the vast crowd of imperial and royal guests at her granddaughter's wedding at Coburg, was resting now on the coffin. 'The Queen coming' is now the stately figure of Alexandra.

This comes clearly to me, as I pace alone with awed steps, past the immobile Guardsmen of the Queen's own regiment. All around are wreaths of the purest and sweetest flowers, hung between drooping palms. I scarcely look up, but I see tapestry and pictures between the ferns and wreaths. Around the lowly coffin are white flowers, fit emblems of the pure Court, lovingly enforced by the noble example of her most well-beloved Majesty.

Onward past the Guards at the foot, leaning with half-bent head on their reversed weapons. I halt for a brief, very brief, space, as I pass up on the other side, and try to grasp the vastness of this moment, here by the side of the coffin that holds the Great White Queen, whose death

has shaken the world into tears. The mother of vast nations lies there—nations unknown when the crown of England first weighted her brow, to rest upon it for sixty years. I passed on between an immobile officer in naval uniform and the statuesque military guard at the head ; then out again, past the solemn, sad faces of the Indians and nurse, down, as in a maze, so full was my brain of what I had witnessed, behind palms and Guards, and out into the clear light of a January day in the gardens of Osborne.

Such was the impression wrought on my brain as I was within the presence-chamber of our dead Queen ; but I was enabled afterwards, in conversation, to learn that the cushion on which the little crown was laid was of deep red and not of purple, and that beneath the royal red cloth was the Royal Standard, enfolding the coffin, as it were, but, by special wish of the King, without a fold in its emblems. The ermine robe of the Garter was also there about the coffin, but I had passed it unnoticed, though I noticed there were some scarlet flowers, azaleas and tulips, and some violets. How often, upon entering a *chapelle ardente*, where some monarch or mighty personage is lying in state, the odour of the flowers is overpowering and saddening. Here it was not so. The pure winds from the Solent could permeate the room, and the scent of the flowers was but delicate. There seemed in the scheme of colour, of prevailing red and white, naught of sadness, and the pure flowers spoke of the life lived by her enshrined for ever in the heart of England,

and living now, or 'our hope is also vain,' the higher life, and yet aiding England.

But this chord of the soul's hope vibrated more intensely on the following day, when at the little village church a most quiet and simple, but intensely pathetic, service was held for the village mourners, who are mourners indeed, and for the King and Queen, the Emperor of Germany, and all the children and grandchildren of the well-beloved Queen Victoria.

Here, in this little church, in the old days, the Queen sat in a square pew on the south side of the church, but in the present building in the south aisle of the chancel. I was early at the church, and from the seat I was favoured with in front of the south aisle, I could watch the sad faces and deep mourning of all as they silently took their places, enhancing the deep pathos of the moment. Just opposite me in the north transept, in black overcoat, was Earl Roberts. How impressively the service was read by the rector, and with what subdued pathos the hymns the Queen loved, as 'O God, our Help in ages past,' were sung by the villagers and congregation !

How strange seemed the words, 'O Lord, save the King,' to those who from childhood had known only the 'Queen' ! It was after the General Thanksgiving, and before the Communion Service, that a pause was made, filled by appropriate music by the Queen's Master of Music. 'Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,' and other pieces, were most tenderly played while the congregation

all stood. Then at the south door entered the King and Queen, but no more to see their aged mother take her seat near the south transept wall. The whole chancel aisle was filled with the Royal Family, and the Bishop of Winchester, when all had entered, commenced the Communion Service.

Many eyes were dimmed as for the first time in his presence the prayer went up to Heaven 'to so rule the heart of Thy chosen servant, King Edward.' He was kneeling there by his wife's side, where his royal mother had knelt and prayed for his boyhood and manhood. And deeply moved were all present by the manly, yet pathetic, sermon by the Bishop. But the exact words of that sermon all will read. My task has been but to give, if possible, a picture of the village church and congregation on this epoch-making Sunday.

THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA

FROM OSBORNE DOORS TO PORTSMOUTH

HERE in the island home is the real funeral, the real parting and severing of all the loving bonds that have so bound and linked Victoria the well-beloved to family and friends, to tenants and neighbours—aye, to all who have seen her go out and in amongst them for sixty years.

‘It’s a sad day for the island,’ was the exclamation of a peasant islander ; and the crowds that clustered over the route from Osborne House to the Trinity Wharf were, largely, real mourners for a personal friend who had loved them.

How marvellous was the weather on this first of February, 1901 ! ‘Queen’s weather to the very last,’ was a frequent exclamation overheard as I passed up between the mustering troops, in that brilliant sunshine, to the Prince of Wales’s Lodge, and in through the White Gate across the greensward, under the oaks to the Queen’s entrance, and over to the soft lawn by the Tea Mound, where so often in summer sunshine the Queen, now to pass those doors for the last time, has sat with her family and friends around her in happy joyous-

ness. The quadrangle between Princess Beatrice's entrance and the wing on the opposite side is empty ; the doors of the Queen's entrance are closed ; above on the tall campanile tower floats the Royal Standard. All is so still and silent, so peaceful and beautiful, one cannot think of death ; but there floats at half-mast that standard, saying so sadly, she is dead. The chimes ring out a quarter to one, and soon the Rector of Whippingham is seen to cross over the quadrangle, a voice here and there is heard, then there appears in the avenue the mass of moving red, as the Queen's Grenadiers, with an officer bearing the Queen's colours, advance. Then there slowly pass by in knots and groups the tenants, with wives and children, even to the babies, and the very aged and infirm ; they pass on to take up a position that they may pay their last respects to their friend and Queen. Some Highlanders in tartan cross the quadrangle, and then twelve blue-jackets : and a hush runs through the troops and the very few standing near, for their sad duty is known.

What a touch of history and of pathos comes next in a group of convalescents from the Boer War, with their matron and nurses, some in khaki, but all muffled in overcoats, and, with a gentle touch of care, coming behind them is borne a row of chairs that they may not stand too long ; these all pass us, and take up their position by the bronze stags some little way towards the Queen's Gate, troops and bands now filling the drive.

Then a shiver runs through one as a khaki-painted gun-carriage comes rumbling up and takes

up its position on the right of the door. The Queen's Guards march and form across the quadrangle, and their colours are raised and lowered; the officers' commands echo loudly against the walls. Some German officers, in their grey overcoats, cross over to the Queen's entrance. The head-quarters staff draw near on the other side of the lawn, in vivid colour and brilliant uniforms. I see across to the quadrangle and down the long drive the sad groups of mourners divided by the bright soldiery. Superintendent Fraser gives the orders to the police who are to be near the King.

Then comes an intense silence and hushed suspense. The King and royal mourners come out, and from the right-hand side of the portal is seen to emerge the white-palled coffin. It is placed on the gun-carriage; the Guards salute, the order rings out, and they march slowly towards us with reversed arms, then divide and form an avenue. Then in a few moments the coffin moves slowly from the door; the Queen's Highlanders, followed by the two pipers, are before it, and as they enter the drive their pibroch bursts forth, weird and mournful, rising and falling; and behind them, hidden by the rich white silken pall, the coffin containing all left on earth of the good Queen Victoria. Upon it gleamed two orbs, cross-surmounted, one jewelled, the sceptre and the crown, and between these, thrown in loose folds, the royal standard of England. The pibroch wails beneath the trees, the gun-carriage passes, surrounded by men high in rank in navy and army, covered with honours for work done for England; then comes, with

head erect and with firm, fixed expression, the King, and looking a King ; but with a look on his face that seemed to suggest the tightly strung emotion, yet the firm, enforced will to go through with the ordeal ; near him walked the only brother left him, the Duke of Connaught, and the German Emperor, and behind them a great group of Princes.

Then came the saddest group of all, in deepest black—the deeply veiled women—walking humbly, sadly walking, their last tribute to their loving mother ; for royal women though they be, yet their sorrowing womanhood and their touching reverence to the lost mother and Queen stirred all hearts with pity. Sadly the dark group passed on, followed by the members of the household, a vivid spot of colour amidst them being three Indians in red robes, and servants and the tenants ; and with them I, too, passed on, and drew near the quiet, plain, arched gate known as the Queen's Gate ; then the wail of the pipes ceased, and the deep, thunderous roll of many muffled drums broke in thudding blows and continuous roll on the ear, and as the gate was neared the strains from the massed bands burst forth with the sad harmonies of Chopin's Funeral March.

Out through the gates, in betwixt the troops and the clustered masses of the island folk, the procession wound on slowly down the York Avenue ; but by another road I was enabled to take up a position opposite the Trinity Wharf long before it arrived, and once more I saw pass by, in the close little streets, that intensely sad cortège, yet vividly brilliant procession of Guards and gun-carriage,

with that hidden coffin, the crown and orbs glittering in the sun ; then King and Kaiser, and the daughters of the good Queen, one now Queen herself, but for long, long years beloved as Princess Alexandra.

On past the massed bands the procession slowly, very slowly, moved to the arched gate of the Trinity Wharf, where the *Alberta*, that was to bear the Queen to the mainland, lay moored. I had been on board the *Alberta* earlier in the day, and seen the canopy and tent that was to protect from the weather her reverently guarded burden. No black hangings shrouded the low dais on which the coffin was to rest ; royal red was the prevailing tone, plush lined with white silk, and the waterproof hangings were looped up ; for no clouds threatened the necessity of letting them close in, from view of the men of the fleet, the white-palled coffin of their Queen.

Then, when the coffin had been borne on board, there came a long pause, and I went from the wharf out along the beach to Old Castle Point, whence I could look back into Cowes Harbour, and out across to West Cowes Castle, where the Royal Yacht Squadron would fire their salute. Before me was the guardship *Australia*, the *Victoria and Albert*, and *Osborne* ; the white *Hohenzollern*, the Kaiser's yacht ; and the first four of the great line-of-battle ships — the *Alexandra*, *Camperdown*, *Rodney*, and *Benbow*.

It was exactly at 1.40 that I had seen the white coffin glide out from the Osborne doors ; it was at 3 o'clock that the first cannon-shot told us the



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Queen was coming from Cowes ; then other guns belched forth flame. Eight black torpedo destroyers led the way, looking indeed funereal ; the bugles sounded, the men manned ships, and slowly, very slowly, with the Royal Standard out at half-mast, the *Alberta* steamed out, taking a wide sweep westward past the West Cowes Castle, then steering in and past the guardship, and so slowly up the line-of-battle ships, their guns thundering out their salute.

We could hear the tolling of the church bells float across the water, then the call of the bugles on the more distant battleships ; then there rose in the air the wailing, sad, harmonious chords of the ' Marche Funèbre ' from the band of the *Hohenzollern*.

The ship neared us. I was standing amidst a group of the islanders. ' Poor old Queen ! it's her last trip,' I heard one sailor-like man mutter. Still the bugles were sounding the salute as Her Majesty passed by. The cannon thunder rang along the line until in the distance the report was as a thud on the air. As she passed on, the *Victoria and Albert* let go her moorings, and at slow speed followed, the *Osborne* coming in her wake, the *Hohenzollern* bringing up the rear. The point I was standing on was passed by the procession, but I had yet to see from another eminence in Norris Castle Grounds the end of this historic scene ; so, climbing up through a coppice, I went in a straight line through private grounds or gardens or fields, regardless of aught, and gained the park and the steep, sloping lawns that look away to Portsmouth,

just as the procession entered the double lines of men-of-war off Wootton Creek.

What a lovely scene lay before me as I stood beneath an old oak and looked out over the silver-grey sea, on which in straight lines lay the mighty warships, and steaming through them was that little fleet with its sad burden ! Flashes from the guns long foretold their thunder ; the light smoke clouds floated away gently ; the crack and thunder and thud of the guns alone broke the silence. The white moon rose slowly over a dark, thin haze cloud, and the sinking sun lit up sea and ships far, far away. I stood there alone, until more and more distant was the cannon roar, and Nature seemed to resume its sway ; wood-pigeons cooed and birds twittered ; then the sound of a ship's bell striking eight bells (four o'clock) came over the water. But then again a roll of cannon came from the far distance, and at intervals again a roll, and in a quarter of an hour one long, continuous roll ; then all was still, and I lingered there, looking out over the silent sea, thinking of all that the reign of the good Queen Victoria, now gone for ever from her island home, meant to England.



BOOKS READ BY COLERIDGE AND SOUTHEY

SPECULATIVE conjectures are always rife as to the sources whence great authors derive their information ; and it is rarely that such conjectures can be positively verified ; but a curiously interesting find, made in the Bristol Museum and Library, at least sets much conjecture at rest with regard to Coleridge and Southey, as also Sir Humphry Davy. This institution was the successor of the Bristol Library Society, founded in 1773 ; and it was known that somewhere lying *perdu* was the register of the original members of the Society ; but amongst a mass of old discarded medical books of a past age have been found, not only this first register, but the series of the books kept for entering the works read by each member ; and the interest in these is highly increased from the fact that very frequently the members themselves entered out their own books and signed for them. In the list of members in the first register are the names of John Tobin, Thomas Beddoes, Robert Southey, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Joseph Cottle. No date is given when each member joined ; but Southey is the two hundred and seventy-eighth name, Coleridge two

hundred and ninety-five, and Joseph Cottle three hundred and ten ; but the last-named signs the book three times, presumably because his membership lapsed. Thomas Eagles' name also appears ; and S. Seyer and Barrett, the historians of Bristol ; and Collinson, the author of the volumes on Somerset. Seyer takes out Rousseau's works, and Dr. Beddoes the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy ; but the interest in these books centres in the greater figures of Southey and Coleridge ; and some interesting and suggestive items are found in the entries.

The first entry of Southey's name is on October 28, 1793, when he takes out the second volume of Gillie's 'History of Greece' ; and on November 1 the first volume of Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' On November 25 he takes out Godwin on 'Political Justice,' vol. ii., and appears to have had further need for this book, for he has the same entry again on December 9. On November 27 he has the first volume of Gilpin's 'Forest Scenery,' and the second volume on December 30. He goes on regularly having books from this date until March 31, 1794, taking out Gilpin's 'Observations,' Headley's 'Ancient English Poetry,' Cowper's 'Homer,' Polwhele's 'Theocritus,' Hooke's 'Roman History,' Gillies' 'History of Greece' ; but from March 31 to July 8 is a break, and then again the books run on : Hartley's 'Observations on Man' ; Coxe's 'Travels in Poland' on September 16 ; and a suggestive entry that follows this one is the Bishop of Bristol taking out Randolph's 'Treatise on the Slave Trade.'

Southey continues having out works at frequent intervals every four or six days: Cartwright's 'Journal,' 'History of Mexico,' Helvetius's 'Child of Nature,' Boyd's 'Dante,' Williams's 'Observations on the Discovery of America.' Again he has Hartley's 'Observations on Man,' Carter's 'History of England,' and after this entry on January 28, 1795, after a few pages, where, again, there is a lapse for a month, appears the entry of 'Political Tracts,' vol. iii., on March 2, 1795, to S. T. Coleridge. The whole of this entry is in Coleridge's own hand, and seems to be the first entry of his taking out any works. Southey has out Fergusson's 'Roman Republic'; and Coleridge, Enfield's 'History of Philosophy,' vol. ii. On April 6 occurs the significant entry of Burns's 'Poems' to Southey, and next to it, for Coleridge, Robertson's 'Charles V.,' proving that the two men came in together, as both books are signed for by their own hands. Southey after this takes out the 'History of Paraguay' and 'European Settlements.' Then, on April 20, Coleridge takes out the first volume of Burnet's 'History of his Own Time,' and Southey has vol. ii. of the same work.

After this date the two men continually take out works together; sometimes one appears to have entered for the other, some of the entries suggesting they were limited to one work, and had recourse to a little scheming to get the books they wanted. On April 27 Coleridge takes out vol. ii. of 'History of George III.,' and Southey has vol. iii. of the same work. On May 4 Southey borrows Fuller's 'Worthies,' and on May 15 Cole-

ridge has Cudworth's 'Intellectual System.' On May 18 they both again come in together; Coleridge takes out Balguy and Sturgis, and Southey a work on Newton. On June 1 Coleridge has Paley's 'Evidences' and vol. i. of 'Michaelis,' Southey having the second volume of this latter work. On June 15 is a curious entry; Coleridge appears to have come in by himself and wanted two works. He makes the whole entry himself, and signs his own name for Clarkson 'On the Slave Trade'; he then enters out a work on 'Colonization,' and re-signs by a slip his own name, scratches it out, and enters Robert Southey. On July 13 Southey signs for and enters 'Edda Sæmundina' in a remarkably clear, neat signature; and Coleridge has out Edwards's 'West Indies' on July 14, and Rowley's 'Poems,' Cambridge edition, on July 21; and now with Coleridge's name occurs a blank until October 19. Southey takes out a work on August 10, D'Herbelot's 'Bibliothèque Orientale,' and then he also takes out no more works until October 14, when he enters out again the 'Edda.'

Coleridge now seems to have required some one else to help him in obtaining the necessary number of books, for on November 25 he enters out and signs for Burgh's 'Political Disquisitions,' vols. i. and ii., and he enters out vol. iii. of the same work, and signs Joseph Cottle as taking it out. Now, although Cottle has signed the membership three times, he does not appear to have taken out many works. This volume of the register ends, as far as Coleridge and Southey

are concerned, with these entries, and is completed on December 3, 1795, the year, it will be remembered, when Coleridge married Sara Fricker on October 4; and Southey her sister, Edith, on November 14, immediately leaving his bride and sailing for Spain and Lisbon.

The other volumes of these registers were not at first discovered, but further search brought them to light; and a careful look through them reveals some further interesting entries and signatures. The eleventh volume of the registers ended a few days before Southey's marriage and departure for Lisbon; but on his return, as he was again in Bristol and its neighbourhood at Nether Stowey and Westbury, other entries to his name were confidently expected; but the first entry of interest, after, perhaps, an entry to Joseph Cottle of Cæsar's 'Commentaries' in December 23, 1795, was that to Coleridge, who takes out Akenside's 'Poems' on December 24 of that year. The entries now are not so frequent as they were when Southey was working with him, but Coleridge goes on steadily taking out works: 'Poetical Tracts,' vol. iii., on December 30; Ossian's 'Poems,' vols. i. and ii., January 8, 1796; 'Annual Register,' 1782 and 1783, February 26; Berkeley's 'Works,' vol. ii., March 10; 'Anthologia Hibernica,' March 28; 'Harleian Manuscripts,' vol. vi., April 25; 'Observer,' vols. i. and v., May 6.

In this volume there are at present none of the suggestive entries that occurred in the former volumes; it is so far but a bare record of works

taken out by Coleridge ; but the next entry is of a work of a speculative nature, that is entered without author's name as 'Essay on Existence and Nature of an External World.' This is taken out on June 6, 1796. Boyd's 'Dante,' vols. i. and ii., follows this entry on June 23 ; and in Coleridge's own hand comes next David Williams's 'On Education,' on July 13. On August 1 is an entry to James Tobin of Malone's 'Vindication of Shakespeare,' proving that the J. Tobin referred to in the other entries is none other than the 'Dear brother Jem,' whom Coleridge essayed to make immortal by introducing him into the prefatory stanza of 'We are Seven.' But Wordsworth objected to the rhyme 'Jem' with 'limb,' and James Tobin, brother of the author of the 'Honeymoon,' did not appear in the poem that, 'Jem' himself declared, would make Wordsworth 'everlastingly ridiculous.'

A curious and muddled entry is that of A 1 Cottle (*sic*), who takes out 'D'Anarchisis,' vol. ii., altered to first and first, and with the addition, 'one French and the other English.' The entry on August 22 of A. S. Cottle for Meadow's 'Juvenal' shows that A 1 is but a careless entry for A. S. When Coleridge has books entered out to him he is always called Mr. Sam Coleridge. On September 22 he takes out Taylor's 'Sermons.' 'J. Cottle' is the next signature. The following entry of Foster, 'On Accent and Quantity,' on October 25, is suggestive, and the next entry is curiously amusing. Coleridge seems to have rushed in, taken out 'Apuleia_Opera,' vol. i. He

signs for this with a stroke for 'S.' and a 'T.'; and for Coleridge he cannot get beyond the 'r'; a scrawl finishes it, and in place of the date he writes: '9 Dutch ships taken with 3,000 troops—Bravo!' The date before and after is November 4, 1796. Beyond this date the entries have a certain sameness, not of subject, but of incident. The works entered are: Cudworth's 'Intellectual System'; again Foster, 'On Accent,' in the year 1796. In the year 1797, Brucker's 'Historia Critica Philosophiæ'; Massinger's 'Works' on August 18, 1797, in his own hand; Nash's 'Worcestershire'; Burney's 'History of Music'; 'Sæmundi Edda'; and in 1798 Middleton's 'Life of Cicero,' the second volume being entered to Cottle; Blair's 'Lectures'; 'Philosophical Transactions,' vol. lxxv.; Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, vols. x. and xi.; and on June 8, 1798, is the last entry to Samuel Taylor Coleridge of Massinger's 'Dramatic Works.'

After this date the entries become of slight interest: such names appear as Dr. Beddoes, Fanny Aleyn, J. Tobin, Jos. Cottle (who takes out works now fast and furiously), Seyer, Collinson, Thos. Eagles; but on August 22, 1799, is the highly interesting entry of Thos. Hayley's 'Life' to Dr. Beddoes, and to H. Davy, Woodville's 'Medical Botany'; both these entries are in Dr. Beddoes' hand. The search for Southey's name is fruitless; no other entry of his name comes to light. But the entries to H. Davy are frequent, at first in Beddoes' hand. He is generally entered by the librarian as Mr. Davy, and he takes out

Priestley's 'Experiments and Observations,' and a book which is at first entered out as 'Search,' and afterwards as Search's 'Light of Nature.' This work is continually being taken out. The other books being taken out by Davy are Voltaire's 'Dictionnaire Philosophique,' Bacon's 'Works,' Voltaire's 'Romans,' 'Œuvres de Rousseau' more than once, Foster's 'Voyages,' Bacon's 'Works,' 'Linnean Transactions,' Locke's 'Works,' Ramsay's 'Poems'; and on February 26, 1801, he takes out his last work, White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' thus proving he was in Bristol from at least August 22, 1799, until February 26, 1801. This entry brings us up to the seventeenth volume of the registers, and the only interest attached to the eighteenth volume is Dr. Beddoes' constancy to 'Search.'

A bare record of the books read by these men in their youth, more than a century ago; but their names to us now are household words, and this list of books read by them gives us a clear insight into the mind-food they then digested, and sets at rest some doubt as to where they spent some of the months in which we find they were constant visitors to the Bristol Library.

MY LAST TALK WITH VASIL
VERESTCHAGIN

It was a strange, happy coincidence that gave me some six or seven hours most interesting—nay, oftentimes most exciting—conversation with the great Russian painter ; and it was not in Moscow, from whence I had lately returned, nor in Odessa, where the great artist made his home, but in London, that fortune favoured me so strangely on January 24, 1899. It was whilst revising the proofs for my Report on Technical Education in Central Europe, and I had been at the Board of Education Offices in the morning, and found I had nearly two hours to wait for a certain official, and the thought flashed through my mind : ‘ Just time to go across the Park and see Verestchagin’s pictures.’ And away I went. The attendant told me the artist was in London, and on quitting the Gallery I left my card, he promising me Verestchagin would be there next morning at 9 a.m. to meet me. That evening I had a card for a reception by the ‘ Salon ’ at the Royal Institute rooms in Piccadilly. I arrived rather late, but almost on entering a well-known lady journalist met me, saying, ‘ I want to introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. —,’ and she pointed them out to

me in a corner of the room. But standing chatting with them was Verestchagin, the tall, commanding figure, and handsome, intellectual face, with that expansive brow crowned with white hair that made him so notable a figure in any assembly.

I was delighted, crossed over, and underwent the introduction, and soon was in an excited talk on Russia with the artist, and ere many minutes had elapsed he slipped his arm in mine and led me away to a quiet couch, and there we sat and talked, unmindful of the pictures around us, the shifting crowd, or the music. We talked of the Coronation of the Czar and President Faure's entry into Peterhof, that I, too, had lately witnessed, and of war. He told me of his great perils at Plevna, and of all the bestiality and brutality of actual war stripped of its glory. 'It's that I paint. It's that we want—realities, actualities. And you in writing,' he said, starting up in his excitement, 'give the people facts—real life!' And with his finger and thumb he made as though he would pinch pieces out of my hands, and tear morsels from my arm. 'Give them that—and that—and that!' he exclaimed. 'Flesh and blood; life! Give them that, and they will listen to you!'

Amid the London crowd his quick words and sudden gesture attracted attention, and every now and then our talk was interrupted by an introduction, and a more or less lengthy chat with some one else; but I fear I rather monopolized his time, and talked of his pictures I had

been looking at during the morning, and especially of the picture 'On the March' after the burning of Moscow, that he had so vividly portrayed. Here was Napoleon seated in a little village church, at the golden doors to the Holy of Holies, beneath the sacred but damaged picture of Christ. Napoleon's bed was in the corner where he had slept, and now he sat in his grey overcoat, looking out of those fatal eyes with a strange expression of 'What is it to be?' in them. I remarked to Verestchagin how carefully he had painted this in contrast to the broad, crude, hard painting of such pictures as 'On the Great Road,' 'Retreat and Flight,' where the effect is rough and theatrical, and none of the delicate beauty of the snow is given.

Here Napoleon is just going to walk over a frozen corpse that is vividly outlined below the ice and snow, and all about, as you look at the picture, there come out, as it were, corpses—feet and hands sticking up—all rough, theatrical, one would say. 'It's very horrible,' I exclaimed. 'I want it to be horrible,' he quickly answered. 'All great conquerors are murderers. The people must know what war really is. Aye, and what life really is. That is why I have put the wages earned in Russia below my peasant pictures.' His 'Servant Girl of Viatka' has this note in his catalogue, 'Receives 75 kopeks (about 1s. 6d.) monthly'; and to his 'Old Beggar Woman' he adds, 'Ninety-six years old. The embodiment of eighty-five years of unbroken suffering. She can well remember the French in 1812.' And most

cleverly has he painted the deeply wrinkled, pathetic old face. But if he painted almost savagely in some pictures, yet in others, as in 'Snows on the Himalayas,' he could paint that same snow, so crudely, roughly treated in the 'Retreat' pictures, with soft, pure whiteness, and with deep blue shadows most true to Nature, and very tender in effect. 'Ah, there is no war there!' was his explanation of this sharp contrast.

No fiercer denunciation of war was ever written, or spoken, or painted than that pile of skulls and crows he calls 'Apotheosis of War,' adding one of his trenchant notes: 'Dedicated to all great conquerors—past, present, and future.' It was whilst talking of this picture that I asked him where he was staying in London, as I should like to send him something I had written against war when in France in 1870; and he took out a card and began to write upon it, and I saw he wrote: 'Gold——' 'Why,' I said, 'you are not staying at the Golden Cross Hotel?' 'Yes, I am,' he said. 'So am I,' I retorted. 'What is your number?' he asked. 'Twelve,' was the answer. 'And mine is thirteen!' he exclaimed. So it ended in our walking from Piccadilly to the Strand together, and the talk fell on India, when suddenly he stopped in the street, and said: 'But you English are so proud, so arrogant.' 'No,' I said; 'I don't think so. We have great liberty, and treat all alike.' 'No, you don't; you are so proud. Look at your officers in India. A soldier meets them and salutes. What does the officer do?' And, snatching a stick I was carrying out of my hand, he

walked on a few paces, and just flicked the stick upwards. It was true—absolutely true—of an officer's salute. 'Oh,' I exclaimed, 'that means nothing.' 'Oh, yes it does. You English are so proud. Our officers talk with their men; are friendly with them.' I did not add: 'Yes, call them their children, and thrash them.' His depiction of our own officers was comically true, and I laughed as he handed me back my stick, and we went on through the London streets.

We had a smoke together, and a long talk on various countries, and on his life, and his home in Odessa, where he pressed me to visit him, and as we went up the stairs, he said: 'I shall knock you up in the morning.' 'Perhaps I shall be up first,' I answered. 'Oh no, you won't; I shall be up at seven,' was his answer. 'Shall we breakfast at eight, then?' I asked. 'Yes, I will knock you up.' And so he did, soon after seven, and we breakfasted together and walked down to the Grafton Gallery; but here he was soon engrossed with other people and his own matters, and I said good-bye to the great original genius—a man who saw deeply into the most cruel evil of our life, and who longed to kill this one evil by making the people of the world see the horror, the terror, the bestiality, the devilry of war. And he, too, that magnificent, impressive figure and whole-souled man, has been crushed, slain by the demon he tried so vigorously to banish from the world.

THE LITERARY AND ARTISTIC ASSOCIATIONS OF CLEVEDON COURT

SURELY a home of inspiration, of incentive power to the workers in literature and art, is this glorious old home of Clevedon Court, so breathing of beauty and so reminiscent of greatness, lying nestled under the hill-side on this glorious morning amidst the leafy trees, with sweet-scented bands of clustering flowers adding vivid colour to the fresh, redolent, new-springing turf.

How deeply cut are the grey stone mullions of the beautifully designed windows! and under the shelter of the deep doorway hangs the portcullis in the old grooves, calling up visions of attack and defence; and on either side of the doorway within are little spiral stone stairs, up which the besieged could run, and pour missiles, or hot lead, or boiling water on the attackers, as Sir Edmund Elton vividly explained to us as we stood in the hall, now become a beauteous room, with lofty walls hung with portraits of Eltons and Hallams; for is not this old home linked with him to whose memory Alfred Tennyson addressed 'In Memoriam'? Two words so commonly used, and yet now at once bringing to the cultured mind

that poem so full of sweet pathos and tender memories.

By the side of the great fire-place, where logs of wood were blazing, were two portraits that much appealed to me—the one a man in the garb of the early nineteenth century, a singularly fine and attractive face; the other a charming young girl with blue eyes and long curls veiling neck and half her cheeks. The one, said Sir Edmund, was Hallam; the other Sir Edmund's wife. But how the lovely room tempted one to linger, for had not Thackeray thought out here the scene for the terraced gardens of Castlewood in 'The Esmonds,' and as he paced those terraced flowered walks in the gardens above, imagined some of his vivid scenes? During his stay here he made a series of sketches which in 1879 were lithographed and printed privately—a delightful series of sketches of those staying at the Court, some caricatures, others very charming—one quaint sketch of 'Sir Benjamin Hall's astonishment at seeing Miss Burdett-Coutts walking in her sleep.' The young lady is coming down the stairs clothed in white apparel, with the nightcap of the period hiding her head, candlestick in hand; and the next sketch is 'Miss Coutts's Terror on Awakening.'

On another visit to the old Court, Lady Elton showed us the originals of these sketches. They have somewhat suffered by much handling in past years, but now they are bound and carefully preserved. The delightful sketch of 'In the School-room at Clevedon Court' gives a pretty scene of

the present Lady Elton sitting at a table at work, her sister with her, and Sir A. H. Elton's wife sitting near. The Eltons have always been keen lovers of literature, and more than lovers—workers also. Sir Charles Elton, the grandfather of the present Lady Elton, was a poet, and translated 'Hesiod,' and wrote leaders for the famous Bristol paper *Felix Farley's Journal*; and Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, her father, was a *Saturday Reviewer* in the great days under Cook, and wrote vigorous pamphlets upon the opium question and the Crimean War. So that the atmosphere of Clevedon Court to-day is literary. How artistic it is our further chat with Sir Edmund will show. But these sketches and reminiscences have for the moment led us away from his art to earlier artists, and in a scrap-book which Lady Elton produced were interesting letters from Tennyson, and Charles Lamb, and Thackeray, and other notables—one by Thackeray in a totally different hand to his usual neat rounded style.

How came about the connexion between Clevedon and the Hallams? many will ask, for Arthur Hallam, the friend of Tennyson, never lived at Clevedon, although he now lies in that old church by the Severn Sea.

It was the sister of Sir Charles Elton, Julia, who married Henry Hallam the historian, and it was his intense love for this old house, this spot of clustering beauty so blessed by Nature and so favoured by man, that led him to often visit here; and he was anxious that his wife should be buried here, and so it came about that old Clevedon

Church has become a literary shrine, known throughout the world.

But Tennyson only visited Clevedon Court once, and that on his honeymoon in June, 1850. He left Shiplake, where he was married, and went to Weston-super-Mare—a bit of a fishing-town in those days—and then on to Clevedon, where he was received by Sir Arthur Elton, and then he passed on to Glastonbury and Clifton.

Many of the letters of Thackeray that appeared in *Scribner* in 1887 to Mrs. Brookfield, who was the daughter of Sir Charles Elton, have frequent references to his visits to the Court, and to one of these is appended the note that will make my readers understand the sanctity of antiquity that clings to the old home. It states the house dates from 1307, and came into the possession of the Eltons in 1709. In Thackeray's sketches Mrs. Brookfield is the pretty woman, with her hair brought round over face and forehead, sitting at work. It was in the same year that Tennyson visited Clevedon on his honeymoon, that Thackeray dated a letter from the old hostelry of the 'White Lion, Bristol, Monday, 1850' (now merged in the Grand Hotel), saying he had gone to Clevedon for the funeral of poor dear Harry Hallam, and then called on Dean Eliot in Clifton. These letters can be read in their entirety in *Scribner*. But the sight of the original sketches set me a-longing to verify some of the characters Thackeray had portrayed so quaintly. Who was Colonel and Mrs. Heavysides? and did Miss Burdett-Coutts walk in her sleep? Perhaps the

Baroness might remember the girlish episode, and Mrs. Annie Ritchie might have evidence as to other of the sketches. So I ventured a letter, but the venerable Baroness Burdett-Coutts could remember nothing of Miss Burdett-Coutts's night escapade; did Thackeray draw from imagination?

But a delightful letter from Mrs. Ritchie, Thackeray's literary daughter, sets at rest one doubtful point—as to whether Thackeray wrote part of 'The Virginians' at Clevedon. Mrs. Ritchie says: 'My father certainly did not write any of "The Virginians" at Clevedon. It is such a sweet dream of an old place,' she continues, 'that no wonder he carried the influence away with him.'

I had made a reference in my note to her of my old friend R. D. Blackmore and his work, and in a P.S. Mrs. Ritchie makes the interesting statement: 'My father used always to say that if he had not been a writer, he should have wished to have been a market-gardener. Does not this show an affinity of tastes with Mr. Blackmore?'

But how these literary associations run away with one! We were talking in the old hall with Sir Edmund, and of the pictures in the drawing-room. Every room in the house is a delight, so quaint, so full of surprise corners and beauty. The solid old fourteenth-century doorways and thick walls that have withstood dilapidations and fire speak emphatically of the centuries. In the fire that occurred in 1882, rooms were found to be hiding these old doorways with modern work, and now upstairs there is restored a charming little

chapel with a trefoil-headed piscina, and an early English window, the mouldings of which are curiously disjointed. The fifteenth-century windows are very beautiful in design, and deeply moulded, and from these windows one looks out on to the old ivy-clad embattled wall that shuts in the flowered terraces and lawn-slopes, tree-shaded, or bright with vivid colour; and out under the trees on these green slopes, like Thackeray, one drinks in a deep draught of the glorious air, and thanks God for so much beauty.

Oh, the cluster of famous faces that floated to the mind's vision here in this lovely room—eyes that had looked forth from those mullioned windows! and oh, for the sound of those voices that now are still!

But we were talking with one who glories in beauty, and who is a worker in the world of art—an original worker, no copyist or gleaner only of other men's thoughts; and so, in the company of the famous potter—for well may Sir Edmund Elton be so designated—we went out into the yard and in the outhouses, and there had a most interesting talk on how the Elton pottery came into being, and grew, and grew, under the master mind and hand of him who talked with us, until it had become world-famous, and included such products as the strangely beautiful and original collection its producer has just so generously given to the new Bristol Art Gallery.

We were standing in the little workshop, where stood the potter's wheel, and hung on pegs above were examples of form and colour and glaze; and

as Sir Edmund stood before us, his keen grey eyes lighting up as he told us of the outcome or the failures of certain glazes, I suddenly asked him, 'But how was it that you, a county gentleman and Baronet, took to the making of pots?' And there, standing amidst the utensils for his work, he told with pleasure and some humour of how he had been called from his West Somerset home, where he hunted and fished and sketched and painted, to this home in Somerset, and to his heritage of the title. But he did not like it. He did not like giving up his old life, and he was restless. Eager for work, he was always good at carpentry and metal work, and loved form and colour; and one day he was in the brick and tile yard near here, talking with the men over a pipe whilst they were having their midday meal, and looking at the tiles lying about, the thought flashed into his mind, Why not make mosaics of irregular-shaped tiles? The modern mosaics were fine, but inclined to be weak at a distance. With such irregular tiles, the effect could be broadened. So he asked a man, 'If flat sheets of clay were cut up in pieces and fired, would they fit together afterwards?' and the man said, 'Yes, they would.' So he had a wheelbarrowful in the green state brought up to the Court, and he cut them up, coloured them, and built up from them a portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, copied from a painted glass window, about life-size, and baked it, and found he had got in the rough the effect he had hoped for; and so the work began, which included, as time went on, the manufacture of art pottery.

Later on in the day he showed me the first little vase he made—a humble little effort by the side of the array of form and colour and glorious glaze he has now developed.

Sir Edmund's mood seems ever to be: Try and do something beyond yourself, then even your failures will be successes; and it is to failures he owes so much of the quaintly original work that he exhibits. Failure succeeds failure, but he is undaunted. Some of these failures become examples of the most wondrous pottery. For example, he has one unique and lovely piece that ought to have been a gold glaze, rich and bright. Instead of that, there came forth a pot with a gold glaze, but with an added bronze lustre that was inexplicable, and ever after unattainable, but very beautiful.

He told us, as we stood there, the story of how he tried to get some flat dishes of exceptional shape and special metallic lustre for the permanent Bristol exhibit. He took various dishes, and decorated them with dolphins, and reeds, and sea-waves, and curious animals of Byzantine type, and tried them in various colours and lustres. Twice he failed: fifteen dishes came to grief; another lot did not take the special lustre he hoped for. Only three days were left, and three old dishes which had been discarded as useless were turned out, scraped clean of scraps that had adhered to them, and as a last hope had lustre applied to them. And how at last success attended his repeated trials may be studied by all who are fortunate enough to be able to visit the

delightful New Art Gallery at Bristol, and there see these dishes, standing amidst a wealth of vases and jugs and pots of strange and most varied shapes, and of most lovely and unusual colour, and with the metal glaze of gold, silver, or platinum, all broken and crackled, thus showing beneath the soft ground colours, also beautifully glazed.

We looked in at his small kiln—he has four kilns in all—and then climbed up to a loft, where he had a great number of his productions of all shapes, but no two alike, and all most unconventional: cups as figures suggesting early Saxon ornament, dragons' heads vases the lips of which curled most unexpectedly—in fact, it is with the unexpected that he charms both in colour and form. Then we passed down and saw the large kiln capable of holding a vast amount of pottery, and requiring about twenty-four hours for the firing. It was empty now, as the helpers Sir Edmund has in his work were having a holiday. One of these helpers—this friend, as Sir Edmund calls him—has a genuine artistic pride in, and is a lover of, his life-work; for he came to Sir Edmund from the village school as a boy of fourteen, and his life-work is the Elton ware. Often in the early days has Sir Edmund found him long after working hours still at it, still striving for something, and has had to turn the gas out to compel him to go. This George Masters is a great reader, and good conversationalist on many subjects, and Sir Edmund gratefully acknowledges how much he is indebted to him for his unstinted care and

keen accuracy in carrying out orders. On another day when we were in the workshop, Masters was with intense care preparing some vases for the platinum glaze, and lying near were discs of clay tests of various colours and glazes. Sir Edmund's designs are worked with most primitive tools, as those of the early potters. A bit of stick is enough for his, in very literal sense, free-hand designs.

He is full of enthusiasm, and of keen enjoyment of his work ; full of the failures that do not daunt him, though they are many ; and he enjoys to the full the unexpected that happens—through too low or too high a temperature in firing, or the action of certain glaze upon certain colours—and this surprise of the unexpected repays him well, as does it repay those who look upon his work.

From the little workshop he led us up to the terraced gardens, so full of the scent of spring flowers and bursting verdure, and in one corner of the upper terrace, where some well-grown and unbitten palms were flourishing in the open, was a glass summer-house, and within was a museum of some of his most beautiful examples of all shapes and sizes, and of the most lovely colour. Here is the first little vase he made, of rotund shape and bent-over lips, and here are some glorious pieces of the soft blues and marone glazes, and, above all, the rich metal glazes that his famous failures have led up to.

A wealthy American wanted to buy half of them, but he was told he could not have them, nor copies of them, but he could have another lot

that Sir Edmund would strive to make beautiful, and with that the American cousin was content.

Sir Edmund Elton is doing, upon his own initiative, and with original imagination, exactly what the technical schools of Austria have been doing for years—developing, inventing, and discovering, striving for the impossible until it becomes the possible. In Austria this has led to gigantic commercial success, as in their glass, pottery, instrument, and machine and chair trades; and with Sir Edmund Elton it has led, although commercial success was entirely ignored, to what a business man would esteem tremendous success: for the Elton pottery is sought for by connoisseurs throughout the world, and it holds its own with some of the beautiful Japanese and Oriental pottery. And so to-day Clevedon Court is a home of art as well as literature, for Lady Elton keeps up keenly the association with literature; and beauty, literature, and art find here a most beautiful home, within sound of the surges of the tawny Severn Sea.

One evening, after these delightful talks, I climbed up the woods at the back of the Court, found my way to East Clevedon, and then across, past Walton—modern Clevedon—to where, lying nestled between the grassy hills, is the old church, enshrining the tombs of the Hallams. There I sat; the sound of village life, and cheep of birds, and just the gentle sighing of the sea, fell on the ear. A glimpse to the west gave a peep of the glittering sea lit by the setting sun, and so I sat and dreamed of all the characters called into life in our talk at Clevedon Court.



AT TENNYSON'S GRAVE

A RETROSPECT AND A REVERIE

(October 12, 1892)

MANY words had been hastily written, yet with loving hearts and sympathetic minds, for the newspapers of all shades of thought upon the scenes surrounding the last moments of Alfred Tennyson, and of the impressive ceremonial at his burial. But it was only after the rush of intense emotion was past, and in the quiet calm of a country home, with all the falling leaves of autumn rustling down upon the green grass, and gently tapping at the window as they sink to earth, that the whole deep meaning of that silent, reverential mass of English people, clustered round that coffin, can fully be realized, can wholly be understood. Only as the days roll on, and one sits and looks out on the soft autumn sun, glinting through trees whose russet, red, and yellow falling leaves have opened out vistas and scenes, veiled through the summer by thick foliage, can one calmly look back, and, with eyes filled with, yet seeing not, the outward scene, the mind dwells upon and sees again all the incidents clustering around the day when Tennyson died.

On the Sunday morning of that week, lying on my table was a letter directed in a small, firm hand that was so like R. D. Blackmore's that it was supposed to be from him ; but the post-mark ' Haslemere ' quickened the blood, and on opening the letter we learnt for the first time that Tennyson was ill, suffering, and severely suffering.

But too quickly succeeding it came the news that the Poet Laureate was seriously ill ; and on the third night, after having had the deep pleasure of receiving a letter from him on that calm Sabbath morning, came the news that Tennyson was dying.

And at midnight, looking up to the heavens, that were so soft, so full of light, with stars set in the purple depths of infinite mystery of space, and soft banks of moonlit masses of most beauteous clouds throwing strange shadow, and adding intensity to the full gleam of the rounded moon, our thought went out to him who was nearing eternity ; and there, high in mid-sky, lay a great white bank of cloud half across the heavens, and cut through it, straight, and clear of vaporous obstacle, a pathway, from one vast space of infinitude into another in the highest heaven. And so, looking up to this strange, significant, and symbolic scene, we passed on beneath the trees, thinking of the soul now lingering for yet a few moments on this earth ere passing into eternity ; for ere a hundred minutes had flown past Tennyson was dead.

Then came the days of waiting, and the rush of words from all who would speak some thought

upon him who for sixty years had been filling the minds of men with his thought ; and then, ere a week had elapsed, came the journeying to be present at his funeral.

How glorious was the sky on that eve of his burial ! The whole western horizon, and high up toward the zenith, was filled with glorious hues as the sun sank earthwards. Ruddy tones and a deep soft orange glow bathed great cloud masses in wondrous light, and the trees, yet almost in full leaf, stood out darkly against this sky of light.

‘ Move eastward, happy earth, and leave
Yon orange sunset waning slow,’

had he written years ago, and now the heavens seemed to lend their symbolism to England's thoughts, for all minds hung upon her loss. And as we journeyed on, reading Tennyson's words, or talking upon the poets of England, and of whom there was worthy to take his place, we neared, as night slowly veiled all the western glory, the mighty city, with all its rush, and ceaseless turmoil, and troublous care ; then how vividly came the thought, was it as he would have wished, this burial amid this ordered tumult ? But his presence pervaded the city. In the clubs little knots talked over his work, and men who had known him told anecdotes of his characteristic sayings, and others talked of the scenes from whence he had drawn matter for his work.

In a Bohemian literary club a journalist told of how he had gone down to Lincolnshire to inter-

view a very different personage to Tennyson, and, being near Somersby, thought he would make some inquiries as to the old Rectory, and see, if he could, Tennyson's birth-room.

So he inquired of the villagers near, if they could tell him anything about Tennyson, but they knew not the name, although they all knew of the notorious individual he had been sent down to interview, until an old labourer said: 'Oh yes; you do mean Parson Tennyson, he as had a son as used to write books.' And he directed him to the parsonage where Parson Tennyson had lived. He saw an individual leaning over the gate, and, going up to him, did not, luckily, ask him if his master was in, but if the Rector lived there; and the man started up, saying: 'I am the Rector; what do you want?'

Somewhat taken aback—for his appearance belied his words—he explained that he believed this was the Rectory, and that formerly the Tennysons lived here. 'Well, what of that?' came the curt exclamation. 'Why, as you know, Mr. Tennyson has since written a great deal, and has become a distinguished poet.' 'Distinguished what!' exclaimed the Rector. 'A distinguished poet!' echoed the journalist. 'A distinguished duffer! Why, I was at college with Tennyson, and he used to lie on the hearthrug with a pencil and paper, and write what he called poems; but he is no poet. Pope *was* a poet; he cannot approach Pope.' And then followed a disquisition on the beauties of Pope, which, with journalistic tact, was listened to and

partly agreed with. And then, the Rector mollified, the end was gained, and the house and rooms were shown to this journalist who had the ignorance to state that Tennyson was a distinguished poet ; and he was even asked to lunch and to much praise of Pope.

If some in bygone days doubted if Tennyson were a poet, so had he himself doubts if his work was of the highest, truest poetic type ; and in a monologue he dreams and takes himself to task :

‘ Lest of the fullness of my life
I leave an empty flask :
For I had hope, by something rare,
To prove myself a poet :
But while I plan and plan, my hair
Is grey before I know it.’

And yet, a few verses before these words, had he not written in his appeal to the Muse ?—

‘ I pledge her silent at the board :
Her gradual fingers steal
And touch upon the master chord
Of all I felt and feel.
Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
And phantom hopes assemble ;
And that child’s heart within the man’s
Begins to move and tremble.’

And the talk wandered on to other scenes of Tennyson’s work : to distant Tintagel and the little church standing above the ‘ haven under the hill,’ and sometimes away to other topics. But all the talk ever returned and centred around that which was in all minds—Tennyson is dead.

And so in the streets one heard passing scraps of conversation, with the name of Tennyson recurring,

And in the morning, as we passed onward and neared the Abbey, with its towers dimly veiled by the morning mists, and the bells booming forth the passing hour, great crowds were gathering round the gates, and clustering thickly under the doors to wait for hours, that they might hope to be present, when he whose verse had been their pleasure even from their childhood should be laid for ever to rest within those grey, historic walls.

To walk around, through Abbey close and dim arched cloister, was to be amidst eager, anxious, earnest, almost tearful supplicants for but some hidden corner in all that vast building, where some glimpse, some sound of the coming ceremony might touch the eye or ear.

Subterfuge was resorted to, and the Abbey clergy were surrounded by people who, by some means or other, had managed to pass the thickly set guardians of the outer gates of the cloister. How they clung around any who passed out from the Abbey or from the houses around the cloisters, begging for information ! and more especially was Canon Duckworth encircled by supplicants as he attempted to pass from the Abbey door to his own rooms. Ladies entreated for some means of at least listening to the service. One tall American presented himself with a letter from Bishop Potter of New York. 'But what does Bishop Potter wish ?' asked the Canon. 'Well, he just recommends me to you, and hopes you will be able to favour me with a seat.' 'I cannot,' said the Canon ; 'do you not think this should have been

arranged through the American Legation ?' An Irish clergyman pleaded volubly for a position within the Abbey, and when told there was absolutely no seat left, said : ' Do ye think if I put on a surplice I would get in ? ' ' Well,' came the quiet reply, ' if you wish to masquerade as one of the Abbey clergy.' Then a General stopped the ever-courteous and unruffled Canon, and introduced an aged clergyman to him, who wanted to be with the remnant of the Light Brigade. ' They are not to be there,' replied Canon Duckworth. ' But I was Earl Cardigan's chaplain, and think I have a right to stand with the Light Brigade.' ' But they are not to be there ; that is in the papers only : the Light Brigade will not be there.' ' But I have some sort of position,' pleaded the applicant. ' Yes, some sort of position, certainly ; but I have no power—we have no tickets,' answered the Canon, as at length he reached his own door, to be stopped at it by a still more aged man, who had but the pathetic excuse, he ' had come a very long way.' ' I am very sorry indeed,' was the kindly answer ; ' but I can really do nothing, and have no seats at all.' And at length we were within his rooms ; but ere the door was closed ring succeeded ring, and again and again had the Canon to answer entreating seekers after some chance of gaining a seat inside the Abbey.

And after leaving the Canon, and marvelling at his unruffled manner and courteous gentleness to all who so pressed around him, I passed into the inner cloister, and awaited the opening of the doors to take up my allotted position in the south

transept, at the foot of the grave, and, standing there, had time to think over the meaning of all this earnest eagerness of people of all types. Curiosity moved some, but the tone and demeanour of most proved that love and reverence was the motive moving nearly all those striving so earnestly to gain a place in Westminster Abbey. And when I stood silently in the Poets' Corner, that impression deepened within me ; for all the vast crowd surrounding us seemed to have gained even from the great poet's words, that which Goethe asserts none bring with them into this world, and yet that which perfects and makes the true man—'reverence.' Most surely the spirit of reverence was present within the soul of each human being in all that great assemblage of souls—reverence to him whose burial they were now awaiting, because he, in his greatness, had ever bowed in humble reverence to the God and Father of us all.

Oh, how they loved him ! So spoke every earnest saddened face, as, with intent, fixed gaze, the eyes of all rested upon that coffin, wrapped in the bright hues of England's flag, and covered with flowers, laid by beloved hands upon it, as it rested for a while in the centre of the Abbey Choir before being borne on again to the grave. There lay, so shrouded from sight, the dead poet whose thoughts had pierced into every English home, however humble, whether in his own island home or in some distant corner of his Queen's wide rule.

Not one soul amidst the thousands that densely crowded beneath the grey walls of the Abbey but had some thought, some comfort, some hope,

from some verse of him around whose coffin they stood and watched, as the organ tones pealed through aisle and nave, and sweet voices sang these words : ' For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday,' echoing on to, ' We bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.'

But with him who lay silent there, enwrapped in sweet sound, that tale of years was one full of some ennobling, life-beautifying work. Of him, even as he had said of One who sent a plain laurel-wreath to be laid at the foot of his grave, it might be iterated, ' His home was pure, his life serene,' and had he not even, as he had sung of an imaginary poet in his younger years,

' Seen thro' life and death, thro' good and ill ' ? Yea,
' He saw thro' his own soul,
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll.'

And now we, who stood at the very foot of his grave, felt his words surging through our minds—his words upon life, upon work, and upon immortality. And in upon these thoughts, or mingling with them, came the words of St. Paul, read in saddened yet earnest tones by Canon Duckworth : ' And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.' More firmly, more triumphantly, came the words : ' O Death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?' Surely with him who lay there death claimed no victory even on earth, for as the Canon's voice ceased, faintly wailing and throbbing on the ear, in low, soft, tender harmony came his words :

‘Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me ;
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I set out to sea.’

And the sad emotions surged and beat in the mind, even as the music, like summer wavelets, throbbed upon the ear ; and as the autumn sun waxed and waned through the Abbey windows, casting rich-toned shadows on grey, aged pillars, lighting them up with soft, ruddy hues, then leaving them in cold, dark shadow, the deep bass notes rolled solemnly forth after the gentle rhythm of the words,

‘But such a tide as moving seems asleep,’
with the echoing sounds,

‘Too full for sound and foam,’
and then dying, dying, fading softly into silence at the words, ‘Turn again home,’ but to be again awakened with the gentle swing and beat of

‘Twilight and Evening Bell,
And after that the dark ;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.’

Oh, how the words of sadness and the exquisite tender harmonies, sung so reverentially, so lovingly and so mournfully, moved all standing there to sad, silent emotion ! For a time the sense of the even earthly immortality was swept away, and only the dumb grief at the sense that he who wrote those words, was no more to speak, filled mind and soul, even as the sweet boys’ voices hung in dying cadence on those hopeful, trustful words :

' For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.'

As the last faint note died into intense silence the organ notes burst forth—almost harshly, it seemed for the moment—upon the rigid tension of mind and soul, with the sweeping chords and harmonies that accompanied the last words written by the dead poet. Onward swept the words, carrying with them in new train of thought the silent listeners ; the words,

' Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead,'

hung and echoed amid the pillared aisle, and then died away to,

' And the sunlight that is gone.'

And as though the heavens were also watching, as one looked forth, all the rich hues of light had gone, and the grey pillars rising above the ' great crowd of witnesses ' were dark, almost black, in shadow. But on swept the music, until it ended in one grand triumphant burst of full harmony :

' On, and always on.'

And during the whole of this time, how all faces in nave and transept, aisle and triforium, had been turned in sad and loving reverence upon that coffin, resting there to be borne onwards to the open grave awaiting it ! Every face from nave and transept, aisle and triforium, turned in sad love to that one spot ; and as one gazed, even

the monuments of those long since numbered with the dead seemed looking towards that flag-enwrapped coffin. Longfellow, whose bust was still white with youth, looked towards it ; and David Garrick seemed stepping forward, holding back the curtains, and looking down upon that to which all eyes were turned.

Then in the silence the coffin was slowly raised, and around it were grouped men of famous name and noble rank, representing all that makes England—the England he whom now they bare so loved—so great, so mighty in the world's rule ; and the white-robed boys came slowly before the bearers between the old grey piers, beneath whose columns 'the morning star of song,' Chaucer, lay buried, and to the foot of his dark-fretted tomb was borne their burden ; and as the poet's sorrowing son and daughter and fair-haired grandchildren, and Archbishops and Earls, Lords and Barons, writers and statesmen, grouped themselves around the grave, slowly and gently the coffin sank into its tomb, and the body of Tennyson lay now beneath the earth.

Then the Dean's tremulous voice struck on the silence with the solemn words : ' Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live.' Beside the Dean as he read stood Archdeacon Farrar and Canon Duckworth, and at the head of the grave, with head bent low and right hand thrust in upon his breast, stood James Anthony Froude ; whilst next him, with uplifted face, full of tender, loving sorrow, one saw the silvered head of the aged Master of Balliol. On the other hand, his form

slowly swaying above the white-robed choristers, towered Salisbury ; and on the left hand, against a grey pillar, looking upwards, was the thin, clear face of Henry Irving. At the immediate foot of the grave, closed in around by surpliced men, were son and grandsons, and their deeply veiled mother ; and all around, and stretching away to the choir, were grouped in silence men whose names are linked with the history of England of our generation, and some children to represent

‘ The spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with life.’

Sad, mournful as was the scene, yet was it so full of glorious import that one seemed to yearn that it might not yet fade away ; for had not he who lay buried earned his crown of earth’s immortals by pure, honest, soulful work, without hint of trick of exciting lure or debasing thought ? And all that vast, silent multitude by their faces testified they loved and honoured the man who had so taught them. And when the last Collect was said, and the organ tones burst on the ear with the triumphant hymn, with thrice-repeated ‘ Holy, holy, holy,’ the whole assembly joined in this chant of thankfulness and praise, and then bowed their heads as the Dean’s low voice pronounced the Benediction.

Slowly the mourners passed by the deep grave, and looked down once more on that wreath-hidden coffin. Face after face passed by famous in our life of to-day, and all faces were tinged and saddened by love.

Long, long ago Tennyson had sung :

‘ God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us : but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.’

Surely here England’s love had grown to ripeness, but England is not left alone ; she has the thoughts and teaching of the poet still with her. And to those who wept at his grave, surely he would have said, as he did in years ago :

‘ Great Nature is more wise than I :
I will not tell you not to weep.’

Slowly onward passed the long procession, each face saddened, yet all thankful to be there. They felt, in his own words :

‘ For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.’

But onward they could each one go with his words, and say from their inmost souls :

‘ His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.’

There was no hastening to ‘ come away,’ though—

‘ Life and thought
Here no longer dwell :
But in a city glorious—
A great, a distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible :
Would they could have stayed with us.’

And as one passed on down through choir and nave, amid some who had waited patiently from early morning outside the Abbey walls, if they

might but hear the music stealing forth from around his coffin, one still felt amidst the mourners; for the great crowd was strangely silent for a crowd of the rushing, hurrying, fretted city.

And in the midst of all this seething, restless, bubble-seeking, hasting, heedless, careworn, troublous life, Tennyson lay buried. Would he so have wished his tomb to be in city pent, or rather that his body might be laid to rest in some sweet, tiny God's acre, overshadowed by waving trees, through which the sunlight glints and the deep blue sky merges into the softer blue of the ocean—in such a spot as John Sterling, the friend of his old friend Carlyle, lies resting in the little island in the South?

So he had lived, with such a scene before him, when each word he spoke flashed through all our England, and urged the people on to

‘Self-Reverence, Self-Knowledge, Self-Control :
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
Yet not for power (power of herself
Would come uncalled for), but to live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear ;
And, because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.’

Would he not, now that he can no longer speak but by words uttered long since, will that his tomb should be in the midst of his people, where writers, thinkers, statesmen, they who sway and lead the people, should pass by his grave, should be stayed in some impetuous action, some evil enduing eagerness, by some fleeting thought of the poet they had loved, who lies in their midst?

And there were scenes around that Abbey even

on the morning of his burial that would have spurred his poet mind ; for in the gardens around the churches the gardeners were digging up the summer plants, and handing them over the railings to poor and aged folk, who were bearing them away in gladness to brighten up their homes through the dark winter days with some green touch, giving thought of flowers and of summer.

To all those masses that waited around the Abbey gates some of his teaching had struck home ; for had he not sung in a generation past, ere knowledge was diffused as it is in our own generation ?—

‘ Make knowledge circle with the winds :
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.’

Most in that great crowd had learnt what he and his great contemporary, Goethe, so strove to teach, and what our own generation ofttime would ignore—reverence. He would have

‘ The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime,’

learn reverence of the true and good, so that at no period in our history

‘ Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute.’

And some have even urged that word ‘ herd ’ against him, as though he disdainfully, and not lovingly, hoped for the advancement of mankind.

Had he used the word 'flock,' perchance nought would have been said ; yet is not a herd of cattle a more noble and more powerful mass than a flock of sheep ?

Ah, surely he loved England ! That cry of his,

' A people's voice ! we are a people yet,'

was echoing in his mind all through the years, and made him yearn for true and noble deeds and highest aspirations from all who would lead that people on in the benefaction of the world. Oh, he longed that

' To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom from the dead.'

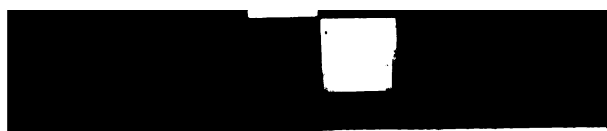
And from him, though dead, England may bear blossom and fruit, and let those who, ere the earth had filled his tomb, strove to say he was no great poet, no voice that would echo on through the ages, think upon the fact that each line here quoted is culled only from the first pages of a volume of his works that was published twenty-three years before his death, and before he had written much, very much, that will live.

When he died, all England cried out in his own words : ' Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man !'

' Oh wondrous night ! filled with effulgent light ;
Vast mystery, starlit, empurpled dome :
Soft vaporous clouds, tinged with the moon's sweet
light,
Swathe hill and dale, woodland, and cottage-home.

Oh wondrous night ! in thee he passed to Light :
Our master-poet, who loved England well :
High in the heavens, there gleamed to watcher's sight
A pathway riven, where cloud-mists shrouding fell.

' Oh mortal life ! twixt banks of mist and doubt,
Our poet trod thee ; but his step was firm :
Pure, starlike through the time, his truth shines out.
Seek through his words ; no seed, no quickening germ
Of ought debasing, foul, can man descry :
Straight, pure his path, as that heaven's path on high.'



ERRATA IN INDEX

- For 'Ararat, Mount, 67,' read 'Ararat, Mount, 61.'*
'Auerbach, Berthold,' omit '77.'
For 'Francke, 194,' read 'Francke, 184.'
For 'Knitting, the Queen's, 198,' read 'Knitting, the Queen's, 197.'
For 'Norris Castle Grounds, 200,' read 'Norris Castle Grounds, 209.'
For 'Poetische Ukraine, 62,' read 'Poetische Ukraine, 60.'
For 'Report, Technical Education, 217,' read 'Report, Technical Education, 219.'
For 'Rosemary for remembrance, 146,' read 'Rosemary for remembrance, 140.'
'Rosen, George, Dr., 61, 62,' omit '67.'
'Thousand and One Days, Trieste, 66, 94,' omit '94.'

ERRATA IN BOOK

- Page 77, line 9, for 'Oesterische,' read 'Oesterreichische.'*
Page 149, line 4, for 'poison,' read 'folson.'

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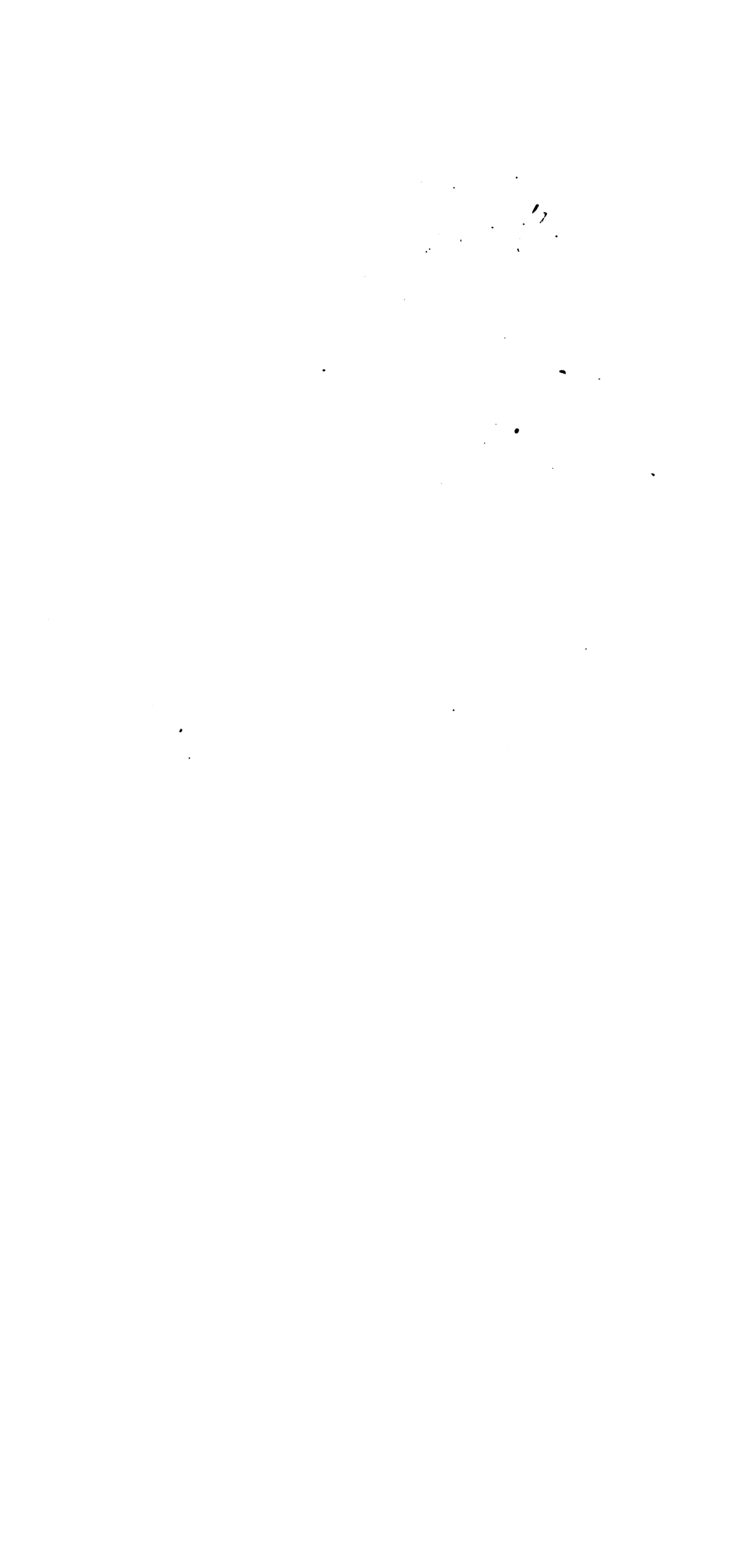
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